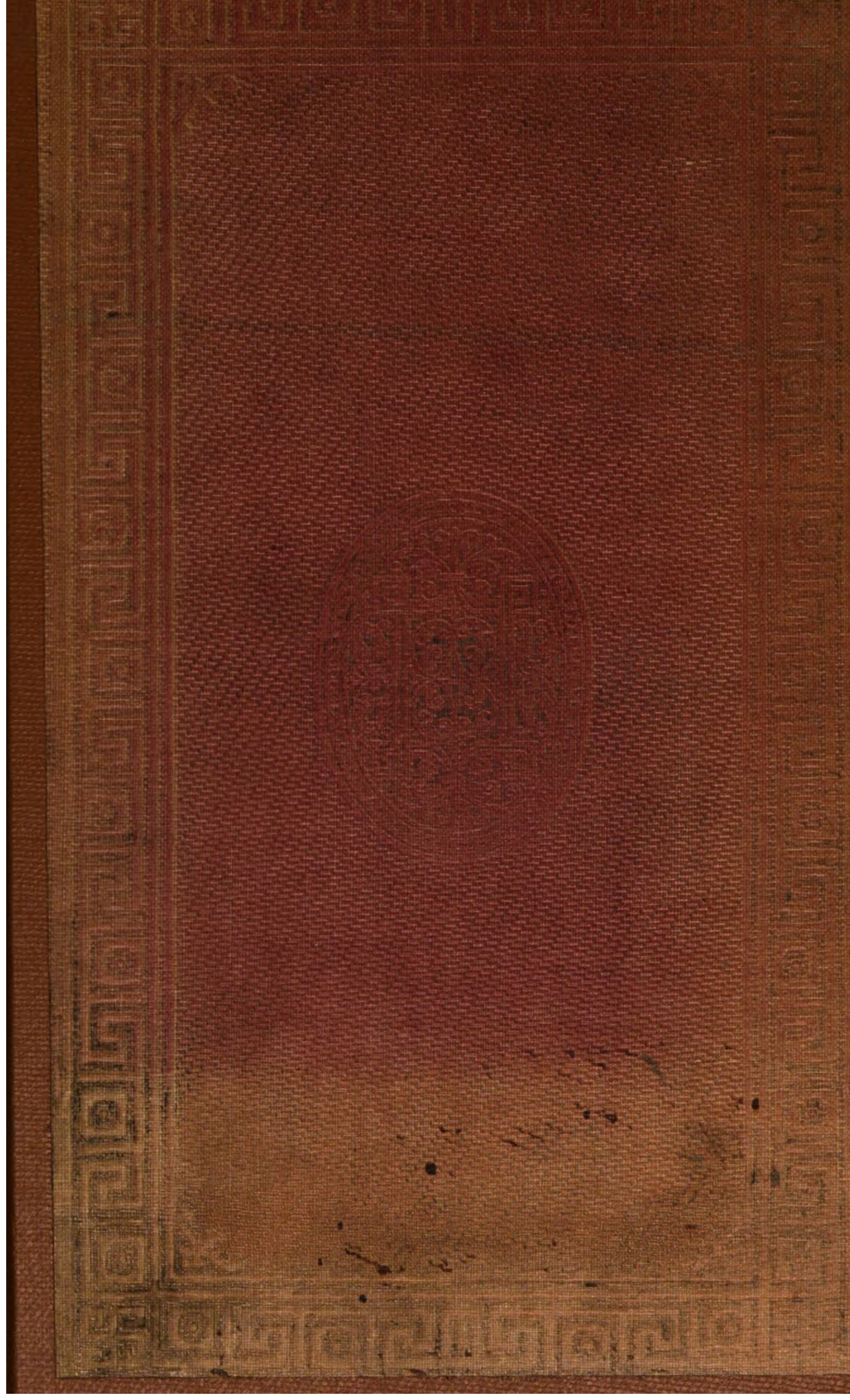
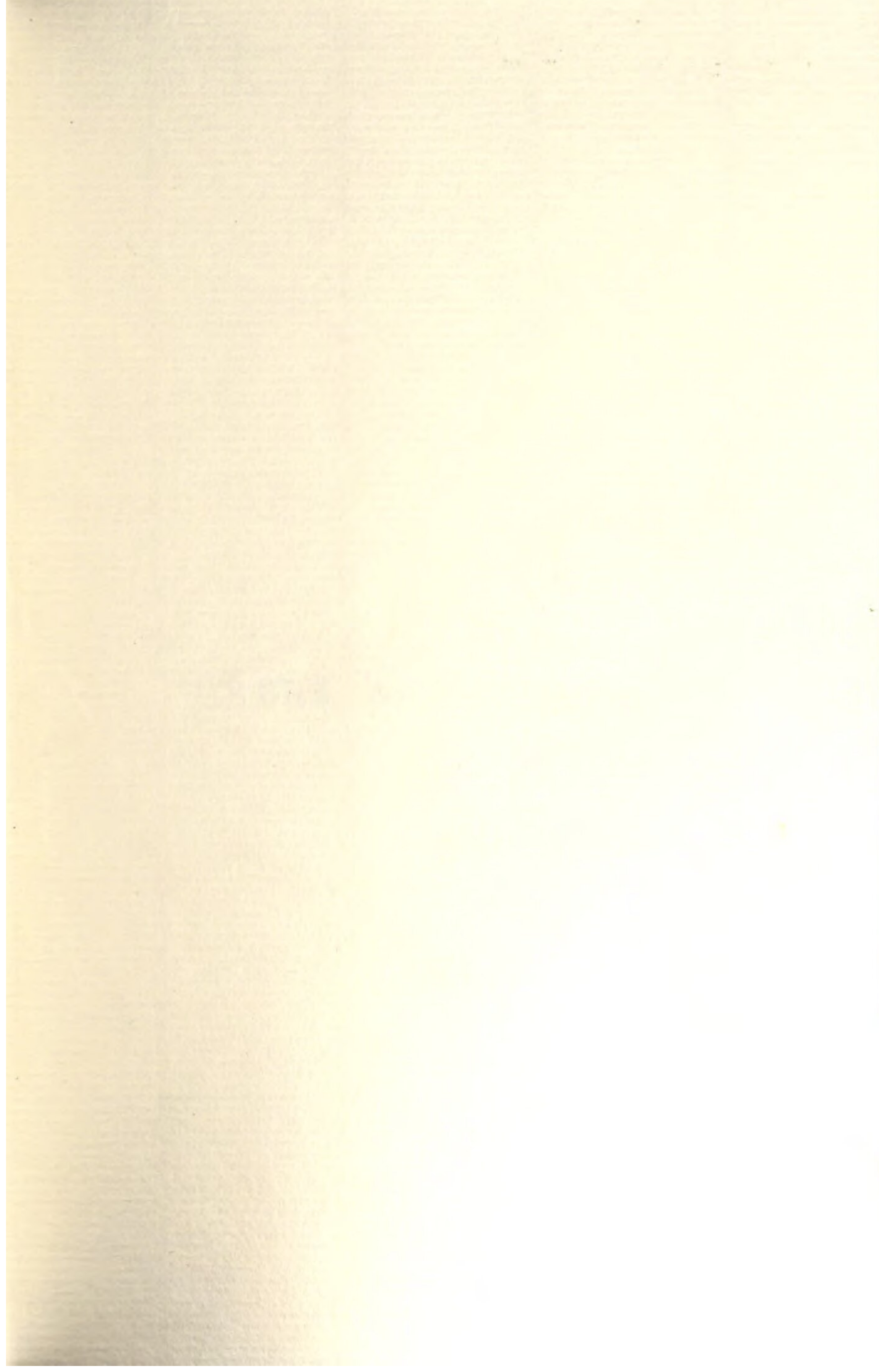




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POWERS AND PROTESTS

NOT IN THE LAMENT

IN THE LAMENT

THE
GREEK AND THE TURK

BY MR. R. A. S. CHOW

THE
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LONDON

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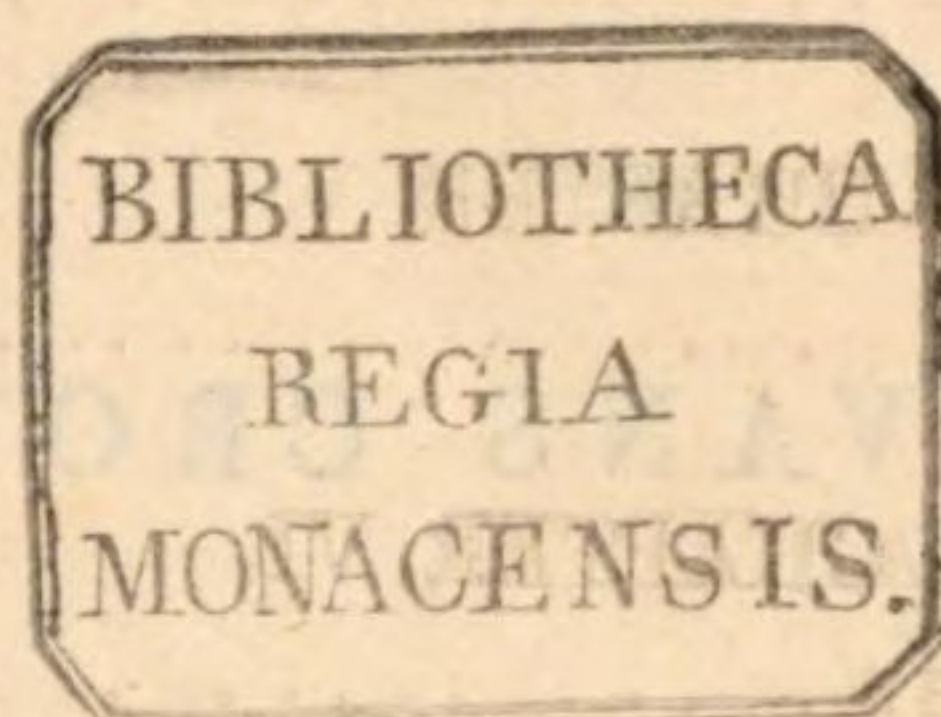
OR,
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BY
EYRE EVANS CROWE.

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THE GREEK AND THE TURK.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE Oceanic world is the world of the present ; the Mediterranean world, that of the past. All that is great, powerful, progressive in modern times, finds itself established on the shore of the wide sea, whose space and distance has dwindled under the influence of human inventions to the same proportions which of old existed in the Mediterranean. London is now within the same distance of New York, that Rome used to be of Carthage or of Athens. The Atlantic is as much a lake as the Mediterranean was wont to be. This expansion of man's physical power to fit him to a larger sphere of action, has been accompanied in some degree, and will be so in a much greater measure, by an expansion of his moral and intellectual faculties. It has already been marked or

heralded by immense progress in political knowledge and in social economy. There may be backsliding in one country, immature and therefore unsatisfactory experiments in another. But that we exist in a new era, in which the humblest and most ignorant have grounds of knowledge, assurance, and hope, which the prince and philosopher of past ages did not attain even in imagination,—this is manifest.

What the great nations, races, and countries, which sit round the great ocean as an arena, holding communication over it, having sympathies in common, and showing them,—their friendships now fast prevailing over their enmities, their peaceful and philanthropic aims over their jealous and malignant ones,—what this great republic of oceanic nations will do, were a fine theme for speculation and for prophecy. But my present aim and purpose is to dive not so much into the future, as into the past and present; and with this view I am wending my way from the modern to the ancient world, or at least from the ocean sphere of one to the land-locked sea around which clustered the other.

Political power, springing from the development of numbers, wealth, and intelligence, is a mighty forest tree, that refuses to grow the second time

upon the same soil, where it has once waxed strong, and flourished, and decayed; there all efforts, either to revive the old trunk or to replace it by a plant of the same race and kind, invariably and lamentably fail. The Mediterranean shore was once the native soil of empire; to build a town, or form a colony, near any convenient bay, was like planting a slip of one of those trees which take root immediately. One year a shoot, the next you reposed beneath its umbrage. But now select the happiest site, make an equally careful choice of the human plant; establish Frenchmen around Carthage, Greeks beneath their native hill of the Acropolis; try to make Roman great, or Parthenopæan free, and the labour is in vain. Where Asiatics dominate, as they do, over at least one half of the shores of the Mediterranean, this may be accounted for by the race being considered incapable of social freedom or European development. But contemplate the remaining shores of that sea, still inhabited by their indigenous races, and say, is that a soil where any of our great modern institutions can thrive, or produce the natural crop of prosperity and greatness?

Haunted by such thoughts as these, one enters the Mediterranean with joy as a pilgrim, but with

gloom as a philanthropist. The new clime and scene are still too exhilarating for the power of the most nebulous thoughts to darken. From the moment of rounding the time and tempest-beaten rock, on which the semi-convent, semi-fortress of St. Vincent stands, the voyager passes from the ocean into that beautiful vestibule before the Mediterranean entrance, on each side of which Africa and Europe extend their widening arms. The sea is here of a more transparent blue, its foam more silvery, the trolling boats as picturesque a craft as could adorn such waters in the absence of those leviathans which have so often chosen them for their battle-field. Africa shines forth but dimly, the Atlas still enveloped in its fabulous clouds; hill and shore alike refuse to assume any definite outline. Not so the northern coast, along which you can trace leagues of adust barrenness, save where the mouth of a river bursts through it, and then crowds of orange-trees and other bright verdant shrubs are seen to press thick upon the current of fresh water, like herds of animals hieing from the desert and eager to drink.

One would expect the portals which guard the entrance and exit of two mighty seas to be formed of adamant, or at least of granite. Nature has surely here employed her most solid workmanship!

It may be so, but nothing of the kind is apparent. Not a cliff, scarcely what might be called a rock; but grassy shores, undulating, and rising as they recede into mounds and hills. Never was earth laid out or fashioned with so unpretentious a hand. It is just what might tempt a London suburban builder to cover the ground with detached villas. The grass, to be sure, is long and tangled, like the hair of a female tragedian. It is tawny, too, of the colour of that lion's hide which typifies at least one of these meeting continents. Life too is absent, even animal life, except a group of turbaned heads in some prowling skiff, in which there are symptoms, to a discerning eye, of an unsafe neighbourhood; but to the inexperienced voyager through the straits they appear as fit a scene for an eclogue as one could conceive, requiring merely industry to furnish the farm and the rustics, and kindly nature the feeling and the imagination.

As the lips were formed to cover the teeth, so the Straits no sooner begin to open into the Mediterranean, than they discover bristly rock and craggy promontory; Gibraltar rises on one side, and beyond Gibraltar, wild and endless chains of mountains, with corresponding and rude promontories on the African shore, with mountains also piled behind them, and showing that however gentle

and inviting and easy of approach are either shore of the Strait, still Nature has thrown up her fortresses behind, which the rude races of both continents may make use of, if they possess the skill and courage, for their defence and independence. Notwithstanding the beauty of the bay, Gibraltar is as disappointing as the Straits. The town resembles a long street in Chatham; the fortifications anything but picturesque; the market—the very fruit-market—a dust-hole; and the far-famed rock, a scrubby affair. You have been taught to expect a rock, instead of which you see a crumbling, ragged, declivity of earth, interspersed with tufts of grass and stunted shrubs,—a very antidote to the sublime. Even the outline of the rock, which is striking from a distance, is nothing when one is under it. The far-famed embrasures and galleries of guns, look like so many swallow-holes, few and diminutive, on the face of the frowsy precipice, without a pretence to the sublime of either nature or of art. The view of Gibraltar is, in a word, a disillusion. The views in it and from it are the contrary. These, from the vast expanse of both land and sea, are magnificent beyond description. Within it the most interesting objects are the specimens of African growth, human and vegetable; the former to be

observed in the town, the latter to be sought in the public garden outside. It is not a good sign when the poor of a country look ill-favoured and miserable, whilst the rich develop strength and beauty. Judging of the Moors from those who appear at Gibraltar, this would seem to be the case; the poorer vendors appear in the last stage of starvation, exhaustion, and dirt; the wealthier are stalwart fellows, strutting like the Moor of our melodramas. I saw certainly the type of an Othello in a Moor with a long scar across his fine black, sleeky, shining countenance, in a white turban and nankeen jacket and unfathomables. His gait was a stage one, maugre his babouches. He was one of those figures you see once, and keep stereotyped for ever.

Everything about Gibraltar has no doubt been exaggerated—its beauty, its strength, as well as its importance and political value. Command the Straits, all know that it does not. The utmost it can do is to watch them, and even that not very effectively. The harbour offers a security and shelter from the winds. To a weak power it might be valuable, as its guns would protect its vessels from an enemy; but England scarcely requires such refuge or defence. Gibraltar, no doubt, affords a certain degree of convenience in peace, and more

so in war. But whether that is worth the outlay to us, and the heart-burning to Spain which it has occasioned, and will cause, should Spain ever become a proud, powerful, and independent country, is very much to be doubted. The true value and importance of Gibraltar form a question on which the English public require to be fully and wisely informed.

One of the things to be unlearned upon entering the Mediterranean, is an English appreciation of the winds. An east wind at home is dry, cold, and bracing: an east wind at Gibraltar, or, as they call it, a Levanter, is fierce, damp, and hot, distressing to the English resident as a simoom—much like our south-wester, when you add a few grains of Africa to it. As long as the Levanter lasts, the rock of Gibraltar has its value, for it acts as a complete shelter, the water beneath it remaining smooth and unruffled, whilst the ocean without, and the Straits, are in tempest and foam. Above, its value is manifested by a large cloud, streaming like a flag from the top of the rock, from whence the tempest vainly strives to sever it, though shattering and dispersing portions thereof from time to time. But however sheltered from the violence of the Levanter, the English inhabitant of Gibraltar complains of its depressing and exhausting influ-

ence. There is no time, no weather on the earth, that suits an Englishman; little satisfied with man, he is never contented with the sky or the elements.

Gibraltar has lost many of its charms of late years. Its facilities of contraband, and the prosperity derived from them, have rapidly diminished, and with them have diminished also that good understanding between the English inhabitant of the rock, and the lawless peasants of the Ronda, which, whilst smuggling was in its prime, rendered an Englishman's tongue and aspect a sufficient passport through these regions. Gratitude is short-lived, however, as is morality founded on immediate gain. The peasant of the Ronda grows every day less of a smuggler and more of a bandit. So that even a ride to that old rendezvous of *pic-nics* from Gibraltar, the Cork Wood, has become as unsafe, except in numerous and well-armed company, as an excursion in the vicinity of Attock or Peshawur.

Mr. Urquhart has lately devoted several months' sojourn and research to the countries on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar. He shows that the long daring independence of the Moors, and the defeat of all European attempts to subjugate or civilize them, have been owing to the facilities with

which their ruling caste and dynasty have been renewed from over the desert, and from the strongholds of ignorance, fanaticism, and ferocity. Fanaticism, however, which was once so powerful a military virtue against the effeminate and civilized, fails against the combined discipline, courage, and scientific weapons of modern civilization. The Wahabees quailed before the regiments of Mehemet Ali; the Sultan himself and his sacred standard before the French colonels, and artillery of Ibrahim. So would the Moorish parasol make but a poor fight against a Bugeaud or a Lamoricière. But when the work of first conquest was over, the far more serious task of permanent subjugation would have to commence. The fanatic resistance which the Emperor and his dynasty and his parasol could not command, would be taken up by the scattered tribes and population, who would soon find a wily Marabout to head it. And if Algiers cost its millions, Morocco would demand its tens of millions annually. The true defence and security of every part of Africa lie in the interminable and incalculable cost of having anything to do with it, and that whether as ally, philanthropist, or conqueror.

Mr. Urquhart, with less felicity, I think, indulges in disquisition on the political state of the Peninsula,

whose ills he would cure by an application of their old institutions. He means, no doubt, municipal liberties,—excellent things, but which accord so ill with despotism in the present age of reformation and inquiry, that the liberty of the state in general produces naturally and inevitably an insurrection of the citizens, with the as necessary results of their success followed by anarchy, or their failure followed by tyranny. If local and self-government be good, within certain limits, for the town, it is good equally for the provinces, good equally for the state. And, at all events, the three divisions of liberty must go together; for it has been the trying of the one without the other, that has shipwrecked constitutional liberty in France as in Spain. How can provinces at the feet of government prefects, coexist with a capital under the influence of the popular opinion of mob and middle-class? How can the landed, or the wealthy aristocracy of a province interfere and hold the balance between court power and town frenzy, unless that aristocracy have local institutions, and authority, and laws? What was France from 1815 to 1848, but a constitutional legislature, striving to exist by the side of an imperialist administrative system, which fought wherever they encountered, as fire and water do in the bowels of the earth, and even producing earth-

quakes as they do? In 1830, the constitutional element triumphed, but knew not how to make that triumph complete by a reform of the administrative organization. It left it as it was. And in 1851, the Imperialist element has prevailed after another long and desperate conflict. And it seems to know better how to secure, extend, and consolidate its victory.

It is a thousand miles and more from England to Gibraltar,—less than a thousand miles thence to Malta. The *Ganges*, a splendid vessel, achieved both in less than nine days. She bore the Indian mail, but, in the destination of the passengers, as well as in the atmosphere of their interest and talk, China far predominated over India. There seemed more people, and traffic, and correspondence, going on between Old England and the ports of the Chinese sea, than with mighty Anglo-Hindustan. There was far more conversation on board of Canton than of Calcutta. Even for those going to India, India seemed to have no interest. Those who had been there treated it as a purgatory, and as such, a most disagreeable subject for conversation. What country can a man ever revisit without some fond and grateful recollections, some admiration of the localities, with sentiments dear to the heart, and events sacred to

the memory? But it seemed as if nothing ever passed in the life of the Anglo-Indian that endeared India to him. The result of a life spent there, seemed exhaustion by the climate, disgust of the scenery, contempt of the natives, utter disregard of the country's present state and future fortunes. How can such negation of philanthropy, to use a mild expression, be generated in human breasts, except by a position so contrary to nature, to morality, to fitness, and to happiness, that it begets a perversion of the whole being, converting the good and the kind into bad citizens and heartless men?

Nothing can be less interesting than two days and nights steaming along the shore of the French possessions in North Africa. Such monotony, such endless succession of white and brown hillocks, with scarcely a bay,—not a town to be seen, a stream to be discerned, a tree to be remarked. It is, in fact, the refuse of the African soil that the French have got, and that no nation, ancient or modern, ever thought worth colonizing or holding. Nature has marked out no place for town or harbour, no stream or line of communication with the interior, with the exception of a few valleys, where pestilence keeps pace with fertility. The region is only habitable by semi-nomad tribes, who require a large space for the nourishment of them-

selves and their cattle ; a bit of low ground for winter, the rocky high ground for the goats and sheep to browse in summer. Their life, and tillage, and food in common, their democratic community, with a sheik to judge and lead, not rule them—they could afford to pay no more expensive kind of authority or aristocracy—fit the Kabyles for defending themselves against all their foes, whether of clime, or poverty, or envious neighbours, or greedy conquerors. Indeed, men could only exist here in the compact and economic form of the tribe. All the classes that attempt to live and perpetuate in any other way, either as a dominant class, as a town and trading population, as agriculturists isolated, or living the expensive life of cities, all fail, and with time and catastrophes are swept away. All that pretends to a foundation, or puts over it a permanent roof, is more assuredly uprooted and overthrown. The goat's-hair tent, fastened by a few pegs in the interstices of the rocks, these alone remain with the life they cover from age to age ; all that is costlier, and prouder, and more pretentious, disappearing from a land that is irrevocably the pastor's and the poor man's heritage.

It has been, nevertheless, the existence of these hardy tribes, which tempted people in ancient times to establish colonies or fortified towns upon

the North African shore. Trade was then one-half robbery, and oftener nine-tenths. The Carthaginian here, with a stronghold on the waters, easily drew from the African population behind them abundant recruits wherewith to subdue Sicily and *exploiter* Spain. The Corsairs, who, in the sixteenth century, established themselves on this coast, did so chiefly from the inexhaustible supply of men, ready to fight for rapine, which the neighbouring tribes afforded. It is the story of Barbarossa, of Dragut, and of the Dey of Algiers. Indeed the great prosperity and power of the Corsair states of North Africa were not unlike the similar great qualities as shown in the Turkish empire; both had at command a restless, fiery, adventurous population, who, prompted by the greed of spoil and honour, were ready to rush upon their foes by sea and land with greater constancy, union, and desperation, than their foes could show in their defence.

The great wealth of Africa is its produce of hardy and adventurous men. This the Carthaginians as well as Romans knew and cultivated, as did the ferocious and warlike Mehemet Ali. The French alone are blind to this mine of wealth. The military practice there is rather to convert Frenchmen into Arabs, than to make use of Arabs as the subjects of France. When the

great Algerian chief, not Abd-el-Kader, was brought to Paris, he was asked what struck him most in the country he traversed, or the towns where he dwelt? he replied, The number of men. He was asked to admire the wealth, the equipages, the splendour of dresses, of houses, the quantity of means at the command of government. But no—none of these things struck him so much as numbers. France, he said, was a sea of men. With so many men he would undertake to crush all the rulers of the world. Such was the philosophy of the Arab.

CHAPTER II.

MALTA.

THE islands of the Mediterranean are seldom picturesque in contour or in form. They seem to have risen out of the sea, after having been for a long time washed and rounded by the action of the waters. They do not spurn the deep, or command it; they lie upon it in repose. Such is naturally the unimposing appearance of Malta and its sister island. On nearer approach, however, the island wears no sign of slumber. Its entire surface is dotted with villages, churches, and habitations. Mansions rise, with their accompaniments of verdure, and the town and fortress of La Valetta, between its two harbours and its outlying forts, thronged with shipping, soldiers, and a moving population, is a striking combination of strength, beauty, and life.

Fleets, arsenals, steamers, and modern fortifications, are, too, exclusively of the present day, and

too familiarly our own to attract any lengthened admiration, even amidst these southern waters. The interest of Malta lies in its having been so long the residence and retreat, where lived, and gradually expired, that chivalric hostility of west to east, that devout resistance of the Cross to the Crescent, which called forth so much heroism, and cost so much resources and life, without doing more than provoke and strengthen the enemy which it proposed to crush.

It was an idle scheme of the discomfited chivalry of the Crusades, to occupy an island when they could no longer maintain themselves on the mainland. An island such as Rhodes could only be successful as the seat of a naval, and one might say, a piratical power, posted in the direct sea path between Syria, Egypt, and Constantinople. The Knights of Rhodes could never muster an army for invasion; they never exerted themselves to check the progress of the Mussulman westward: they were an annoyance and an insult to the Turks, not a danger or an obstacle. Christendom lost nothing by their fall; and the belief that the maintenance of the order was a check upon Islamism was the idlest of delusions. An island power is a sea power; and the fate of empires—begging pardon of English prejudice—was never decided on sea. If Augustus

conquered Antony at Actium, it was the defection of the land army of the latter, far more than the ill-fought naval action which succeeded, that decided the war. The real struggles between Rome and Carthage took place on land. The defeat of Lepanto had no sensible effect in checking the progress of the Turkish power. All the naval efforts of Venice, of Spain, and of other western states failed to obscure or to humble the Crescent. It was the indomitable land and race of the Hungarians, which formed and became the true barrier of Europe against the Ottoman. It is the tradition of England to consider naval heroism as all-sufficient. Yet what were the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, without Aboukir and Waterloo?

The mission of the French, some half century back, was to destroy the chief humbugs of the age, to strangle those states which had outlived their time, and were incapable of prolonged vitality in their existing condition. Venice and Malta were in this category: although why France should have confiscated the independence of one to confer it on Austria, and of the other to make it a present to England, would certainly puzzle a Frenchman to explain. Indeed, Napoleon never gave any sufficient reason for capturing Malta, or for invading Egypt. The motives assigned are poetic, fabulous, and

tricked out with the pretence of a policy ; but let M. Thiers philosophize, and Napoleon himself perorate on the subject with all their plausibility and pretentious wisdom, they cannot convert the absurd into the rational, or the madly puerile into the sensible and virile.

Malta has now fallen into the hands of the power to which it is of most use, without its being, like Gibraltar, offensive and aggressive to any country. It is on the great line of trade and communication from the marts of the Mediterranean, as well as from France, to all ends of that sea. It is a great watchtower at the gates of the three great parts of the world. It places us nearest of all European powers to the most valuable, most fertile, and most vulnerable parts of the African continent, where if we hold an interest and an influence, it is by means of Malta. If Russia is at the gates of Constantinople, England is equally at those of Alexandria ; and we exert the same attachment, the same enmity, the same admiration, and the same jealousy, on the banks of the Nile, that the Russians do on the shores of the Bosphorus.

I am far from being a partizan of conquest. But England, without abdicating her position in the world, cannot remain a stranger to the maintenance or disposal of the territories and provinces

of the Ottoman empire. The Turks have made the same mistake as the Crusaders ; they have advanced too far from their reserves, from the centre of their strength, in nerve, and spirit, and enthusiasm. In passing the Bosphorus, they have placed themselves as much at the mercy of the European race, as the Crusaders in Syria were at the mercy of the Arab. Suppose whatever native strength and power of regeneration one may in Mohammedanism, its reign west of the Ægean must terminate, and that too as surely as did the Frank kingdom of Jerusalem. That we should have a voice potential at such time, is for our own interests as well as for those of humanity. And it is the possession of Malta which must enable us to make that voice be heard, and exercise its salutary influence.

Our effort, however, should be to wield a great moral power, and bring it along with our great physical force, to the healing of the wounds and the settling of the dissensions to be caused inevitably by the great catastrophe. That moral power will be best procured by the good and perfect state and government of our Mediterranean dependencies. If Malta and Corfu enjoy no greater material prosperity and intellectual freedom than Sicily or Greece, Algiers or the Crimea, what pretension can we have to undertake suzerainty, or recommend our system of government ?

It is, therefore, with higher views than those of merely managing Malta and the Ionian islands, that we should set about the right mode of treating, conciliating, ruling, and developing our Mediterranean empire. Unfortunately, our Colonial office has not possessed much fixed principle, nor many able men, and it has taken, and takes both, pretty much as chance or the ebb and flow of politics suggest and furnish them. Still, Malta is well administered. Peopled by a corrupt, idle, and criminal race under the Knights, the Maltese, it seems, bear now the very contrary character. Crime is rare; and no race can be more industrious. There is much crown property, in lands and houses, inherited by government from the Knights, enabling it to meet expenditure, and carry out improvements without taxing the people. More O'Ferral was, in this respect, an excellent administrator. He dealt most ably with pounds shillings and pence, and turned them to the best advantage. He endowed Malta with its greatest luxury—a road whereon horse and carriage may venture, and which enables those who can command the luxury, to breathe the fresh air of sea and country; the peasantry, with their provend for market, deriving equal advantages.

But Governor O'Ferral, whilst he made the

island profit by his official and financial experience, inoculated it, on the other hand, with the virus of religious bigotry. Until Governor O'Ferral's coming amongst the Maltese, rivalry between religious creeds was null or trifling. The governor respected the prelates, and the prelates interfered not with the governor. Children of Protestant and Catholic parents attended the same school, and education went on as "merry as a marriage bell." But Mr. O'Ferral chose to stigmatise this mixed school as a schismatic one; and he aroused the prelates of the island to interfere, and to blend political with religious views. That the English governor of the island should take his seat in the gilt chair of state that belonged to the Grand Master, in the cathedral of St. John, was to the Maltese a fair source of gratification and of pride. But that he should at the same time have set his gubernatorial countenance against mixed education, and introduced the bigotry of Ireland into an island untinctured with it, was criminal. What filled liberal men with most disgust at More O'Ferral's conduct was the belief that his zeal was not even sincere, nor his bigotry deep-seated in his conscience; but that both were assumed, and made demonstrative for the sake of currying favour with the reactionary and ultra-Catholic party, in order, too, to win future elevation

to the post of British envoy at Rome. His treatment of those who escaped from French and prelatie vindictiveness in Rome, added to the general disgust. No doubt, a governor is bound to prevent Malta from becoming the focus of active and aggressive propagandism against the Italian states and its vicinity; but it requires a moderate degree of sagacity and fairness to reconcile humanity, and even generosity, with a respect for what is due even to cruel and tyrannic power. The fear expressed, that the shattered and suffering exiles from Rome might create an *émeute* amidst the bastions and bayonets of Valetta, was a pretence, that not all the solemnity of Governor O'Ferral could make any rational man take for either sincere or serious.

Another aim of More O'Ferral's at Malta, was to introduce there what is most odious to an English mind,—the spy system. He did his utmost to render Malta, in this respect, as bad as Naples; and not only did he employ spies in the houses and families of Malta, but he sent them on board of foreign ships of war, which on one occasion very nearly led to summary justice being inflicted on one of the emissaries of a British governor by the crew of an American vessel of war. The spy system, no doubt, without the possibility or the

thought of following it up by the persecution and prison tortures of Naples, may be considered not very heinous, and as a pet playing at the fireside game of tyranny, without incurring its serious guilt. But though the employment of such a class, and such means of government in Malta, might not fill the prisons or feed the scaffold, it still had the effect of corrupting both the mass of the people and the mind of the government, which got filled with vain terrors, became actuated by an un-English feeling, and was betrayed by self-created fancies into acts utterly inexplicable to those who were unaware of that world of falsehood and delation, in which the over-cautious nature of Mr. More O' Ferral chose to enwrap himself.

There is no more curious specimen of human industry than the making of a Maltese field; the operation is tedious. Having mustered a few pounds, the Maltese purchases a square portion of what is apparently rock; he falls to work upon it with his pickaxe, and with all the implements and aids required in working a quarry. During this operation he carefully saves and puts together every particle of what might be called earth, and, having excavated his plot of ground to a certain depth, he deposits at the bottom the larger blocks of stone, and over them layers of the finer and the finer,

until he has nothing to strew upon the surface but the red earth, that he has gleaned, and sifted, and cherished, as never soil was. To this he adds all the *immondices* he can procure, the road sweepings, spare earth, or the semblance of earth, from other spots : and at last the Maltese is owner of a field, surrounded with stone walls, and bearing a marvellous succession of crops. The favourite one at the time was shown by the bright glistening green of the cotton plant, contrasted with the brown earth from which it sprung. Too many Maltese had, indeed, destroyed their olive-trees to grow cotton, when oil was a drug, and cotton valuable. Olive-trees are not so easily restored, and the island lost thereby no little of both its verdure and its value. A proprietor who has a common or a waste can create a paradise of vegetation in no great time if he have but water ; the garden of the governor's country house at San Antonio is a beautiful proof. Rock, as Malta is called, it might be converted into a Calypso's island.

No specimens of humanity are more beautiful than Maltese children, up to the verge of boyhood in the male, and past that of girlhood in the female. After that they deteriorate into the round, the squab, the stunted, the sinister, and the vulgar. With Italians it is quite the reverse. As children

they are most unpromising, whereas they increase every year, as they grow up, in health and beauty. Different modes of nourishment may have much to do with this. There cannot, however, be a finer body of men than the Maltese police, which are organized much like that of Ireland, and scattered two in each village through the island. There is one sign of its being effective, which is—the smallness of crime and misdemeanour in Malta, and the total cessation of the use of the knife in private argument, once so common with the race; whilst, on the other hand, every port of the Levant teems with Maltese of the worst looks and with the character which these indicate.

Since the time of the late Queen Dowager's residence at Malta, and the noble mark of her solicitude which she left behind in a beautiful church, the chief modern ornament of the island, many English winter at Malta. If somewhat inferior in climate to Madeira, it is infinitely superior in all the comforts and all the *agrémens* of life—good houses, good society, an opera, large libraries. An affable, hospitable, and social governor has it in his power to render Malta delightful. The old palace of the Grand Master, which recalls the Doge's palace at Venice in every feature of its lofty and ornamented saloons, is the most delightful

place of reception that a European sovereign, or sovereign vicegerent, could preside in. The garrison, the English *employés*, and the families, form alone a society. The ladies of the island are remarkable for musical talents and acquirements, and every vessel that comes freighted to it from India brings its passing tribute of great and small men. The quarantine absorbs the time of those who come from Alexandria; but that is a self-imposed plague, every day diminishing, and to a degree that threatens the fine establishment for the purpose at Malta with inanition. When I went over it, I found but one inmate, a young gazelle, just imported from Tripoli, which on the door of its cage being opened, bounded out, and over wall and roof, with an agility quite magical. The Pacha of Egypt provided English greyhounds for the purpose of hunting the animal; no wonder it distanced and defied them. The same viceregal amateur brought bull-dogs to bait a hyæna. The bull-dogs could find nothing to bite, whilst they were literally chopped and smashed by the jaws of the hyæna—another failure of English supremacy.

All the Mohammedans we perceive, and the Mohammedanism one traces at Malta, are of the African and Arab family, distinct in all appearance and attributes from the Turk or Constantinopolitan

pattern. The genuine Turk is larger and finer featured, but fleshy and lazy, like a northern who has descended to a warmer and more luxurious clime. The Arab is ill-favoured, slender, active and able, not disdaining commerce, or shunning exertion like the Turk. Neither his turban, which he still adheres to, nor his inexpressibles, are such as to preclude exertion, for the one is not quite an umbrella, nor has the other all the dimensions of a furled mainsail. A glance at the two races is sufficient to explain how the Arab, rendered a conqueror by his enthusiasm, developed his intellect as his ascendancy, power, and wealth augmented; and how the Turk, having borrowed the enthusiasm of the Arab to give spirit to his own stalwart form, no sooner acquired predominance thereby, than he turned it to the indulgence of sensuality, cruelty, stupidity, and repose. The subjugation of the Arab by the Turk was, in fact, the prevalence of the brute part of the nation over the intellectual. Had the Arabs remained the uppermost of the Mussulman race, they would have blended the arts of peace with those of war, and might have invented for themselves a science of government, as they invented that of numbers, that of medicine, of architecture, of poetry, and of religion. This premature indulgence in humanity

and civilization, whilst rude and barbarous races still surrounded them, proved their ruin; and the progress of the Oriental mind was arrested with Arab supremacy, although the progress of Oriental arms still continued, and advanced by the mere strength of the religious impulse, the military and political organization which it had received.

CHAPTER III.

GREECE AND ITS ISLANDS.

THE prevailing idea with those who have never been in the south, is that the sky is always so pure, and its air so transparent, that objects appear at a great distance, lands especially, and that they stand out clearly defined from forth an azure firmament. There is, however, the haze of the south, and there is that of the north; and the former, though unaccompanied with cloud or storm, is as dimming to the sense of sight, as a mist along the coasts of the Hebrides. The land, even near, often presents itself as a faint shadow of which the spectator remains long inclined to doubt the substance and the reality. In such spectral form appeared to me for the first time the mountains of the Morea. And it required a long hour's gaze and rapid approach, to discern the two great ridges which contain between them the valley of Laconia, and of which one runs due south and

terminates in Cape Matapan; whilst the other, forming the south-eastern angle of Greece in Cape Malæa, is continued first in the long, rugged, and lofty island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, and from thence by divers little isles to Candia, where the rocky mountain ridge, characteristic of Greece, terminates, no doubt to give way beneath the waves to the plain and sandy surface which stretches thence to the Pyramids.

I was glad to find thus, that Crete, from physical configuration as well as from historic events, was so manifestly a part of Greece. What Greece, genuine Greece, wants, is size, soil, population. What is its poor little million of souls amidst the present great divisions of mankind? Crete or Candia, its race and its traditions, remain as thoroughly Greek as Arcadia itself; its very Mahometan speaks the Greek tongue, or rather those of the Cretan race, who were compelled to embrace Mahometanism, have done so in a fashion which removes them only in semblance from Christianity. Of little use to the Ottoman, Crete would be the completion, and would form the main strength of Greece. Farmed by a Pacha, it produces trifling tribute: restored to Greece, it would be a chosen place of settlement. Its rich and extensive littoral, its unequalled clime, its ports, its situation in the

great cross-roads which lead from Gibraltar to Syria, and from Egypt to Constantinople, would make the capital of Candia what Athens or Attica can never be,—a great place of trade and of resort, the metropolis of a vast country, and one of the great emporia of the Levant. The way to strengthen Greece without weakening Turkey, was to give it Crete, always, however, with the proviso and the exception, that Greece can originate and tolerate a free and rational government.

The Greek islands of the Archipelago, or *Ægean* Sea, are simply the summits of a mass of rocky mountains, the lower parts of which, with the valleys between, are covered by the ocean. If the level of the Mediterranean was raised by a certain number of feet, the Peloponnesus would present the same appearance as the Cyclades. The uppermost parts of its great mountains would then appear as islands. The plains, such as those of Argos, Elis, and Messenia, would be submerged. The valleys would be ocean-channels. The pastors of Arcadia would be the mariners of clustered islets,—would be sea-robbers in lieu of being land-robbers. The supposition of the rise in the sea level is only made for the sake of presenting in naked truth an island of the Cyclades. In general, they are the ridge of a mountain-top, with shrubs

amongst the crags, and such scant cultivation as a level spot of ground can here and there admit. The town, wherever the inhabitants congregate, must not be looked for on the beach, or by the water's edge. That would have made them and their property too tempting a prey, in waters which have been haunted for centuries by the bands of rapine. The town is generally perched half-way up to the summit, sheltered from the elements by the rocks above, and from an enemy by the rocks and acclivities below. Industry, wealth, and the clime, have made paradises of some of these insular mountain sides, such as that side of Scio, or Chios, for example, which faces Asia Minor. There villas and temples, villages and farms, gardens and vineyards, have grown around a luxurious retreat, where Greeks love to repose, and which Turks were wont to take the alternate pleasure of enjoying and destroying. Such spots are amongst the most lovely upon earth's surface. But dearly do the inhabitants pay for the beauty and the luxury of their place of abode. For it is almost certain to become the scene of a catastrophe, or of a succession of catastrophes, in which the men of one race and creed butcher the population of antagonistic ones. Such was the fate of Chios.

The first of the islands that is most probably encountered in a voyage to Greece, has none of the charms of Chios. It is a large, huge, mountain ridge, that rises with the base of the mountains covered by the waters, and the high barren crags left for human habitations. In this, Cythera or Cerigo is the reverse of Crete, of which the low and fertile surface at the foot of the mountain is bare and respected by the sea, leaving Mount Ida to rear itself alone. The beautiful waters which bathe Cythera are worthy of the fabulous distinction of having produced Venus. But the isle is a forbidding and a barren place. I forget what chief was accused of avarice in ancient times, for monopolizing the whole extent and produce of this island. I should rather have thought him narrowed in his circumstances, however extensive his domain. It is at present the penal settlement of the Ionian Islands.

A scrutinizing eye will discover towns in the barren clefts of Cerigo, but they will in vain be looked for on the desert coast, or on the wild mountain of the opposite Morea. It is disheartening to survey the coast and hills of Laconia and of Attica, and look abroad over the expanse of the once fertile Eubœa, and not perceive a trace of home, habitation, or human cultivation. This total disappearance of

man, and oblivion of him, is sad and even sublime in the desert ; but here, where populations crowded in number, and illustrious in intellect, arts, and arms, flourished thick and glorious as a crop in harvest, that earth should be swept so clean, and left denuded of all life and even of its reminiscences, is difficult to conceive or become reconciled to.

The Morea is a world, or an internal fortress, in itself easily defended, one should think, against all invaders ; yet all invaders who have forced their way into Greece north of the Isthmus, have with little difficulty also forced their way into the Peninsula, so little sympathy and unity have existed between race and valley. There is a small fortress or citadel, erected by nature within the great fortress of the Peloponnesus, and that is the valley of Laconia. Surrounded on all sides by the highest mountains, yet itself a fertile valley, abundantly watered by the Eurotas, protected from every wind as from every foe, open to the sea, but without any port, facilities, or temptation for naval enterprise, the Spartans had a position, as they were a race, apart. Sailing between Cerigo and Cape Matapan, the Vale of Lacedæmon extends in the blue distance at the bottom of the bay, with its mountain walls all round. What a contrast with

Athens, which lies open to all comers by land or sea, with ports to receive vessels, hills rather than mountains, and wide passes between them,—a large territory, scant of soil and of water. The marvel is, that Athens—so exposed, and ill provided, and worse defended—still survives in a hundred monuments, in towns, in temples, and in fortresses: she has never perished, whilst people are pointed out three sites for those of Sparta, and are bidden to make their choice. Sparta seems to have resembled one of the Swiss mountain-cantons, of which the not very numerous proprietors form a rude and brave, an uncultured and prejudiced aristocracy, not the less an aristocracy because they disdained luxuries: holding by force of arms the plain districts adjoining their mountain fastness, they levied tribute upon the inhabitants, and, denying them the rights of citizenship, degraded them to a secondary and servile class. The mountain proprietors of Swiss cantons have the same habits, the same tendency, and the same laws.

A little westward of the strait which separates Cerigo from the mainland, lies Cervi, one of the lately disputed islands. Its only use is, that it affords shelter to vessels from the Archipelago, which, upon rounding Cape Malea, meet a westerly, or south-westerly wind, of force sufficient to

prevent their getting out of the bay, or rounding Cape Matapan. In that case they take refuge behind Cervi, which still has neither port, provisions, nor inhabitants. On the extremity of the promontory of Cape Malea stood, or stands, the retreat of a hermit, or penitent pirate, who spent his latter days in looking forth upon the waters, and living upon what compassionate or sympathetic crews might leave for him. Some graceless captains, and, we fear, English of their number, were wont to fire a round shot at his habitation—a frolicsome mode of recognition, which the hermit was wont to take in good part, compensated as it was by a basket of provisions thrown upon the shore. The spot was well chosen for the hermit's purpose, since almost all vessels bound for the Black Sea, or the Archipelago, westward, or *vice versa*, pass under his rocky watch-tower. In the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians, as lords of the sea, seized Cythera, or Cerigo, the chief town of which, now no more extant, then faced the mainland, where the Spartans, no doubt, kept watch and fortress to prevent invasion. The invulnerableness of Laconia, procured by a rocky, fortless, and precipitate shore, is continued, or is rather more perfect along its eastern coast. The voyager loses nothing by his vessel's quitting it, and striking

off to where the Cyclades cluster before the entrance of the two great gulfs, one of which leads to Salamis and Athens, the other to Napoli and Argos.

English steamers, as well as ships of war, now avoid the waters of Athens. There is in truth no trade with the capital of Greece, which is situated in its most unproductive region. Still the crowd of place-hunters and petitioners who hie thither, and the proportionate crowd of functionaries which leave it, are amply sufficient to fill the little vessels that ply from the Piræus to Nauplia, to Calamaki, to Syra, and elsewhere. The Austrian *Lloyd* supplies steamers for this service, to the annoyance of the Greeks, who pride themselves on being a naval power, and scorn to be indebted to Austria for even coasting vessels. The government, however, favours the double eagle, and entertains a dread of developing the naval resources and population of Greece, which even in classic times were considered the most advanced and the most liberal part of the population, and, consequently, the most difficult for government to control or deal with.

It is a pleasing *reveil* to awaken amongst the Cyclades, either on one of their shores—provided it be not in quarantine—or on a vessel threading them. None, who have witnessed and enjoyed it, can forget the first view of the coast of Attica.

The island of Ceos (Cea) rears itself just opposite its eastern promontory, and one desires to be on its heights, in order to catch some view of Athens itself, which is hidden by its coast. The eye, however, can wander over the flat brown Negropont, or Eubœa, displaying few symptoms of its once boasted fertility, and on the mainland can trace the shore as far as the bay of Marathon, too low to be distinct. The extremity of the Attic promontory is so broad and round, that one would be at a loss to discover the actual Cape Sunium, were it not surmounted by the most striking and beautiful of landmarks—a row of columns of almost unearthly whiteness, standing, too, on the very brink of the precipice. With what cramps and what solidity the ancient Athenians must have put together these columns of the Temple of Minerva, which the elements have been compelled to respect more than the rock which crumbles beneath it! These gulfs of the sea, which penetrate to the very centre of Greece, and divide it into as many distinct limbs as the star-fish, are of immense length. It takes half a day—from morn till noon—even to steam them up, from Cape Colonna to the Piræus, or from Hydra to Nauplia. It must have greatly added to the security of those ancient sea-ports and cities, that no enemy's fleet, or hos-

tile expedition, could get within miles of them without being seen and signalized, and giving ample time of preparation for either escape or defence.

When Cape Sunium is passed, and the vessel steams directly up the gulf, every minute's advance brings to view some fresh object, be it hill or bay, isle or town, the names of which have been from boyhood familiar. The most striking object is Ægina, opposite to that Athens, which one cannot yet descry, and once its rival in naval power and in the arts. Behind Ægina are pointed out Epidamnus, Poros, Trœzene, and, over all, the magnificent mountains of the Peloponnesus, the several ranges easily to be traced. Foremost stands that which extends from Corinth to Argos, and to the left of it that loftier chain behind which ancient Arcadia and modern Tripolizza lie.

The shores of Attica have as little to boast in the way of beauty as of fertility. The brown and arid soil, bare in most places, is contrasted with the bright verdure of some unproductive shrub, which resembles the broom, where olives once, with the population that lived under their shade, and on their fruit, covered these barren plains. But eastward of Hymettus, now Attica, is little better than a waste.

The voyager sees little more than the shore of Attica, till his vessel passes a small rocky island, which is a continuation of the mountain of Hymettus into the water. After this, a large valley opens northward, sloping up on all sides to a wide circumference of hills. On one side is the Hymettus, brown in rock and heath; to the westward, the Cytheron and Parnes, continuations of each other; whilst the Pentelicus closes and protects the valley from the north. The lowest point of the valley is on its western side, along which, evidently, its waters chiefly flow, for here always is traceable, from the sea to the distant Pentelicus, a long line of verdure and cultivation—vines, and figs, and olives. Along this line of verdure, however, Athens is not. The founders of the great city of the valley, and of Greece, were drawn away from its more fertile and verdant spots, higher up to where nature had reared a solitary rock,—steep and almost inaccessible. Hereon they built their first temple and their first fortress, and the city spread out at its foot. On the other side of the city rose another hill, equally lofty with the Acropolis, but covered with earth, rising gradually to an apex, and therefore unfavourable for defence. The Lycabettus, therefore, as it is called, remained unbuilt on, till in our days a chapel rose upon its summit. These

hills mark Athens from the sea, and if it is after harvest-time, rise in grey sublimity from out a dusty and arid plain, which promises the traveller much food for curiosity, but scant shade and verdure for repose.

The first view of Athens is seen over a flat shore, which stretches from the Hymettus, and in one indenture of this shore stood Phalerum, the most ancient port of Athens, and still the bathing resort of its inhabitants. The Piræus, more vast and more protected, lies behind a hill of some height, crowned with dreary windmills, and seems a harbour as land-locked and secure as a great country could desire.

The men-of-war, chiefly French, which crowd its harbour, evince its capacity and depth. The idea of keeping out, or keeping in, these leviathans with a chain drawn across the port, is still preserved in reminiscence. There are two pillars or pedestals preserved, each of which bore the image of a lion. Between these a chain was suspended, to keep out hostile fleets; but the lions have long since been transported to the gate of the arsenal of Venice: where, as emblems of power, they are now even more displaced than in their original position.

The chain had a singular fate. Brought to

Venice with the lions, Napoleon ordered it to be brought to him from thence, when encamped in the island of Lobau, and at his wit's end to preserve his wooden bridge from being cut or destroyed by the floating masses which the Austrians sent down the stream. Napoleon intended to employ the huge chain from Venice in this task, but it was impossible to stretch it across the Danube, or leave it at either side. The chain is now, I believe, in the Musée d'Artillerie, at Paris.

The Greeks, not at least till long after they had become popular and maritime, and sent out colonies, ever built their cities on the ocean brink. A steep rock, presenting a natural bulwark to the sea, and equally well provided with similar defence landward, enclosing an ample space for a town, and with sufficient depth of water for a harbour—such united advantages as these were not prized by the ancient Greeks. Nauplia, for instance, boasted all these advantages; but the ancients overlooked them to go and build on beggarly hillocks, such as Tirinthus, more inland, on which they expended Cyclopean blocks and labour, which would have made Nauplia, under its ancient name, one of the wonders and strongholds of the world. The strength of Nauplia did, indeed, one day preserve the Morea from the Turks; but the ancient

Greeks had no fortification or fortress in which they could resist Persian or Roman invasion.

The moral power of Athens was an afterthought. Fortune, not forethought, presented its people with a seaport like the Piræus, some four miles distant. It became a serious labour to connect it with the city, and protect it by two strong walls on either side of the road. The necessity of such a precaution to so powerful a state as Athens seems preposterous; but Megara, its ancient foe, stood but a few miles off, on the other side of the hill. Rome would not have rested till it had conquered Megara and colonized it, and would have sought security by fighting and defeating its neighbours, not in keeping them out by walls. But the Romans had no pleasure, business, or existence, save in conquest. Themselves outcasts, they had built their town on the refuse of the national soil, a territory which, for all their stories of Cincinnatus and the plough, could never have provided food sufficient for its inhabitants, and which thus compelled them to rob and to conquer in order to live. The necessity and habit of unceasing war rendered them at last masters of the tribes in possession of the fertile country around them, and they founded an empire. The Athenians had their own corn-fields and olive-groves; each Greek community in

its valley had the same. They squabbled, and fought, and separated, rivalled and heroized, without annihilating each other.

It is difficult still for us, accustomed to connect space and number with greatness, to suppress the feeling of contempt suggested by the smallness of Greece and its demarcations. From the height of Parnes, the eye can descry Athens, Thebes, and Corinth. Any great mountain summit brings the country as a map spread out beneath it, and enables the eye to trace its ridges and valleys; yet, within that bounded horizon, there arose the greatest development of human intellect—not in one, but in all compartments of knowledge—in polity, and philosophy, in the science of morals and of true greatness, in literature of various kinds, and in the arts.

How? I cannot for my own part contemplate the wonderful intellect and development of Greece, without considering it as one of those experiments upon humanity which it has pleased the great Creator, from time to time, to make. Mankind, for such a succession of centuries, abandoned to its own vain endeavours to attain, or to preserve a religious system consistent with truth, sense, or well-being,—to its equally hopeless efforts to put together any system of policy other than that of

all dependent upon one ; in order that one country might be placed in the circumstances most favourable for intellectual effort and development, Greece was the chosen spot, the favoured race, the foremost people. They produced statesmen and heroes, philosophers and poets, a state of power, and freedom, and enjoyment, and friends, which called forth every element of greatness and of worth in human nature. Man was never happier, nobler, nor more intellectual ; and yet all was a failure. The pure wisdom of Athens could not found a religion, a policy, or a fixed code of morals. All that Plato left to his native city was what St. Paul found,—an altar to the unknown God. All that Socrates discovered was the principle of doubt ; and the surer instinct of the people refusing to rest in doubt, condemned the philosopher who preached it to death. All that history has left, attests the individual genius of the Greeks, but the blindness and impracticability of the nation and the race to form a political whole, while they invented civil freedom and life, but were unable to discover the way to secure them. After the failure of the great experiment of Greece, the Roman empire gave unity to the world in order to open the way for Christianity. And yet, if in this the Roman empire profited to Christianity, it also proved a suspension to, almost

an exhaustion of it. For that empire, in its painful and tedious dissolution, kept the world, and every good principle of political knowledge or religious belief, overwhelmed and stifled for centuries. Nor, indeed, was Christian belief, as it emerged from the restlessness and darkness of ages, itself recognisable.

However, the few centuries of Grecian efforts after political stability and philosophic truth may have been a providential experiment; there must still have been natural causes for the great intellectual development of the people, which are worth every one's inquiring into. The chief cause was, no doubt, their freedom, their homogeneousness, their equality, their laws, habits, and clime, which allowed them to live so much in common, in universal and continued intercourse and sympathy; so that the intellect, and the opinion, and the feeling of a city was one homogeneous pellucid element, clear in discernment, strong in decision, true in taste. A people so formed could never fail; and it was the people that made the philosophers, orators, the historians and poets that addressed it.

Whoever would resuscitate the old Athenians in imagination, it is not in the hundred times destroyed and re-built streets of the city, but in the fields,

and on the gentle declivities around, where they gathered to hear their orators, to decide great questions of peace or war, or of vengeance; where they listened to their historians or philosophers, or laughed at the insolent farces of their great comic dramatists.

I spent my first evening at Athens on the Pnyx, and amidst the fields which slope down from the monument of Philopappus and the Observatory to the city. The summer being far gone, the soil was as hard as clod and stubble could make it. It must have been kept in grass, or covered with sand, for the sovereign people in sandals. The terrace or pedestal, ascended by steps, from which the orator addressed the crowd, cut from the living rock, is there as Demosthenes left it. The white columns of the Propylea, which he was wont to apostrophize, are there too. These works of art and of man's hand remain as unchanged as Mount Parnes itself, on which the Clouds of Aristophanes descended, and whence they came sweeping across the country, to enter the theatre as a chorus of young damsels.

Here, too, stood in the open air and open field, the Senate House, the Areopagus, and the popular Assembly, which formed the great court of criminal law. Here, too, if popular tradition is to be

believed, were the prisons ; no spacious caverns cut in the rock. One of these is pointed out as the scene of the confinement and death of Socrates, and of the immortal dialogue which preceded it, and which Plato has preserved. No ancient people, indeed, raised a pile of prison palaces, like the modern. Justice with them was too expeditious to require it. The Romans, and Romanized Greeks, built largely in *basilika* and bath, theatre and palace. The ancient Greeks have left little in architecture beyond the temple.

CHAPTER IV.

PENTELICUS.

ONE of the desires and necessities of the traveller is to find a lofty summit, from which he can look down, not merely on the city, as the Acropolis does upon Athens, but on the entire region which is the object of curiosity, so as to present a map of its mountain ridges and its watered valleys, and of those lines of demarcation, which nature traces and which man adopts. Greece abounds in such facilities for survey, which satisfy at once the thirst for the curious and the sublime. Pentelicus was recommended, and indeed bespoke itself, as the mountain placed in the best position for surveying that region, which was the scene of the great international wars of Greece. As it closes the vale of Athens, which rises towards it from the Piræus and the sea, commands a view of Athens and Eubœa, and the islands to the eastward; whilst to the northward it allows the eye to range over

the vale of Bœotia on the other side of Parnes, and the mountains which beyond it cluster and rise towards Parnassus; such claims were more than sufficient to warrant an excursion.

A German princess, equally skilled and indefatigable at penmanship and Greek, had taken up her abode at the Hotel d'Angleterre, with an invalid husband, whose love of amusement and antiquity overcame the laziness of his malady. More intelligent companions it was difficult to obtain. About an hour before daylight we set off for Pentelicus. The prudent advised starting at midnight; this was very well for natives, but we wanted to see. I have mentioned that the lower part of the Athens valley is on the western side, which runs at the foot of Parnes, and which from its position receiving more water, also receives more cultivation, and thus is enabled to display a succession of verdure from the Piræus up to that open gap between Parnes and Pentelicus, where the great road ran from the north towards Athens. We followed the road which runs along the northern side of the valley, along the foot of the Hymettus. Though less favoured with the all-fructifying element of water, this road, too, was once a succession of olive groves and gardens, and frequent villages. Peace has not yet planted the olive which war had cut down;

and the wealth of Athens prefers to build its villas on the lower grounds, where, whilst there is shade, there is also fever, the luxury and the bane which so often accompany each other in hot climates.

The country boasts another plague, more costly and dangerous than fever, and which compels those who would enjoy the retirement of country houses to build them in the vicinity of each other, and even, if possible, within a town, where they can have protection. Hence all the Athenians had their villas at Cephisia, and the Smyrniotes use the same precaution. The plague thus guarded against is that of banditti,—robbers ever ready to seize and ransom the wealthy inhabitants of a rustic villa. The time at which I visited Athens was exceedingly unfavourable for rustication. Under the amiable rule of King Otho and his Palikars, robbery had taken a fearful expansion, had become general in the provinces, and had rendered even the vicinity of Athens so unsafe, that a ride to the base of the Hymettus was a service of danger. The Duchess of Plaisance was one of those Philhellenes and residents who had built isolated country houses. Hers was beautifully situated, at the foot of Pentelicus, on the banks of that rare object, a stream, whose serene and silver

current did not dry up even in August, and whose banks were in consequence sumptuously clothed with the oleander, and a straggling array of flowering shrubs. Madame de Plaisance, however, was this year precluded from inhabiting her rural retreat. For although the whole country is deeply indebted to her munificence, the Greek robber shows as little gratitude as delicacy. Grivas was nominally in command of an army destined to destroy these robbers ; but that worthy Palikar was also chamberlain, or fulfilled some such function, near the Queen's person, and he preferred this to exterminating robbers ; the Duchess de Plaisance, therefore, was compelled to linger in hot Athens. She hoped that some patriot in the Chamber would call the attention of the Greek cabinet to the impunity of these robbers, and thus impel Grivas to march against them and exterminate them. The minister, however, contented himself by replying to the interpellation, that robbery, always indigenous in Greece, was about that time of year apt to become *sporadic* ; that it was an evil impossible to eradicate, and therefore wise to excuse.

Rude are the paths of Pentelicus. The road, which no doubt has led for ages to and from the great quarry, is, as is natural, composed of its marble fragments, not rounded, or fixed, or cemented

by use, but rolling like ocean pebbles, save that they add sharpness to hardness. How the horse's hoof resists this, I know not; man's could not for a mile. The cavern from which, no doubt, the columns of the Parthenon were hewn, forms an apt resting-place half way to the summit. For many centuries—not perhaps since the days of Pericles—no stone has been extracted from it, so that its naturally white walls and roof are blackened by age and fire. Myriads of scratched inscriptions record so many visits. In shrub and stone, scant grass and keen atmosphere, Pentelicus differs little from Snowdon or any Welsh mountain. The sun, already so powerful in the valley, lost all save its exhilarating power so far up. But if the southern and the northern earth, as well as vegetation, differed so little, the atmosphere of Wales and of Greece was quite distinct. The sky above was not only cloudless, but seemed never to have known a cloud; and instead of being a superficial vault, looked, what it was, a deep transparent medium, into whose heights or depths the imagination penetrated.

But the circumjacent land was far more interesting. Our first look was towards the sea,—a sheet of gold far as the eye could reach, broken in the distance by hazy islands. The outline of Eubœa or the Negropont was its mountain ridge, whilst a

silvery line traced its southern shore, marked the strait, as well as the contour of a placid and regular bay in the mainland, well formed to tempt a fleet to anchor. That bay did tempt a fleet to anchor, for it was no other than the Bay of Marathon. The lofty Pentelicus, on which we stood, extended its ridge down to the sea, and jutted out to form a promontory therein. On the other side another promontory rose. On a level with the surface of the bay stretched a flat plain, the farther and more inland part of which was marshy. The plain was girt at the back by two hills, in one of the little indentures of which was imbedded the village of Marathon. A little river ran through these hills, its course marked as usual by the arbutus and the oleander. The waters of this river, interrupted by a slight rise on the plain of Marathon, formed the marsh which deterred the Persians on the day of battle from making use of their cavalry. Never did so much renown accrue to a state from a single victory, as Athens derived from Marathon. It was the first regular encounter between the armies of east and west, of Asia and of Europe. The armies of the former, under the Persian heroes, already obtained a high state of discipline and reputation. Miltiades, the Athenian general, had served in the Persian armies, knew the nature of their hosts and

the tactics of their generals, and his skill contributed in no small degree to the victory. In magnitude the battle was nothing to that of Plataea, nor was it equal to it even in result. But more glory was achieved by the small contests of Greece, such as Marathon and Thermopylae, than by those battles, in which eighty or a hundred thousand men fought a similar number hand to hand.

From the foot of Pentelicus to Thebes, through a valley which had none of the advantage, beauty, or salubrity of the soil of Athens, was a subsequent excursion, which by no means repaid the fatigue. The waters of heaven, when they do fall, have no outlet to the sea, and form bogs and marshes, which accounts for the fogs and dulness of Boeotia. Its towns, like Thebes, are built on eminences, which rise out of the unwholesome plain. Cultivation was scant, and cultivators more so. Even the shepherds, who seem the sole industrious people of the region, were not Greeks but Wallachians. These fellows were rearing and feeding their flocks on such scant pasture as Boeotia afforded, whilst the genuine Hellen was lurking in the woods, with his carbine slung across his back, with less honest industry awaiting his prey.

Boeotia is almost sufficiently scanned from the top of Pentelicus, or from some mountain point on

the ridge of Parnes, which divided the community of Thebes from that of Athens: and these two disconnected regions, this Attica and Bœotia, which the eye can on either side so easily embrace, could they have agreed, might have changed the fate of Greece; for the Thebans were the best soldiers. Indeed, the Athenians, though invariably triumphant over the Barbarians, were no match in the field for either Spartan or Bœotian. After one memorable defeat experienced from the latter, the Athenians never ventured to extend their dominions beyond Athens. They could not even succour or save Plataea, their faithful ally at Marathon, and in enmity to Persia, which Thebes under its aristocracy favoured.

One of the great causes which perpetuated the division of Greece into small states, and prevented the absorption of the many by the one, was the much superior skill of the race and time in defensive than in offensive war. Once that a body of troops succeeded in throwing itself into a fortress, or behind an intrenchment, it became inexpugnable. Witness the point on the coast of the Peloponnesus, which the Athenians held so long, in despite of all the forces of Sparta; witness the little stronghold on the top of Parnes, which can be seen from the summit of Pentelicus, overhanging the road between

the two mountains. The Spartans held Dekeleia for a long series of years, descending to ravage the valley of Athens, stopping communications, inflicting permanent wrong and disgrace. And yet the Athenians, who could unite to besiege Syracuse, could not screw their courage and efforts to, one should think, the more necessary task of capturing Dekeleia. There are other things as well as charity that should begin at home.

Such uncompromising admirers of democracy as Mr. Grote, would prove, and glory in the proof, that political freedom, extended through the lowest and poorest ranks of a people, must produce greatness of every kind,—the genius of the bard, the historian, the lawgiver, the politician. Admit all this, and the *demos* of Athens did not produce a great military commander: the land campaigns and combats of the Athenians were despicable in leadership, and miserable in result. No doubt, military service then took an aristocratic shape, as it afterwards did in the days of feudality. The valuable warrior was clothed in a panoply, which none but the rich could purchase; and the *hoplites* of Greece were then like the knights of the middle ages; for their kind of fighting, instead of calling forth and employing the energies of the people, left the real people to the use of the bow and the

sling, or made valets and squires of them to the knights. In short, a land-fight in classic Greece resembled a combat in feudal Europe, where the gentry alone decided the day by their prowess. On board the fleet it was different; there the commonest Greek, every rower and manœuvrer, could influence the victory as much or more than the hoplite, who fought from the main deck, and could only fight when the galleys touched. And in this, we know, consisted the naval superiority of the Athenians. In the only land-fight in which the Athenians achieved eminent success, at Sphacteria, it was the light troops and flingers of missiles who overwhelmed the Lacedæmonian hoplites, and decided the victory. No Athenian general was impelled by this experience to place more reliance on light troops, until the days of Iphicrates, who succeeded in rendering his corps of *peltasts* so efficient and so formidable.

But even his example and success were lost upon the Greeks, who persisted to the last in their aristocratic mode of warfare; and who were, no doubt, encouraged and enabled to do so by the circumstance of the exclusively aristocratic states and armies having finally proved victors, and maintained political as well as military ascendancy.

If the Athenians failed in establishing and main-

taining their military, as they did their naval superiority, it is that they knew not how to democratize war, and place the commonalty on a level with the rich, as they early did in the sea service. In ancient times the Romans, in modern times the English, first discovered and used the great secret of putting the masses of the people in the front of war, and ceasing to depend upon hoplites, or knights, or men-at-arms. The great military successes of the French after the Revolution were, indeed, due to the same cause. Against the dearly paid officer, the picked and highly disciplined soldier of the school of the Great Frederic, the French recurred to the plan of levying war in the mass, crowding the people in serried battalions, and establishing the superiority of numbers on any given point. Against this has been arrayed the antagonistic principle of superior artillery. We have seen more than one struggle between these in the streets of Paris, and in other capitals; the superiority for the moment having passed to the side of cannon and of scientific war. But there can be small doubt that in the universal prevalence of military tyranny at present, the people will again try to vindicate the superiority of numbers, and the final ascendancy of democracy in war.

It is to be feared that the old Athenians were not intrinsically Greek. The true Hellens were, we fear, the pastoral tribes of Peloponnesus and of Central Greece; whilst the Athenians were, like the Romans and the English, an amalgam of a variety of tribes and races, a human *alluvium* deposited by the sea, and sent by it from islands and shores, to the desert, barren, and neglected promontory of Attica. That a population thus formed and situated, should have perfected the Greek tongue, extended Greek commerce, and invented that system of municipal and popular freedom, which calls forth and utilizes every talent, every energy, and every resource in a people; whilst States more favoured in position and fertility did but vegetate, and invent laws to render themselves and their institutions stationary,—is but an exemplification of the general law, that men do nothing great unless taxed to it, and that genius and ascendancy are but the offspring, in the first instance, of necessity.

Arid and ungrateful as Attica appears, give it wood and water, and the region is at once a paradise. Nothing can be more lovely than the southern side of Pentelicus, and the valley which lies between it and the Hymettus. We

took our mid-day siesta and repast in a convent here, beautifully situated, inhabited by a dozen of fat, lazy, dirty monks. King Otho has endowed this convent, or at least restored and preserved its endowments; and he frequently visits it. It seems nothing the cleaner. A visit to any of the monastic establishments of Christians in the East sufficiently suggests the reason of Mahomet's making cleanliness a religious virtue, and ablution one of the ceremonies of the Moslem devotion. The great Founder of Christianity preached moral virtues, whilst Mahomet was in his doctrine little more than a sanity commissioner run mad. But Christian convents and Christian races in the East would be much improved by the observance of some of these dogmas of the infidel.

The modern Greek government cannot be accused of any undue leaning to Church or Convent, although a monarch of the Greek Church might gather strength from a sacerdotal party. Otho has not this in his power, and the chief convent in the neighbourhood—that of Kaisarriani—has been metamorphosed into a royal farm. The farming, however, seems confined to the planting and rearing of the olive; a work that the monks could do admirably, better indeed than the royal intendant.

It is indeed rather against the rise and importance of the Greek monarchy, that it has not more identified itself with, or placed itself at the head of, the Greek Church. The great monastic establishments, from which the larger number of the Greek Clergy are drawn, are not included within the limits of Greece; and its national assembly, by appointing a Greek patriarch denying the jurisdiction of him of Constantinople, has diminished the religious power and alliance of Greece by this severance, far more than it has gained by the independence. In this, as in all other questions of policy respecting Greece, there are two modes of judging and of acting; one is with a view to the good and exclusive government of constitutional and monarchic Greece, the other looking to the regeneration and renewed ascendancy of the Greek race and empire. The frequent incompatibility of these two policies and two views, is, we repeat, the great difficulty in the way of even the ablest minister or most sensible monarch.

An evening ride to Athens along the side of the Hymettus was delightful, though disturbed by the rivalry of our Athenian steeds. One of them could not prick up his ears and canter, without all the rest defying bit and bridle, and rushing off at full

speed, as if to be left behind was the worst of chevaline, as of human ills. Emulation is, indeed, the universal sentiment of Greek, biped and quadruped. It is a pity that some profit cannot be drawn from so powerful and so universal an impulse. The great difficulty in the regeneration of nations is to find the springs of activity and life ; the Greeks have the springs, but all the rest of the machinery and materials are wanting.

CHAPTER V.

THE ANCIENT TEMPLES.

THERE are three great and remarkable ruins at Athens; the temple of Theseus, that of the Olympian Jupiter, and those which stand on the Acropolis. Although the Acropolis is the spot which one first hurries to, and lingers longest in, it is still an affair to visit it. You require a guide—a pass; you must climb a steep ascent, at midday a severe task, yet requiring too much time for evening. Then one goes there with thoughts prepared, with questions, doubts, and quotations; with book, perhaps, and a learned friend. In short, the Acropolis is a serious visit, whereas a few sauntering steps at any time may bring the traveller either to Theseus's temple, or to that of the Olympic Jupiter. They are at different extremities of the city; that of Theseus westward of it, a little to the right of the road by which one enters from the Piræus. The columnar remains of Jupiter's temple lie

eastward, towards the Hymettus, and between that mountain and the Acropolis. In the space runs, or ran, the Ilissus. Here was the Stadium. As no great road runs in this direction, save that of Phalerum, which is but frequented by idle bathers and promenaders, there is less dust and bustle than upon other roads. The air of the Hymettus breathes upon it, instead of the dust of the Piræus road.

The Temple of Jupiter occupied a kind of high platform, or levelled hill, commanding a splendid view of the Acropolis and Hymettus, rearing themselves on either side of it, as well as over the undulating plain which stretched beneath it to the sea. It is needless to say how many of the lofty columns lie now in the dust. Here, however, amidst the fallen columns, and under the shade of those which stand, some industrious fellow has established a *café*. There are tables in the open air,—loungers and consumers. You can call for a pipe, or an ice, or sherbet, or something they call beer. It is no fashionable resort, but frequented by what one might call the people. They are exceedingly well and even gaily dressed, in the short gaily embroidered jacket and silk gaiters; handsome fellows, too, and as eager politicians as they could have been in the days of Pericles. It is a puzzle

indeed to imagine how these fellows live. They are always well clad, and idle; poor certainly, yet not industrious—small proprietors, probably, who, their olives plucked and their harvest in, come to Athens in search of peace or gossip, and the miserable shadow of those pleasures of the forum and the circus, which once entertained the classic Athenians, and for which their descendants have at least preserved the taste and the longing. These men, any of them, will discuss the affairs of Europe with you; the comparative power of England, France, and Russia; the deep designs of all or each in their mode of interfering with Greece. They have all the ideas that a free press can give or suggest, and yet, if one were seriously asked whether the knowledge which these fair specimens of the Greek public entertained of human affairs was better than complete ignorance, or preferable to the darkness which prevailed under Turkish despotism, I am very sorry to say, that one might hesitate to answer.

The Athenians have a singular festivity held on this very spot, the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, and in the valley which stretches beneath. Other countries make a feast on the days which immediately precede Lent; and in what they call a carnival, or farewell to flesh, indulge in super-

abundance of that luxury, accompanied by revelry of all kinds. The frugal Athenian, on the contrary, takes his chief holiday on the first day of Lent itself, and comes forth with his family and friends to enjoy a repast of fruit, as if the six weeks of restriction to such fare were a cause of gladness and welcome to him. What different names are given to, and what different judgments are formed upon, civilization and barbarism! The Carnival in Paris, the most civilized of cities, ends certainly in as brutal orgies as ever disgraced Paganism. It ends at Athens under the columns of the Temple of Jupiter, amidst fruits and festivals, dance and song, and gracefulness and gladness, but with rigid decorum, men and women even dancing apart. This *fête* seems that of the citizen class of Athens.

A more popular, more rustic, and evidently a more ancient festivity,—although that of fruits under the columns of Jupiter must also have been grafted on Pagan origin,—is a festivity which takes place later in the spring, on the 1st of April, around the Temple of Theseus. This temple, on the right of the Piræus road as it enters Athens, is at the foot of a gently rising ground, which stretches up to the Pnyx. It is cultivated: corn is sown on this, the very ground on which were held the popular assemblies of Athens. This declivity

terminates the collection of hovels which constitute Athens on this side, and through which it is no easy matter or agreeable pastime to wend one's way. Here dwell the lowest and the dirtiest class, and, it is to be feared, the remnant of the true Athenians. There is outside the temple of Theseus a row of antique stone seats and chairs dug up here and there, and forming of themselves a very curious set of objects to survey. At evening the elders of this part of Athens will come and occupy them,—hoary old Greeks in skins and sandals. I have watched them of evenings, with groups of children playing at their feet. No youth or maiden haunted that solemn and fabulous spot. It was the playground of the child, and the loitering place of the elder, whose limbs would carry him to no gayer or more distant lounge. On the first of April, however, by exception, crowds, and crowds of the young too, haunt this otherwise deserted spot. The women, dressed in their gaudy best, and of all the different races which now inhabit Athens, and with the distinct costume of each race, crowd round the steps and amidst the columns of the temple. Why gather they there? What do they do, or come to do? None of them can tell. They obey an ancient custom, of which the religious origin is utterly lost. Furnish them with

garlands, place them in procession, restore the Temple of Theseus from a mere museum, as it is, to the oldest fane of hero-worship, and you are in full antiquity at once. The women are beautiful, of the finest forms and most classic features; the men, too, splendid specimens, however the hanging nose of the Albanian may intrude amongst the more delicate outlines of the Hellenic face. What is extraordinary, is the preservation of those old heathen gatherings around heathen temples, shorn not so much of ancient ceremonies, as of the tradition and knowledge of their purport.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the Grecian race. On their external appearance it is idle to expatiate, and their quickness of intellect is quite as manifest. But of what use is quickness of intellect, unless with something to employ itself upon? Of what use taste for poetry, or for the arts, when the substratum of wealth, or even competence, is wanting? Of what advantage an aptness even for politics, where there is no population beyond a few pastors to organize, and no resources either to employ or to defend? The first, the fundamental, we may say the sole object for the busy employ of man's intellectual activity and ability, is the creation of wealth. For even competence is impossible without the accumulation and

fructification of wealth. The Greeks of the present day have no means or chance of procuring wealth. Some philanthropists bid them develop their agricultural resources. But agriculture was never developed of itself, or by itself. It requires extraneous impulse, other wealth, the previous formation of other classes. And our free-traders, with all their wisdom, talk nonsense, when they recommend Germans or Yankees to stick to the plough and become rich thereby. Greece can never become rich by the plough and the hoe; and yet, save the plough and the hoe, she has no means or materials of industry. Poor, therefore, she must remain, except she turn conqueror, and that is not in the power of the modern Greeks, even though they be as brave as their conquering ancestors.

The fact is, that the age of adventure and fortune for small states is past. In old times they might beat all their neighbours, swallow them up, and grow great by conquest, as was the case with ancient Rome; or by outstripping their neighbours in manufactures, in trade, in natural skill, they might, like Tyre, or Athens, or Carthage, or Venice, or Holland, monopolize the profit of furnishing the world with luxuries, or giving them in exchange for the rude necessities of agriculture. The sphere of such activity for even large states is

much diminished, but as for small countries, they have no chance at all. Large empires now occupy the world, or at least the stage of the world's politics. Such countries as Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland, may live, though small, on their past accumulations, activity, and resources. But a young state like Greece has no chance. Greeks have a taste for shipping, and are good sailors. But their own country has no produce, their own sea no fish, their coast no natural way of developing a marine. It was thought they would outrival other nations in the carrying trade. But with small capital, requiring large profit, necessity renders the skipper dishonest. And half-a-dozen cases of barratry are sufficient to outweigh all reasons of economy for employing Greek vessels in the way of transport.

But it will be said, that the Greeks had a marine when they were subject to the Turks,—why should they not make prosper as freemen what they so successfully commenced as slaves? Why indeed! But, unfortunately, as slaves or rayahs they were the sailors and ship-owners of the Ottoman empire, which favoured Hydra and Spezia especially, and in return for service gave them the valuable privileges which a great and despotic empire can bestow. Some say, ungratefully, but others more

truly say, disinterestedly, the Hydriote and Greek sailors did not shrink from flinging to the winds their privileges, which were the source of exclusive wealth, and sacrificing them to patriotism. They overthrew Turkish supremacy at sea, destroyed its commerce and its fleets, but they cut off thereby the source of their own prosperity. They are no longer the sailors nor the carriers of the Ottoman empire; nay, they are scarcely so of even Greece. Not only do the cotton goods of Manchester reach Constantinople by steam, but I saw an English steamer off Patras, ready to paddle off with its cargo of currants as soon as the Greek government had made up its mind as to the price.

The greatest blessing of a country is a premium upon industry, an assured reward in competence or in wealth for those who apply themselves to it. It is the want of this, far more than the want of freedom, which may aid it, but is by no means synonymous with it, that renders southern people and countries so wretched. Greece, all constitutional as she is called, is no exception. Of what use there is that acuteness of taste, that vivacity of intellect, which served so well the Athenian democracy at the epoch of its great experiment? What profit is it to the subjects of King Otho? It makes them shrewd critics in the *cafés* of Athens, and

vivacious *quidnuncs* amidst the columns of Jupiter's temple ; it might make them not inapt frequenters of the great modern *forum*, which universal suffrage frames or proposes to open in the republics or the despotisms of the nineteenth century. But I fear that the time for these too has passed. Ancient people did great things, and decreed wise things, by sentiment ; but in our days of complicated politics the *sentiment* of a people is generally fictitious, and almost always wrong. The Anglo-Americans and the French are people who of late years have not only avowed universal sentiment, but compelled the State to obey and act upon it. In almost all cases it has been mistaken and puerile. See into what a miserable labyrinth the French have got by their adoption of and obedience to the popular sentiment, which was rivalry to England one day, contempt of their own rulers the next, a general scheme of spoliation of all classes afterwards, in gratitude to the great man who saved society, followed by the elevation of and servility to one possessed of mere hereditary merit, and so on—a series of great, inexplicable, and sentimental follies.

There is one obvious way of employing and developing the bright intellects of the Greeks, and that is by education. A first-rate university, and

a superior system of education at Athens, would not only elevate the Greeks of Greece, but would attract to Athens the entire youth of the race settled through Turkey and the Levant. It was worth thinking of, was thought of, and failed. Was it the fault of the government? No doubt: it feared, as every petty despotism does, a highly developed and free education; and, narrowed in means, the Greek government thought it more necessary to pay palikars than professors. But after all, education is the means to an end, not that end itself. It is much the fashion to build triumphal arches at the gates of cities, and then put chains and gratings to prevent the people from penetrating into the enclosure even to admire them. They are closed as thoroughfares, and the way-faring crowd is compelled to go round them. In fact, they are obstacles, not facilities, in the highway. Such are universities, which do not act as thoroughfares to life. To what could a Greek university lead? To ornament the minds and tongues of a few wealthy students were not sufficient; whilst the middle class have no need of the expense for the use of a metropolitan university. The Greek clergy do not require learning. No other learned profession exists save that of politics, in which the local magnate and the rude

Klepht are far more likely to succeed than the accomplished orator or the learned scribe.

You must make a nation, in fact, ere you can create its universities. And ere schools can be vivified, scholarship must be rendered as profitable and as respectable as bush-fighting and robbery. Still, what aptness does the young Greek population show? There are classes of a girls' school who know their Iliad by heart, and boys who could enact a play of Sophocles with native feeling and intelligence. But in a country where there is no profession, no trade, the question respecting education, as respecting everything else, is, Will it get me a place? The constitutional system amongst the Greeks, as in nations more advanced, leads to this inquiry, and no other. The electoral power that has been given to localities is considered merely so much political coin, to be exchanged for place. And the number of *fustiannella'd* Greeks who crowd to Athens, who haunt the ministers of the day, and loiter under the column of the Olympic Jupiter, are neither more nor less than supplicants for place. King Otho not illogically allows his ministers to perform all ministerial acts; but he conducts his own system of patronage, and has a royal *bureau*, quite independent of ministers, for the distribution of place and the receipt of whatever

is paid for it, in allegiance, in attachment, or in money.

All government debts are paid in place. If his Majesty or his Majesty's secretary never paid Mr. Finlay for his garden, or that far-famed Jew, Pacifico, for his pillaged furniture, it was merely that he expected those *créances* to be presented at his private bank, in the shape of value to be paid for in places and appointments. But Finlay and Pacifico would have got more in this way than ever Lord Palmerston got for them, had the one known how, or the other cared, to negotiate it.

A great difficulty in the distribution of political power is to prevent its being made the mere medium of pecuniary traffic. Under a constitutional government, as under a despotism, it is unfortunately so. The people as well as the aristocracy will make money of political power, especially in times when politics and political questions have no interest. It is the plague-spot of constitutional countries, even when they are rich. But in a country like Greece, which is poor, without profession, or business, or funds, without any of the machinery of industrial life, political power and influence, from highest to lowest, is necessarily turned into a trade, for the simple reason that other trade there is none.

I can only explain the indulgence in this vein of

thoughts by the fact, that to those mingling in the busy crowd around Jupiter Colonus, the royal palace rises opposite, a vast, unmeaning mass of building, without, indeed, any pretension to architecture. Had the architect been told to produce an edifice that would express barbarous spirit and taste in contrast and defiance with the Acropolis and all around it, he could not have invented anything better suited to such a purpose than the royal palace of Athens. The huge edifice was no doubt planned to comprise the several ministries of the monarchy, as well as the household of the monarch, after the mode of Versailles and other ancient royal palaces. This may be very emblematic of Greece under Otho, but it is not an idea of a constitutional monarch's palace, which, if built of smaller dimensions, and for more domestic purposes, would have been much more in keeping with the remains of antiquity around it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MODERN MONARCHY.

WHY King Otho should have desired, or how he could have required, so large a palace, is inconceivable, except to those who have contemplated the results in Munich of the mania of his royal sire to add brick to brick, and pillar to pillar. Royal receptions at Athens are rare indeed. The palace repasts consist of the early dinner and supper of Germany, which allow neither room nor time for hospitality or conviviality. The Queen, well formed in every way to preside over a court, seems to have no taste for mere ceremony. She receives in the morning, in order to spare herself and her visitors the expense and exercise of toilette. She is admitted by every one to possess beauty, amiability, and intellect,—three qualities decidedly wanting in her spouse. In a court, her good qualities might make up for his defects. Unfortunately, the portion least developed of her education has been the

political. A dull, honest, *borné* German prince, however he might not have suited the vivacious Greeks, would still have been a character to inspire respect, and he would have possessed the first great quality for working a constitution, and dealing at the same time with a new people: this quality is truthfulness. But, unfortunately, people may be dull without being honest; ignorant, without being simple; Italian dissimulation may be grafted upon Teutonic *naïveté*, and incapacity for truth be combined with rusticity of manner, of life, and of wisdom. The King's government is arbitrary and corrupt. It is profoundly at variance with every man of education, moderation, or statesmanship. The king's fear is, that the presence of any such men in his cabinet or his council would offuscate his dignity, and diminish his power. King Otho, under the influence of common sense and prudence, ought to have no object, no desire, which the eminent constitutionalists would not follow and indulge him in. Were he to confide in the Greek people, and trust to popular opinion to support his government, he might be quite as rich, quite as powerful, and much more solidly enthroned than he is. But, like too many princes of recent date, he has taken of constitutional government nothing but the corruption and the baseness. He has opened, as we

have described, at his palace, an office, in which his royal self presides, and in which a debtor and creditor account is opened, of patronage on one side and loyalty on the other. And it is this kind of *tripotage* that his Majesty dignifies with the name of constitutional government.

The persons and the power most to blame for this perversion of the Greek government, and the consequent unpopularity of its monarch, are certainly French. Russia itself plays a more magnanimous part; for Russia says, "I have no faith in your liberties, or your constitution. I have no political creed, save despotism. But if you wish to try at constitutional government and monarchy, do so: I will conform, and look on, and even pretend to be satisfied, although I know perfectly well that such systems, good for no climate, are utterly impossible in this."

The French politician in Greece was by no means so frank. He pretended a prodigious admiration for the representative system; but he declared at the same time that it worked for mischief, unless its result was to concentrate all power in the hands of the prince and his ministers. Coletti learned this system in Paris. He came to King Otho as the friend of Louis Philippe and the disciple of Guizot, considered as the greatest adepts at constitutional

government. As Louis Philippe set at nought, and baffled, and mortified successively all the statesmen of his kingdom, preferring for his minister the rough soldier or the pliant servitor, Otho naturally did the same,—he thought it kingly. The consequence of the Greek king thus imitating the French one, and making himself equally unpopular with the lower order of the people, or with the enlightened class of citizens, was to produce similar results,—a revolution and a counter-revolution, liberals and liberties, which know not how to defend themselves, being oppressed and confiscated. Constitutional government has been all but in name suppressed, whilst King Otho's newly erected throne has no more hold upon the race or people of Greece, than Louis Philippe's was made to have upon those of France. As an experiment at monarchy, constitutional or otherwise, it has totally failed,—a napkin would sweep it from the table.

But if Otho has acted with treachery and folly, we cannot say that either the Greek liberals or their English admirers have shown immaculate wisdom. There was a flaw, indeed, in the Greek monarchy from its creation, and the power which created and constituted the monarchy, are responsible for having breathed into it a most ambiguous principle of life, and for having thereupon entertained no

very concordant ideas respecting the future, past, or present policy of the new state. The first idea of creating an independent, however circumscribed Greece, was no doubt one of pure philanthropy, of respect for ancient renown, and sympathy for the courage and the sufferings of a classic and a Christian race. The first aim was to convert a portion of their land into a pacific asylum for a persecuted people; but such men and such patriots as the Botzari, the Odysseus, the Mavromichali, the Colocotronis, were not men to lie down to slumber under the shade of vine and fig-tree. Nor were civilians more inclined to be tranquil. The war which had been so gloriously waged, was the continuance of a strife five centuries old, and which had commenced whilst the Greeks were lords of Constantinople and the East. The Greek race of the present day might repose in ignorance and oppression; with freedom and enlightenment repose was the last thing to be expected of them. The dullest of them must feel that they have a lost heritage to re-demand, a lost name to rescue from misfortune and disgrace,—to resuscitate Greece without its history, and restore to Greeks their independence and their arms without their ambition and their pretensions, was impossible.

Such questions must have suggested themselves,

but they were slurred over and unanswered. The Greeks were to be freed, constituted into an independent state, bridled by a king, who was to be the debtor and the *protégé* of the great European powers. By good, free, and peaceable government, developing the intellectual and physical resources of the Greek people and country,—by attracting the Greeks from other regions, opening to them careers as popular or as learned men, as traders or as agriculturists,—the nation would resuscitate, numerous, gifted, well governed, and happy; and would, by its very attitude and development, present a stronger claim to the inheritance of the Ottoman power, than if it attacked the latter by the sword.

All these previsions have turned out fallacious, partly, no doubt, by the misgovernment of Bavaria and the French, but also in a very great measure from the very nature of things. As I have said before, it is not very easy to regenerate a country, to endow it with wealth and power. Certain positions and combinations of circumstances have done this for certain countries, and notably for ancient Greece. But no circumstances concur at present to give to one million of Greeks any peculiar impulse or master preponderance. The country is poor, its surplus produce scant, its facilities of trade lesser, not greater, than those of keen competitors.

A Greek located at Smyrna, or Salonica, or Constantinople, in regions possessed by the lazy Turk, finds far more opportunity of profit and enrichment than he can at either the Piræus or even Patras. The very vale of Athens, under so many years of constitutional kingship, has not repaired the ravages of war. It is still barren of the olive, still in want of irrigation, still widowed of that native industry which not all the sympathy of Europe can restore.

Greece is a poor and ill-peopled country, and there is no reason why it should cease to be so. Freedom would do more than has been done, but freedom alone could not do all. If Greece were a forest canton of Switzerland, its people would be well contented; and the way to have made them so, would have been to have left them a little commonwealth and landammanship. But with a king, and high dignitaries of state, and laws, and a national army, Greece was not only allowed, but bidden to be ambitious. How was this ambition to be gratified, and the numerous class which had loved and cherished it, contented? The arts of peace in Greece, even in free Greece, are unequal to make either the country great, its choice spirits eminent, or greedy persons rich. Peace, at the present day, is all very well for such countries as England, France, and Germany. For peace is full of ac-

tivity, adventure, progress, fortune, prosperity, in these countries. But peace and reform, even under constitutional government, real or mock, are for Greece and the Greeks, merely a more decent kind of interment. To talk therefore of peace, and content, and economy, and good government to the Greek, with her past historic recollections and present political hopes, is an absurdity and a humbug so great, that it is impossible, even for the simplest Greek, not to laugh outright thereat. But this is the language which we English hold out to them.

As to King Otho, he no sooner came to years of discretion and discernment, than he thought he perceived that the pacific, constitutional, the sheepish and simple government of Greece was as impossible as it was inglorious; that it would content no one except perhaps an English ambassador and a few civilian functionaries. That neither the feudal chiefs, nor the military spirits, nor the needy placemen, would like it; that even the half-political, half-commercial classes of Hydra and the islands would not find their account in it. He saw that if he, along with certain amiable civilians like Mavrocordato, should sit down to the game of quiet constitutional government, treating Turkey like a good neighbour, and considering the East, not as troubled waters, for ambition to fish in, but

for Epicurean princes to float upon ;—Otho saw, that if he chose this way of royal life and political action, others bolder and keener than he would place themselves at the head of the spirit and the hopes of the nation, and that at some future moment when events should open the sluice-gate for the vast rush forth of this enthusiasm, he, the mock king of Greece, would be left behind and forgotten, while Russia, or some spirited chief sustained by her, would lead forth the Greeks to conquest, and achieve by the sword that empire, which in the East no title save that of the sword can win. I do not say that in this King Otho was right, or that he would not really have progressed nearer to the Byzantine throne by constitutional government and a peaceful development of his poor and depopulated country ; but there is some excuse for him, a Bavarian, entertaining such opinion.

And then if his juvenile majesty looked round for sympathy and counsel, whither might naturally be his inclination to apply ? Putting Russia aside as a rival pretender to the empire of the East, and shunning Austria for the stupid and old-womanish politics which distinguished it in the latter days of Metternich, there were France and England and their respective envoys. But the creed of the Englishman was, that Turkey was the ancient ally

of his country, that it was the bulwark of Eastern independence, and the guarantee of the balance of power. England, after having planted Greece like a canker in the side of Turkey, and nourished its infancy with the best blood of the brave Turks, was still anxious that Turkey should live. Its representative was ready to frown and to smite down King Otho, if he even hinted that the Turks were the foes of Greece, or that Greece must rise upon their ruin. King Otho, accordingly, could have no friendly confidence or council in or from the English envoy; whilst in the French representative he found at once assent, adhesion, and support. For the Frenchman had neither hope nor interest that Turkey should live. Every French cabinet regarded the Turks, as we do the Celts, *une race destinée à périr*. M. Guizot declared that Turkey was a body from which the flesh was falling off in fragments, and that his only anxiety was to profit by its dissolution. Otho, of course, was the presumptive heir of the Turk, in French estimation. Then was it possible to resist friendship so flattering, views so identical, adhesion so complete? Can it be wondered at, that King Otho preferred General Coletti to Lord Palmerston, and M. Piscatori to Sir Edmund Lyons?

For the same reason he preferred the rude Klepht

to the educated Fanariot;—the man of the sword to him of the pen,—the felon that could unite a band and plan an invasion of Thessaly, seemed to have skill and idea far more useful and proper than a Greek who had read English blue books, and was *au fait* of the Education question. Greece had a constitution, and under a constitution elections are to be managed. With a population of a million this cannot be difficult, limit the franchise to ever so little property. Each electoral college contains a handful of men. Mavrocordato was for managing in the English way, gulling the honest with words, and bribing the greedy with money or with place. Coletti and Grivas declined this theory, as much too expensive and intricate, and preferred, instead of bribing an elector to be ministerial, tying his two thumbs together with an instrument of torture, or twisting a cord round his skull till he became loyal under the effects of pain. Some say that a good despotism is better for a Greek than a constitution worked by such machinery as this. It may procure a numerous majority to a government, but it begets execration for the king, his government, and his dynasty.

Yet had Otho possessed humanity, talent, or spirit, he would at least, in choosing the military or Palikar party to be his friends and counsellors,

have imposed upon them the necessity of being commonly human and partially honest. Thus those amongst them who were atrocious criminals, he should have kept away from his court. Instead of this, his Majesty embraced the party as it was, and the most ruffianly was the best received. A scoundrel, well known to have assassinated his rival in a love affair, was introduced to the queen, and constituted one of her attendants. People were surrounded with royal favour and gifted with high office, to whom no honourable man would speak. Whatever excuse there may be for a monarch preferring the military chiefs of a country to learned men, there is none for his converting a constitutional court into a robber's den of the middle ages.

There was another plain duty of policy and prudence incumbent on King Otho and his counsellors : this was to conciliate the Slavonians of the Greek church—those inhabiting the northern provinces of Turkey. There was a natural link between them and a king of Greece, to be found in the old Fanariot families, who were chiefly connected with the northern principalities. The Fanariot had wealth, rank, education, experience ; and the Porte, jealous of them, had neglected, persecuted, and alienated them. There was in truth but Athens for them to take refuge in ; and they might have liked, and been

won, by what might have pleased a king of Greece. They would have liked a court, its dignities, and ceremonies, rank, and display. No doubt, by sharing them, the Fanariot might have excited the envy of the Hellen; but to conciliate both races, was a task worthy of a king, and not impossible.

The policy of Russia or Greece was evidently to keep the Fanariots away from Athens, and to induce them rather to settle in the principalities, and recover their influence at Constantinople. The agents whom Russia chose to support her influence in Greece, were the Ionians, men of Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante. Capo d'Istria was a Corfioti; Metaxa is of Zante. The Russian aim was naturally to create or to widen the gulf of separation already existing between the Hellenic and Slavonic Greeks, to destroy all the links of union, and prevent them from thinking or acting in common. Instead of adroitly counteracting this policy of Russia, the stupid court and counsellors of Otho have strenuously and blindly aided Russia in its design, have rendered Athens the most disagreeable residence possible for the Fanariot or the Boyar princes, and have succeeded in driving every one of them out of Greece.

When I was at Athens, the opposition was concentrated in the senate. In the lower house it

had been stifled by the means I have indicated ; and the consequence was, the Greek Congress of Deputies was blotted out of the respect and attention of the public, so much so, that one might say it did not exist. The Senate was the object of universal respect. There was a majority of the Senate opposed to the Government, but as part of this majority dreaded to push things to an extreme that would give excuse for a *coup d'état*, the Government still went on. And though King Otho barricaded himself in his apartments, and filled the corridors of his palace, on certain nights, with armed police, in the expectation of a conspiracy, nothing of the kind occurred. I beheld the leaders of Greece to most advantage at the funeral ceremony of one of their colleagues, like them, a veteran of the revolution. A nobler set of old heroes Homer never assembled from Canaris down. As one of them, in a brief and enthusiastic funeral oration, recapitulated the virtues of the deceased, surrounded by an audience in emotion, it was impossible not to wander back, in imagination, to ancient times.

Amidst this true and genuine noblesse of Greece stood Church, as thorough a Greek as ever fought in every virtue of Greece, courage, disinterestedness, and patriotic love of the land of his adoption. Whilst other foreigners, and even Englishmen, in

the service of Greece, monopolized the appointments, and grades, and money, Church bivouacked with his rude mountaineers, shared their privation as well as perils, and never refused a command because there was neither a commissariat nor a military chest. The rudest Greek soldier considered Church as his comrade, whilst every Greek patriot owns him as a brother. Deprived of all emolument and place for his attachment to the constitution, General Church, in his little apartment on the side of the Acropolis, spends his old days, as he did his active and manly ones, in struggle and martyrdom on behalf of the liberties of Greece.

Mavrocordato ill, Coletti no more, Athens scarcely contained a civilian of European reputation. The prevalence of the Palikar party at court, had driven away the last of the wealthy and intelligent Fanariot families, whose presence, whose power and expenditure might have given Athens the air of a capital city : with wealth and attention, acuteness and taste, might have arisen literature and the arts : the University would have been a retreat for learned men. Otho has set his barbarian face and policy against all of these things. That he should have come from Germany, and yet be blind to the merits of either high birth, deep learning, or political experience, seems strange. He has not wanted even Bavarian

counsellors to set him right. There were worthy men amongst those, who came with him from Germany. And more recently he received the best of advice, which he indignantly spurned, from his brother, the present king of Bavaria.

It is, indeed, a common thing for influential personages to visit Greece with the idea that the constitutional and liberal party have carried the opposition too far; and that the monarch and his court have carried their resistance and favouritism to a dangerous extreme. To find, and to recommend, a middle course, as well as to effect some kind of reconciliation or neutral ground—this has been the dream of such influential personages in coming to Athens. The attempt has always proved a failure. Every one who made it, has gone away convinced that King Otho is as intractable as he is incapable of trust.

The dust lies eighteen inches thick on the roads round Athens. Of a sultry evening one may perceive the royal cavalcade issue from the city; the king, in his blue jacket and voluminous white petticoat, bestriding his charger; his tall blue tasselled cap covering a very low-featured countenance, which is neither German nor Greek, but quite uningenuous. The king, queen, and suite gallop boldly through the dust, with such majestic effect that it is impos-

sible for any one to see the other, so dense and suffocating is the cloud. From this they emerge to listen to some bands of music that play on a promenade about half a mile from the city, and which, with the spectators, are covered all over with dust by the royal approach. After an air of Rossini or Bellini, away speeds the cavalcade again, marked across the country by the cloud of dust which accompanies it like the smoke, without the sound, of a royal salute. The king and queen alone, with an attendant, might ride round the Hymettus, or up the side of Parnes, not incommoded by dust, and breathing the pure evening air. But the dust and the guard are indispensable : and so they prefer a promenade, which, for suffocation and annoyance, must be scarcely inferior to any of those summary punishments which the Palikars of the Greek court are allowed to inflict upon refractory electors.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ACROPOLIS.

THERE are a great many characteristics in common to Athens and to Rome. Both were communities of a comparatively strange origin, in the midst of the free aboriginal communities of the country. They were thus the latest comers, and had but the refuse of the soil to settle on. Both, being exposed to the jealousy of those amongst whom they intruded, looked to the increase of numbers as the source of power, and were not scrupulous as to how they recruited these. Both found it necessary to centralize, and take authority and jurisdiction from the rustic villages, so as to make Athens and Rome the centre of the region. This was the contrary of the Doric as of the Etrurian habitude. Both grew into mighty democracies, in which the people had the power of choosing, illustrating, and dethroning their chiefs,

taken in general from the wealthier class. The people in both cities, having thus become possessed of political power, made that use which every one first makes of power, viz. to procure food and subsistence. It became necessary for the rich, politically at the mercy of the poor, to provide for their material wants. There were different gradations in doing this. In Athens the indigent were all employed on the benches of the navy, or in the public works. Pericles invented the latter for them. The grandeur of the Parthenon, as well as of the aqueducts and other great works of early Rome, were due to the same cause—the necessity of employing and salarizing a sovereign people. Louis Napoleon is subject to the same necessity. Military and naval conquest enabled both Athens and Rome to pay the veterans, and provide for the proletaries, out of the produce of the conquered countries. The islands of the Ægean were made to feed the dominant Athenians; Italy, Sicily, Greece, and Egypt, became the granaries of the Roman *plebs*. The Romans, however, made themselves unquestionably superior in the field to all domestic as well as foreign foes. Wherever the Athenians contemned those gymnastic exercises to which the Peloponnesians owed their superiority, they relied upon their intelligence and nautical

skill; and after the terrible defeat of Syracuse, were never able completely to rally.

The inhabitants of the valley of Athens still love as far as possible to make the capital their dwelling-place, and they care not how far they walk to the cultivation of their fields. East of the Acropolis, there is scarcely a hovel between Athens and the sea. The cultivators of the plain live at the foot of the Acropolis, occupying what is called the Albanian quarter, and which was of old probably called the Pelasgia. It is the highest and healthiest quarter of old Athens; within it stood the Franciscan convent which Byron, as well as most visitors, at that time inhabited. It has disappeared since. All that remains of it is the pretty little antique toy, once included in its walls, called the Lantern of Diogenes.

The favourite evening drive or ride is over the plain to Phalerum. At Phalerum is the best place for that greatest of luxuries in such a clime,—a swim. The Queen, however, goes for the purpose of bathing to Phalerum of a morning, and, in consequence, the use of the entire shore is denied to the public of Athens for that time. A more needlessly exclusive privilege could not well be claimed even by royalty. The expense of a few planks would easily guard her Majesty from impertinent

eyes during the moment of her ablution. To deny the twenty thousand inhabitants of Athens a useful and salubrious luxury, merely that the Queen may enjoy it, is certainly a satire on Athenian liberty.

It was in this place that Lord Cochrane compelled the Greeks to advance, and give battle to the Turks, for the sake of raising the siege of the Acropolis. Every one opposed his ill-judged temerity. But the Greeks and General Church, nevertheless, marched to the attack; when the Greek infantry, in their early discipline, were found incapable of resisting the charges of the Turkish cavalry. The Greeks were accordingly routed and cut to pieces. The Acropolis surrendered, and Greece was compelled to undergo that European aid and protocolization which have left her with so little life or hope, freedom or prosperity, in the hands of the Bavarian.

A well-known Philhellen has purchased a certain portion of this plain, including its prettiest village, and the estate runs up the sides of the Hymettus. Whatever money, and care, and philanthropy, and agricultural skill can do, has been done, and the village shows it. Whilst the government colonies of Bavarians have lost their stock, allowed their hovels to go to decay, and are therefore only anxious to hie home on the first opportunity, the

original Greek, with a little aid and protection, has pushed improvements further. The residence is occupied, not by the proprietor, who shares his time between England and Athens, but by the English clergyman, who acts pastor for all Protestant residents and visitors. The house is small, but the want of the vast apartment which the east requires, is supplied by a large wooden platform of two stories, the uppermost of which, with the sky for its ceiling, with a divan and a few chairs for its furniture, with a splendid view over the sea to Ægina, and to the top of the Hymettus, form certainly one of the most charming evening saloons in which could be sought conversation or repose.

But the true point from which the plain of Phalerum, and indeed the whole valley of Athens, is best studied and contemplated, is the Acropolis, which rises out of it, as its islands do out of the Ægean. The first impression made upon one by a near view of the Acropolis was, that it looked the whole of its antiquity. It is difficult for inanimate objects to wear the character of extreme age. Feudal towns may be found that look old and hoar; but classic architecture, however shattered and ruined, does not suggest ideas of remote antiquity. The Parthenon when by itself would not make this impression, still less the Propylæa. But the battered rock of the

Acropolis looks its years; it is so frowzy and so shattered, bearing marks of having been time out of mind belaboured by the fiercest of human efforts. The middle-age battlements, which here and there crest the rock, rise from it in a huge tower, and cover its more classic ruins, are so evidently the work of a thousand years later, that, history apart, one turns to the Acropolis as an unquestionable monument of power and art in the remotest ages.

There is another point of resemblance and identity between Rome and Athens—a rock, on which they built their chief fortress and chief temple, and which they considered the sacred stronghold of their religion and race. The Tarpeian was, however, of more crumbling materials than the Acropolis; and a much more colossal empire took it for its basis, crushing it almost to a level with the forum by its revolutions and its weight. The Temple of the Winds, at the foot of the Acropolis, is about as much buried by detrition from the rock as the Arch of Severus, or the Fane of Trajan, are from the crumbling of the Capitol. But antiquity is untraceable and unrecognisable in the Capitol; whilst the Acropolis is still filled with its ancient population of columns, very many as they stood, though with more as they fell. The Acropolis is oblong, apparently running from north-east to south-

west; the entrance is at its north-western angle. Beneath it are the ruins of a large theatre, built most incongruously at the foot of the sacred hill by a rich amateur, who at a later day wanted to revive the dramatic entertainments of Greece. It is something which might take place amongst ourselves, when the shell of an opera-house or a circus may be erected or discovered, after the temples of the legitimate drama have disappeared in their insignificance. The guardian of the fortress gate demands a pass, which must have been procured and paid for at Athens. You enter, and find yourselves on the marble steps of the Propylæa. I found it difficult to quit them, or advance a second step amidst their illustrious ruins. Wearied and heated by the ascent, there is repose beneath the shade of the white columns, the view extending over the Pnyx and the Pyræus off to Salamis.

The columns and marble steps of the Propylæa have been for so many centuries built up and covered with mortar and building, that they now come out as fresh as at the first opening. Neither time nor war has defaced them. What a contrast, when one rises, mounts those steps, and passes under the columns of the Propylæa into the open space of the Acropolis! It is a fearful chaos. With the exception of the spot occupied by the

Parthenon on the right as we enter, and by the Erectheum on the left, the whole space is one indescribable mass of ruins. Thousands of columns, of vaulted roofs, of entablatures of marble of all kinds and colour, seemed to lie here smashed into a million fragments by some gigantic hand, and then rained down by the same hand upon the space contained between these ancient walls. The ruin, however, was not the work of one catastrophe or one epoch. There are layers of ruins, ranged in centuries one above the other, here reposed and there covered; whilst at another spot the search of curious antiquaries has laid bare a complete section of the series of temple devastation. What could have been done with all this stone—what mass of edifices they could have composed—where they came from, or how they were piled—disturbs one. There is almost another Pentelicus or the marble bowels of a Pentelicus, broken and scattered in the circumference of the Acropolis.

Over this stoney sea of ruins rises the Parthenon, not ruined. Though the rubbish covers the substructions, and rises to a level with the base of its columns, still these are sufficiently entire, as well as the walls, to give an idea of the whole. The front and pediment, the countenance, as it were, of the great edifice, is perfect, shorn of its orna-

ments, indeed, but not of its grandeur. The fall of a shell upon its roof caused it to crumble, but every stone of the vault is there ready for re-erection. There are the marks, in ochre and vermillion, of the venerable temple's having been fitted up as a church. I will never believe the ancients guilty of this daubing. But the old fane honours friend and foe; it has overcome the elements, and time, and war, having seen and indeed marked the very birth of civilization, and watched through a dozen centuries its utter decline. It then looked forth on barbarism of various and successive kinds for a dozen centuries more, till at length it sees the light of intellect and humanity dawn again. The bigot creed and barbarous sword of Asia has now hid it for four hundred years, holding the noblest of European lands in bondage. It was a noble thought and generous deed, whatever policy may say, to set it free.

Of all the creations of ancient theogony, Pallas is certainly the most noble and most poetic. One rejoices that the only heathen temple which survives, and which is likely to be restored of all antiquity, (that of Theseus being but the tomb of a hero,) should have been hers. Force, royalty, beauty, the mystery of productive nature, and a thousand very questionable qualities and virtues, have been deified, and in their very deification

have been degraded. Pallas alone, pure and noble in its first poetic conception, has been preserved undegraded by poetic imagination or popular fable. Even Julian, who was a student here at Athens, the cotemporary and co-wrangler of Basil and Augustine, might have been pardoned so much of his preposterous Paganism as concerned his love and natural respect for Athene. It is to be feared, however, that Julian was, like too many men of the present day, a political religionist, anxious to establish, to restore, or impose, that which in their wisdom they think best for the human race, not that which they think true. Julian, no doubt, looked upon the theology of Homer as a better popular religion, and more convenient for political and social evils, than Christianity. He was too thoroughly learned a Greek not to feel, that the great characteristic of the old Greek religion was the permitting its kings, warriors, and lay authorities, to be also its priests. Under the Christian *régime* he saw the Empire overruled and torn asunder by episcopal feuds and metaphysical controversies. Heathenism admitted not this discord; neither dividing the people, nor embarrassing the prince. He set about restoring it, because it did not interfere in the government, because it awed, yet amused the people, and at the same time

allowed the intellectual aristocracy of the world to indulge in the pursuit and consolations of philosophy. There is one thing, however, that cannot be done, and that is, to restore the past. And Julian could no more reestablish the Olympus of Homer, than Louis Napoleon or M. Montalembert can resuscitate Charlemagne or Hildebrand.

Amongst the causes which made little Greece in olden time start up and occupy the foremost place in the advancing army of mankind, undoubtedly the chief cause lies in its warrior class having been the first to free itself from the ascendancy of the sacerdotal one. Without supposing one race to have greater tendencies to this self-emancipation than others, we may infer that emigration by sea is much more favourable to the throwing off of physical and traditional incumbrances, than emigration by land; as an emigration of the youth, or young soldiers and volunteers of a tribe, is more favourable to the same kind of freedom, and the starting afresh in it, than a pastoral emigration, in which the old people and patriarchal authorities, the womanly and the sacerdotal influences, without interruption accompany the tribe. Hence the races accustomed to emigration by sea originated the principle of freedom, which was the bond and characteristic of their first enterprise; whilst

emigration by land, being necessarily pastoral, perpetuated hereditary kingship, sacerdotalism, and despotism. Modern freedom and ancient freedom were thus originated in the same way : the modern, by the Saxons and Franks in the North ; the ancient, by those bands which traversed the Mediterranean, and settled on the shores of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor. Such people were in want of a Lycurgus, a Numa, an Alfred, and a Solon, who built on common-sense and common right, whilst the lawgivers of Asia could only find a sanction for their ordinances by tracing their origin to Heaven, and hallowing their system by miracle.

A remarkable fact is, that the almost abolition of the sacerdotal caste and power in Athens, had by no means the effect of diminishing the influence of religion, or the power of superstition. We shall by and by make the same remark of Turkey. Although neither religion nor its professors were allowed to interfere with politics, monopolize education, or shut the mouths of philosophers, nevertheless religion, its creed, its observance, and its sanction, were quite as much respected at Athens as elsewhere. Alcibiades was banished for an impious mutilation of the statues of the gods ; and Socrates was compelled to drink the poisoned cup, for having expressed doubts of their serious exist-

ence. Neither penalty was invented or enforced by the priesthood. The people alone, without pastors, sufficed to persist in the belief, and defend it with severity. Were Paganism capable of being defended by reason, it would have stood its ground at Athens.

Whilst the Parthenon so fully and nobly represents the Greek system of polytheism, refined, ennobled, and magnified, another surviving edifice of the Acropolis remains as the memento of the same religion in its infant state. This is the Erectheum, which is stuck under the wall of the Acropolis, on the side opposite to the Parthenon. Every one knows its beautiful lateral portico, copied and swelled to undue proportions at St. Pancras. The temple is diminutive, as is the little temple of the Unwinged Victory, standing to the right of the steps of the Propylæa. Of the same kind is what is called the Lantern of Diogenes. This specimen of architecture seems to have been raised by a Liliputian race, or by an infant one, which could do no more than erect the fane and cover the altar, leaving the open world to be the place of congregation, with the sky for its canopy. In this baby-house of the Erectheum, the Greek chiefs in the late war placed their wives and females, thinking its vault strong enough to be a protection

from bombshells, as that of the Parthenon had not been. A Turkish projectile unfortunately fell on the Erectheum, and buried the unfortunate females in its ruins. There are no symptoms of the salt well, nor yet of the sacred olive, which, when burnt by the Persians, sprouted two cubits. The Erectheum was built to cover these holy and precious relics. Its summit rises over the side of the Acropolis which overlooked the city. The Parthenon raises itself on the side next the sea, and therefore is not perceived, except from the most distant, or elevated parts of Athens. It was the intention of Lord Elgin to have carried off the little Caryatides of the Erectheum at the same time as the Metops of the Parthenon. The spoliation would have been more unpardonable; for the Parthenon survives the statues of its pediment and the ornaments of its frieze, whereas the Caryatides of the Erectheum were its all. A superstitious noise, in aid of their natural feelings, is said to have deterred the workmen from the profanation.

The deification of human wisdom, courage, and prudence, for such was Minerva, did not satisfy the Athenians. Fear and hope must have their part in a people's creed. And this, local tradition at least has preserved. The grove of the Furies—the addition which the tragic poet made to

the popular creed—developes the terrible doctrine of fatality, which in a world of crime, conquest, cruelty, and slavery,—in a world where the vanquished met no pity, and the poor no consolation, and in which fortune and genius themselves gained but momentary lustre, to be infallibly eclipsed and buried by the caprice of their countrymen,—in such an age it is not astonishing that temples should be erected to the Eumenides. But neither, on the other hand, could their hopes of immortality be stifled, nor yet could they be allowed to rest in the dreamy possibilities of poetic existence. Another promise of Elysium than the verses of the poets was wanting, and Christ not having yet come, it took form or was invented in the Eleusinian mysteries.

The most delightful drive or ride from Athens is that to Eleusis, by the old sacred road, which runs westward through a break between Mounts Cythæron and Parnes. It runs very near the most verdant spot in the valley of Athens, where the olive groves still thrive, and where stands the village of Colon, surrounded with shade, amidst some small hills that rise in observation over the plain. On one of these is erected a *cippus* surmounted with the bust of Muller, author of the Dorians. The Doric race might be astonished

to find the monument of its greatness and its history here; Doric record and glory having been everywhere save here. The sacred way to Eleusis was once, like the street of tombs at Pompeii, devoted to a succession of monuments. These have all disappeared. The monument which endured longest, and of which traces still remain, was that erected by an army contractor to a courtesan.

In an opening between the range of hills which close the valley of Athens, stands what was once the temple, and then the monastery, of Daphne, a kind of half-way house to Eleusis. Soon after passing it, you emerge upon the Bay of Salamis, along the circular shore of which the road runs to Eleusis. Here, with Herodotus, you can fight the battle of Salamis over again in imagination. For there is the calm sea, the island of Salamis rising opposite the narrow outlet, by which the Persian navy communicated with its numerous vessels without. When the British fleet was anchored off the Piræus, some Greek and French negotiators came off from Athens, laden mind and hands with some of their captious propositions. These men, fiery hot with the pretensions and cavils of the modern Greek court, imagined the British ambassador, admiral, and authorities, all absorbed, to the exclu-

sion of every other thought, in the task of overthrowing King Otho, and pounding the new monarch into fragments. They learned that these magnates had quitted the admiral's vessel, and had gone in boats on some most suspicious errand. The Greek envoys followed to discover their plans, and found Mr. Wyse and Admiral Parker, with all their officers and friends, busily engaged with a variety of Greek boats and learned guides, in bravely fighting the battle of Salamis, and in settling the difference of opinion as to which was the position of the Persian, with that of Themistocles. Even the jolly tars were far more interested in the question than in Russian claims, or in the French mediation. It is amusing to observe how foreigners set down Englishmen as the veriest of Machiavels, whereas here was the most simple, the most honest, the most truth-telling of men acting the part of representative of the *perfidious Albion*, with a frank and honest sailor for his coadjutor. Had the French employed similar men, the difference would have been terminated in an hour.

Eleusis, like the Acropolis, is a wilderness of broken columns. The eminence on which it stands, commanding the Bay of Salamis, must have rendered it and its temple a beautiful object from the sea. Now you grope for relics; disturb

a goat-herd's family to look at the tessellated pavement that runs into the cabin, or dive from the street into some grotto once dedicated to Pan. There is one little beggarly temple well preserved, some ten feet square, with its marble altar and its original plan complete. This has survived, when prouder sanctuaries have been all laid low.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARGOS.

STEAM plies all round the Peloponnesus, and up its deep indentures ; so that the traveller may survey its entire coast, and visit its most celebrated spots, without getting up a cavalcade, and ensuring a fever by a fortnight's privation and fatigue. One of the Austrian steamers goes regularly round the peninsula. There is, however, great difficulty in getting ashore, owing to the circumstance of there being no boats or boatmen on Grecian waters. Whether it be the fishless nature of the sea, or the unadventurous nature of men on shore, there is not so much life in these bays as there is in any creek of New Zealand. Centuries have presented obstacles to man having any property whatever, unless power were connected with it. A poor man might better hope to possess a jewel than a boat.

Another steamer plies regularly between Athens and Nauplia, and is always filled with a motley

crowd. As it crosses the bay, skirts Ægina, and brings the inlets, forts, and islands of the Peloponnesian shore to view, the voyager is in a succession of awakened and gratified curiosity. Rounding the promontory which divides the gulf of Athens and Salamis from that of Argos, we get into a new sea, surrounded by a new world of mountains, all Peloponnesian, but have scarcely time to examine and distinguish them, ere we reach Hydra. Whatever want of population and activity may be observed upon the coast of the mainland, here, in such spots as Spezia and Hydra, both are concentrated and crowded. Though the island is a mere rock, the habitations are as thickly built on it as cells in the honeycomb. The town of Hydra is a prodigy for its size, as well as for that of its houses, which all rise two or three stories, each isolated in its little inclosure, white, strong, comfortable, but certainly neither classic nor picturesque. Vessels throng the harbour—boats the beach; and the maritime population, in vain looked for at Athens, has here congregated and grown upon a barren rock.

How is it that the naval population, force, and resources of Greece were concentrated in these islands of Hydra, Spezia, and Ipsara? For the simple reason, that a naval population can only be

formed and nursed by freedom; and Greece lay under a double slavery, that of the Turkish Pashas and Agas, in the towns, and of Greek chiefs, very much akin to them, in the country. Neither in towns or villages of the mainland, therefore, could property in a vessel exist, or men who lived by navigating it. These grew, where alone they could grow, in such island retreats as these, trying their hand at piracy, no doubt, to begin. There are reasons, which I shall afterwards allude to, why a genuine Turkish population does not reproduce itself in towns, and dies out there, unless replenished from rural districts. The Turks, therefore, had no marine population, which maritime power alone could give. They had always relied upon the levies of Greek sailors; but these, when mingled with the sailors and corsairs of the coast of Africa, and themselves tempted by the high pay and honours of Turkish command, were too apt to qualify themselves for such by the adoption of Mohammedanism. The decline of wealth and of severity amongst the Turks,—two great elements of power with them,—led to the employ of not only Greeks, but of Greek Christians; and Hydra, Spezia, and Ipsara became so many dépôts where the Turks always found crews, and which islands they in gratitude favoured by

long and unusual exemptions from tyranny and taxation.

These barren rocks thus became the sole spots in the Turkish empire where Greeks could live independently, and amass, preserve, and employ wealth freely; where a bold and lucrative profession could be followed, and where the communications which trade permitted brought that large influx of civilisation and European ideas, which germed amongst the modern Greeks, and put them on a par with the pride, and the intellectual and moral wants of other western nations.

The struggle then commenced, which still proceeds; a struggle between the northern Rayahs of Turkey in Europe and the southern, between the Slavonian and the Hellenic subjects of the Ottoman, as to which should first, or most effectually, fling off the yoke, and rear itself on the ruin or disappearance of the Turks. The commercial development of Hydra and Spezia, with the intellectual hearth lit up and tended in the Ionian islands, enabled the Greek race to start up and outrun the Slavonians on the Danube, who nevertheless had infinitely the advantage in numbers, as well as immediate contact with powerful Christian empires. Ipsylanti failed, whilst Canaris succeeded: Greece rose in insurrection, under the influence of the ideas

of the west. The Danubian provinces rose with the view of merely exchanging Ottoman for Russian despotism. Even the little that was manly and independent in the latter, was repugnant to the Tartar policy of Alexander. Whilst Greece, under the auspices of England and France, and afterwards with their aid, emancipated herself, and merited by her courage that liberty which she finally attained.

From Hydra chiefly, more than from any other cause or spot, proceeded the regeneration of Greece. Hydra, however, has dearly had cause to repent it. No doubt the islanders saw that, in one sense, and to a certain degree, they would suffer from the great revolution which they so energetically commenced. This did not deter them. For this they not only forfeited Turkish pay and favour, but risked Turkish invasion, vengeance which, in the case of Ipsara, proved fatal and final. They converted not the less their traders into fighting craft, the less solid vessels into fine ships, and exhausted the long-hoarded riches of the island for the payment of the national fleet. The victory which they achieved brought them not only all the disadvantage which they foresaw, and which was to be expected, but it entailed upon them also evils and punishments as little expected as deserved. Although it was the aid and resources of the west of Europe, that secured free-

dom its triumph, nevertheless, supremacy and rule first fell most unaccountably into the hands of the Danubian, Slavonian, or Russian party. And the use made of it by such politicians as Capo d'Istria was to crush the islands. No doubt they were liberal ; no doubt, as the furnishers of the fleet and the chief instruments of victory, they looked for influence and reward,—their chief reward being in that system of self-government which alone can foster naval or commercial enterprise. But the Slavonian party entertained no gratitude for Hydra; the ultra-monarchists and Bavarians which succeeded each other in Greece, have agreed in nothing more than in hatred of Hydra and Spezia, so that all the ruin and all the contumely that could be poured upon them, were so until very lately.

Spezia, a little further up the gulf, is another Hydra, except that the town and population are less considerable, and the island less rocky, and more accessible. The extremity of the great gulf, which penetrates into the very bowels of the Peloponnesus, is continued by a semicircle of flat and marshy land on a level with the sea, but displaying a verdant and reedy surface, contrasted with the blue one of the ocean, and thus extending to the foot of a semicircle of mountains. This dry, or rather this verdant extension of the bay, is the plain

of Argos, one of those few oases in the midst of stony Greece, whose fertility compensates for the barrenness of leagues around. As the vessel glides along the rocky shore of the gulf, passing between the mainland and the islands of Hydra and Spezia, a bold promontory advances, and seems to close the gulf. The fortifications on its summit, rising precipitately from the sea, a few towers here and there, and some individuals of a kilt-clad population, gave symptoms of a town and fortress. It is Nauplia, or rather the rock which faces the sea, and forms the back of the town, which is only discernible as the steamer turns its point, and discovers its quays and streets piled one over the other up the rock, the whole crowned by the imposing fortress of the Palamede, which closes all approach to the rocky promontory from the heights. It is impossible to resist climbing up the fortress, (one can ride up the back way,) soon after landing, in order to contemplate the plain, or as I call it, the dry bay of Argos. Nauplia itself forms one point of the semicircle, and is beautiful even to close inspection, picturesque in its battlements, in the diminutive castle of the Burge that blocks its harbour, in its pretty suburbs, broad road, and woody declivities.

Toiling along the semicircular shore, though the shore now of a marsh, not a sea, the first object the eye rests on are the ruins of Tyrins, well-built Tyranthus, a mass of huge stones put together with Cyclopean art and might. The covered way, fenced by huge stones leaning against each other at top, and leaving a passage for the warrior beneath its blocks, is the most curious and best preserved portion of Tyrinthus, old as Homer, and apparently as indestructible.

At the opposite side of the bay, at the base of a rocky mountain, rises a round hill. On its top is the citadel of Argos, at its foot the town. It is a fine and central position, for the breach in the mountain at the bottom of the circular range leads to Corinth, whilst different roads over the higher ranges of the mountains, lead either to Arcadia, or Laconia. Homer evidently considered this the chief, the choice, the central spot of Greece. The barren Athens was nothing in his time, whilst the plains of Argos fed its troops of horse, and all the country round it afforded fertile crops. At the bottom of the bay, between Argos and Tyranthus, the mountains recede, and are reached by a gradually rising extent of country, at the end, and towards the highest elevation of which, commences

the road to Corinth, through the stony gorges of the mountains. This rising ground, extending some six or seven miles inland of Argos, forms the ancient kingdom of Agamemnon. Amongst its rocky elevations still exist the ruins of Mycenæ.

It is impossible to imagine anything more Homeric, or more drear. In spring, no doubt, the ride up to Mycenæ is more varied, for the farms are cultivated, and the jealous legion of dogs shows a noisy, and at least a canine population. In summer all is arid and dusty in Greece; and it is with a passion little short of frenzy, that you watch the old Greek drop what he considers a leathern bucket, but which you regard as an old hat, into the well in the high road, opposite the little hostelry, to bring up a draft of doubtful water, which, such as it is, and even out of the questionable vessel, is nectar. Mycenæ, like Tyrins and the Acropolis, is a very wilderness of stones. The gate of the city, which still remains, and under which Agamemnon must have issued to proceed to the war of Troy, is approached by a zigzag way; and, indeed, all of Mycenæ that one can trace, betrays a complexity and cost of fortification, characteristic of the lordly and prudent son of Atreus. The gate is called that of Lions, from the stones which

form its arch being carved into a bas-relief of a two-winged and beaked lion. At a stone's throw in advance of the gate stands a huge conical building, covered by a mound of the same shape, which is itself covered in a great measure by the earth, and hidden by the mountain. We are told it was the Treasury, the stronghold of the valuables of Atreus. It does seem to have been a strong hiding-place, completely concealed on the seaward side, and built up and covered altogether with earth, so as to allow the chiefs of Mycenæ to make any expedition beyond sea, their valuables, and perhaps their families, remaining safely and secretly housed here to await their return. The interior must, however, at one time, have been highly ornamented; for its huge stones have numbers of pins, to which some kind of lining of the edifice must have been attached. But the palace of Mycenæ and the treasury of Atreus serve now as a retreat for flocks against the severity of summer or of winter, instead of being the glory or stronghold of dynasties.

Argos was the city of the plain, far enough from the sea to defy the might of maritime powers, near enough to take advantage of its communications and trade. It is the Athens of the Peloponnesus, without so good a harbour, but with a much better

soil. Like Athens, too, it was naturally the enemy of the more rude and pastoral regions and people at its back. Argos was, unfortunately, the rival at the same time of both Athens and Sparta, and asserted independence of both; but it had not the elements of a strong navy, however, like the one, nor could it, like the other, count upon or raise by training, an aristocracy which could devote youth and manhood to military exercises and science, whilst they had Helots to till the low grounds for them. Argos, therefore, fell below the level of the great naval and great military powers of Greece.

There are few remains of antiquity, or, indeed, of aught else in Argos. The hill of its Acropolis was cut at its base into steps, which were covered with marble, to form an amphitheatre, as was done, indeed, at the Acropolis of Athens, and throughout Greece. The Greeks understood better than we the law of acoustics. Obligated to transact business as well as enjoy theatrical representation in the open air, the audience was necessarily placed in the best condition to hear, that is, ranged along the side of a declivity, over and against those who spoke, where every sound was caught and reverberated. If Tyrins and Mycenæ, in their ruins, present a

wilderness of stone, modern Argos provides a wilderness of wooden cabins. It is now like a Turkish town, though a Greek one,—each house isolated, with its wooden balcony, and its impending roof. Where the materials came from appears a puzzle to discover; there are stones around sufficient to build a pyramid. Why wood is preferred in a country where it does not abound, and where a spark would destroy a metropolis in a breeze, is difficult to imagine. It was market-day in the town, which was very dusty; the only excuse I could find for the worthy Argosians, who were, the greater part of them, drunk and noisy. Wine at a halfpenny a bottle was, no doubt, a temptation; but drunkenness is no Greek vice, and what I witnessed I heard every one declare to be a rare and exceptional occurrence.

The temperate clime and fertile soil of middle Europe procures for its inhabitants certain inestimable blessings, which are not sufficiently prized with us, but which it would merely require a visit to the East, especially in these arid months, to make the goods of home be fully appreciated. The greatest blessing of the temperate clime, and of the deep and fertile soil, which is generally found in such climes, is the continuity of labour which

it procures and necessitates for the peasant. In the East there are but the two epochs of labour, seed-time and harvest, and these are so near each other, that a man is necessarily able to be idle the greater part of the year; the few pastors that feed flocks are insignificant exceptions; and the fertile spots are rare, and very often unwholesome: so that the proprietor has a good excuse for neither living there himself nor employing permanent labour. He attracts mountaineers or wanderers by a certain promise of so many days' pay, after which he dismisses them, thus creating an idle and nomad population, and making the culture of the soil require money, which the capitalist or the usurer alone can furnish. This detaches the peasant from the soil, and incapacitates him from holding it. This renders the position of the freeman in the East worse than that of the slave, for even oppression is preferable to destitution.

It will here suggest itself, that a hot climate, like that of the Levant and southern Europe, would admit of a succession and variety of crops. No doubt; but then a succession of crops requires irrigation, and irrigation demands expense, expense on the part of a government, or on the part of a free and united community. Whichever way we

turn it, we come to the contradiction of the vulgar belief, that the soil of southern climes spontaneously produces sufficient for the maintenance of the people who live in it, and consequently that they have small need of being industrious. The contrary is the fact. The soil of the south demands a far greater outlay of labour, expense and irrigation, and does not offer to the poor man the same facilities of either property or cultivation, that the peasant can command in more temperate regions. The olive, the currant, and the vine, apparently present, no doubt, facilities for an easy collection of revenue. But this also at certain times demands that great expense of cultivation, and requires monied outlay. They are also more easily held and monopolized by the rich, and most conveniently by them, since the produce is, for the most part, rendered profitable by exportation.

All this we do not take sufficiently into consideration, when we regard, with a kind of anger and contempt, the poverty and degradation of certain regions of the south, of known wealth and fertility in ancient times, of utter barrenness and desolation now. We are apt to attribute this to the causes we detest, to a despotic government, an ascetic and anti-industrial religion. Yet we see

large tracts that are of the description we allude to: Andalusia, for example, and part of Greece, whose barrenness was long and is still attributed to these causes, and which, nevertheless, though for years restored to a freedom from both civil and religious despotism, and which have no longer monks, or pastors, or feudal proprietors, remain barren as ever. What these regions require in order to become fruitful, is accumulated capital. The soil of France was divided by the revolution amongst its peasantry, and was immensely improved thereby; for the plough and the hoe sufficed, with the more energetic labour of the peasant proprietor, to augment the prosperity and produce. But in Spain and in Greece, in the Levant and the East, the plough and the hoe do not suffice, and the peasant proprietor alone is a helpless being.

The moment was not favourable for a prolonged excursion in Greece. Yet the young Englishman who finds himself at Athens or Argos in summer, is too apt to seek refuge from the *ennui* of such places in a long journey on horseback through the hot ravines, and plains, and comfortless khans of the Morea or of Northern Greece. The result, ten to one, is a fever. In a northern clime a sudden chill produces merely a cold or a rheu-

matism ; and even fatigue has its peculiar pains, which repose removes from the joints. But in the south, every pain and every ailment becomes a fever. A chill from an open window gives no cold of throat or of head ; it causes a fever. A day's over-fatigue produces what the French call *courbature*, that is, pains, which are not simple pains, for they ripen into fever. This is, in fact, the one disease, into which every little ill and even contrariety resolves itself ; and at least has one great advantage, that every one knows what he has to fear and what to combat. An Englishman has seldom a clear idea that fatigue is so dangerous a thing. But the Oriental knows it well, and consequently Orientals are of two kinds ; those men who can go through every fatigue, and those men who cannot bear even the least. An hour's walk would kill your epicurean Oriental. Your Klept or your Albanian would gallop for weeks with his iron-cased and fever-guaranteed frame.

Excursions, therefore, of two or three days from the coast ought to satisfy a traveller's ardour in the heat of summer, and all of Greece essentially worth seeing is attainable in this way. From the vale of Argos, one has but to climb to the summit of the impending mountain range, in order to get

sight of the high places of Arcadia, and the low fields and watered valley of the Eurotas and Laconia. I called the Lacedæmonians Swiss, on first contemplating the Morea, but Arcadia is the true forest canton of the peninsula, a land of severe winter, delightful summer, of pasturage and poverty. It was a sagacious idea of the Turks to place here, in the most central position, the seat of their authority on the Morea. They were here not only well situated to repress the refractory mountaineers, but they introduced wealth and those acts of oppression and corruption which degrade a race. The Turks, however, were never more than encamped in the Morea.

When one regrets for the Morea even the little spring of activity given by a Turkish centre of authority in the midst of its mountains, and when one vainly regrets or seeks to devise some means of giving activity and life to this famed peninsula, we are brought back to wonder, for the hundredth time, how the old Greek race did contrive to give such power, such populousness, such perfect policy, such superiority in the arts and in arms to a region, which it now seemed impossible to ever hope to see other than an inert, poor, and isolated corner. Whence came the population, that could

send forth armies of 80,000 men, equal to that of a great empire? Where the impulse to legislate, to develop, and excite and force man into the hero? What, in fact, had these mountains and valleys then which they want now? Freedom may have done much, but freedom is not enough for the Maniotes or the Lacedæmonians. And let not the question be considered uninteresting. For what isolated Greece contrived to be three thousand years ago, insulated England is at present. And freedom alone will no more explain the wonder of English than it can that of Greek supremacy. Is there more of causation even in the facts of history, than what we can appreciate or trace? And must not what the Greeks worshipped as Fate, and what we revere as Providence, be called on to supply the broken links of the great chain of cause and of effect?

I stumbled, in my way back to Argos, on a company of good folk returning for that town, who were seated listening to a story-teller. He had some kind of musical instrument, but for the moment was not using it, his recital being quite enough to interest his hearers. We could only glean the purport from our Athenian guides, who told us that the story related to the events of the last war, and the defeat

of Omer Virones. There was nothing Homeric in the appearance of the Greek bard, who was clad in a rusty black coat, and who, though he recited ballads, did not vend them. His wares consisted of pipe-sticks for the natives, and carved walking-sticks for strangers.

To our amiable and well-informed German friend, chance now added a Greek gentleman. He was of Hydra, a younger son, and had studied medicine. This is the only profession for the young Greek, always excepting commerce and the place-market. But your young commercial Greek, who goes to Paris, Hamburg, Manchester, or London, gets so disgusted with home that he stays abroad, and is lost to Greece. The young physician must return, but unfortunately not to the practice of a lucrative profession,—his gains never recompensing the outlay of his education. But these medical men, full of information, and polished by travel, are the most intellectual of the Greeks.

It appears to me that Russia has taken the wrong way to assimilate and elevate the Greeks. If Russia was more liberal—I mean, its autocratic government—for constitutional no one could yet expect it to be—but were it despotically liberal, admitting of liberal professions, and opening, even

as the German monarchs do, its universities and employs to men of the same tongue and creed, Russia would attract to it all that is talented and intellectual in Greece. Instead of this, Russian narrowness and routine repudiate, except perhaps in the very highest class of employ, all foreigners, even the Greek and Slavonian element, as if its purpose was to remain Tartar, instead of being European. The Klephts, the men of the sword and of conquest, look, of course, to Russia, as also do the church, the diplomatists, and the least liberal of professional politicians; but the intellect of the Greek nation, wherever it is developed, or in whatever class, is decidedly anti-Russian,—less owing to any antagonism of the race, than to the churlish and narrow spirit of the Russian *régime*.

Our companion, as a Hydriot, of course hated Russia, which, on a memorable occasion, lent its navy to crush the liberal party of the Greek islands. But he was far too intelligent to be biassed into a belief or into a declaration of what was the contrary of truth, by any prejudice whatever. And every evidence corroborated the justice of his answer to my question, as to which of the protecting powers was most popular in Greece:—

“The sea-ports, the maritime and trading popu-

lation of Greece and its islands, are all English," he said; "the mountaineers, Klephts, and inlanders, all Russian; the regal palace at Athens stands alone in its opinions, and remains Bavarian and French."

CHAPTER IX.

GULF OF CORINTH.

STEAM has its drawbacks, as well as its advantages. The former are not worthy of account in a country whose lands are already cultivated and resources developed; but the convenience and celerity of steam conferred upon barbarism, however it may give life and movement to a few spots, leaves the wastes between to a state of nature and desolation. But for steam we could not have found a road from Athens to the Isthmus of Corinth, by Eleusis and Messina, with that cheering range of objects which accompany a high road. But Eleusis, though there be a road to it for the curious, is but hovel and ruin—Megara the same; and you lose nothing by sweeping past them and Salamis in the little steamer which plies to Calamachi.

The Saronic gulf is as beautiful as the Argolic, un-

til Salamis be passed, and the shore, which extends from Megara, at the foot of Mount Gerania. But as the mountains recede, the islands disappear, and the whole sinks and vulgarizes on approaching the Isthmus, which is itself as uninteresting, and as devoid of fertility and beauty, as any stripe of land could be. It certainly has been torn and ploughed by war and by catastrophe, the ground not being allowed time or opportunity for bearing any fruit of so much heroism and blood. But the very soil is ingrate and barren, and the half hour's ride across it, under a strong escort of gendarmes provided by the Austrian *Lloyd*—for the robbers were numerous and daring—was merely marked by a feeling of surprise and disappointment.

Of Corinth I will merely say, that it looks so exceedingly well in vignettes, that it is not worth while disturbing the impressions they have left by a wearisome visit to the classic locality. To climb the Acro-Corinth is an awful task, to linger amongst the wretched streets of Corinth an infliction still more terrible.

It was necessary to go thither, however, instead of remaining at the point whence the steamer sails, in order to get a boat for Salona: the steamer, too, sails in the evening, in order to take advantage of

all the next day's daylight to get out of the gulf; and it thus wafts the traveller by night through the loveliest and noblest of lakes. What is Como and its Alpine range compared to the Gulf of Corinth and Parnassus?

My companions in chartering the boat to Salona were strange contrasts; and though they came from races long in contact and fraternity, they differed so profoundly, that but for my acting a kind of medium between them, I do not think they could have held on together. One was a German, young, not so much in years as in mind. His beard bespoke manhood, his ideas all the verdure of the University. Though more full of sentiment than spirits, he was an excellent companion, most refreshing after the *blasé* tone of French and English travellers. My other fellow-voyager was a Wallachian, very fleshy, very yellow, very lazy, but of the best education and society. Of this latter he stood too much afraid, to allow him to pass through Greece without visiting Delphi. And thither accordingly he was going, but far more as a votary of fashion than as one of Apollo. Whilst the German was all sentiment, poetry, and virtue, with Homer, Pindar, and Parnassus in his port-manteau, the Wallachian was a *bon vivant*, not

without *esprit*, but he was of the Viennese school. Such were my *compagnons de voyage* to Salona. The Wallachian prepared to get on for Delphi, and then retreat after taking a tranquil and leisurely view of Parnassus; the German determined to climb the uttermost peak of the formidable mountain, nay, to bestride it, and walk along the descending ridge to Thermopylæ.

The Parnassian knot of mountains are finer than any in the Peloponnesus. The gulf, which extends athwart them, sends also one of its indentures northwards, and opens a space, from which they are splendidly visible, and over which the view from them penetrates into the Morea: the south shore of the gulf is all beauty and verdure. Achaia affords the most fertile and beautiful shore of the Morea, destined to be the garden of Greece; whilst Locris and Phocis, north of the gulf, seem proud to be its fortress.

From Salona, the ancient Amphissa, to Crissa and to Castri, the village built on the site of ancient Delphi, the wildest of mountain ascents, was peculiar in this, that whilst in all others you leave vegetation and civilization behind, there as you climb from the region of both, they increase and crowd upon you as you rise. There must have been a world

of life and population in these heights. Tombs, temples, mansions, and castles, crowd the way. And though every incentive to ruin was here let loose, there are more vestiges of ancient grandeur than are to be found in the most celebrated of ancient cities. There the soldier battered down every thing that was a stronghold; the greedy ransacked the tombs for jewels and valuables; and the Christian loved to desecrate all that was sacred in the *sacra sanctorum* of Paganism.

There are many things worthy of note in the reverence of the Greeks for Delphi and its oracle. Although the great peculiarity of the Greek race was to have flung off the social and political ascendancy of a priesthood, they were most ready to make amends for this, by choosing a remote and lofty spot, where religious reverence might be carried to the uttermost, but where no political function could be exercised. The admitting the gift of prophecy only in a female has been part of the jealousy of sacerdotal ascendancy, which was so marked a feature of the Hellenist. Soothsaying is one of the great wants of an infant people. What the chiefs and heroes could not take of the faculty for themselves, by the inspection of entrails, was delegated to Delphi.

Another peculiarity of the township of Delphi was its having been the true principle and point of union for all the Hellenic tribes. From the coast of Asia Minor and of Italy, as well as from the cities of Greek Proper, all persons of the race, anxious of the future, sent to question the Delphian oracle. The tendencies of Greek Polytheism were towards a municipal religion, and the use of local divinities; each only choosing an image or goddess for its patron saint; Juno here, Minerva there, Diana and Ceres elsewhere. Rome, Delphi, the games, and national meetings, which sprung out of religious belief, held the different races of Greeks together far more than policy. But for religion and language, it would be difficult to consider the Greeks as forming one country, so universal were the principles of rivalry and repulsion. There is an instinctive feeling in some races, that they are nothing if not massed together; and consequently, every thing, even liberty itself, is readily sacrificed by them to union. The Greeks had the very contrary instinct, and the very contrary tendency. Every province and every city are most distinct, and as independent of their neighbours as possible; and every inhabitant of a city is independent of the

authority above and beside him—to stand apart and alone. Such was the mistrust of the Greeks, such the principle of their feelings and conduct, such the origin of their grandeur as men, and of the general weakness of Greece as a nation. Greece as a body was unable to succeed in establishing its supremacy over Asia, until its liberties were destroyed, its energies and resources concentrated in one tyrannical band.

I was not tempted by my generous friend to accompany him to Thermopylæ, in order to pother, with classic text in hand, over the various sites upon that wild shore, where Leonidas and his band might have died. An extract, to be found below, which I had copied from Everett, was quite sufficient to excuse the visit.*

* “History tells us of the memorable Pass of Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his associates encountered the barbarous invaders. I have searched in vain for the narrow pass between the foot of the mountain and the sea. It is gone. Time, which changes all things, has changed the great natural features of the spot, in which not merely its geographical, but, if I may say so, its moral identity resided, and has stretched out a broad plain in its place ; but a rude monumental pile still remains to designate the spot where the Spartan hero fell. . . . History tells us of the field of Cannæ, where Hannibal overthrew the Roman Consuls, and slaughtered 40,000 of their troops, till the Aufidus ran blood. Why, Sir, you cannot, with Livy in your hand, retrace the locality. History has preserved us the story of the battle of Pharsalia, where the star of Cæsar prevailed over that of Pom-

A tack from Salona brought us to the town which the Greeks, with their love of the ancient names, will call Naupactus, although Lepanto ought to be a classic and respected appellation for them. It is a miserable cluster of habitations, grouped round what once was a castle and fortifications, but now an open space. Lepanto lies within the castles that enclose and defend the Gulf of Corinth, and is reflected in a beautiful bay of its own, over which the hill-side and the town hang precipitously. Yet the name of the battle of Lepanto is given to the celebrated action fought outside the castles, in which the fleet of Europe, under King John of Austria, defeated the Ottoman, in the very height of their naval excellence and prowess. Glorious as was the victory, its effect in damping the ardour or checking the progress of the Turkish arms was nothing. Europe reposed after the effort, instead of following up the victory, whilst the Turks but redoubled their energies after the defeat.

pey, a battle which fixed the fortunes of the world for fifteen centuries. It is impossible, even with the Commentaries of Cæsar for your guide, to fix the spot where it was fought. History tells us of the battle of Philippi, where Brutus and Cassius, and with them the last hopes of Roman liberty, were cloven down; but historians do not all agree, within two or three hundred miles, as to the precise scene of action."—EVERETT, *Oration on Bunker's Hill Monument*.

From Delphi to Patras is a leap from the ancient to the modern world, from the region of myths to the market-place of traffic, and from the sturdy old Greek to his sly Levantine descendant. Patras is, indeed, as unlike modern Athens as it is remote from ancient Greece. It is the port of the great export trade to Europe in currants, and its thoughts are of course with London, and Marseilles, and Trieste, and New York, and on the prices current. Therefore Athens is very jealous, first of the riches of Patras, and secondly of its ideas, which, instead of overflowing with allegiance for Athenian dynasties, sigh for free trade and European commerce. The *employés* of Patras, therefore, who have all purchased their places at Athens, are as great tyrants as possible in the place of their authority, are exceedingly anxious not to encourage trade, but to oppress it, and insult the foreigners who partake in it.

The principal revenue of his Greek Majesty is derived from an impost on currants exported. The amount is vague,—so much per cent. on the price of the currants; and his Greek Majesty undertakes to fix the price. When I was at Patras, a steamer arrived from England to carry off a cargo of currants, and calculated, of course, the price in the

London market to sell them. The real price was soon fixed, at which the cargo was purchased; but the official price had not yet been promulgated. However, the steamer proceeded to load, and was soon full. But the regal authorities of Athens could not be moved to say what was the royal price, or what would be the amount of duty, so that the steamer was in detention day after day, waiting till King Otho—for he does the thing himself—should decide in his Bavarian wisdom what should be the price of currants per pound at Patras that season! Greece has in the meantime a Minister of Commerce, and calls itself a constitutional country.

England and Western Peloponnesus seem made for each other. We are the greatest consumers of currants in the world, our avidity for puddings and their condiments knowing no bounds. And the Greek is equally extravagant in the use of our staple produce, for every Greek wears an incalculable number of yards of white calico in the petticoat that covers his loins. If a sudden tear, or a stitch giving way, suddenly unfold this garment, a Greek hurrying on will leave a flag nearly a quarter of a mile long fluttering behind him. Nor is the use of cotton confined to the person; his bed,

blankets, furniture, his covering by day and by night, is of the same material. No wonder that we find Englishmen in Patras, and Greeks in Manchester.

CHAPTER X.

HYDROPHOBIA.

THERE is an European weakness that the Asiatic does not indulge in—a passion for pets. You will see no animal in the East made the object of that affection and attention due to the weakly, or the beautiful, or the beloved of our own kind. And the Prophet, who generally enjoined as a religious duty all observances sanctioning good, seems to have had this in view. Their dogs are unclean; and, indeed, the East scarcely admits the joint domesticity of men and animals, unless the animal be the proper parasite of the human species. But the law which drives animals from the abode is not aversion; on the contrary, no persons are so humane to animals, or so tolerant of them, as the Turks. The Golden Horn is alive

with a white bird, ever on the wing, and screaming. The cypresses of the cemeteries around it are equally thronged with a dark bird, quite as noisy. They are never molested. The dark-grey bird is hawk-like in its hoverings. They evidently consider themselves as denizens of fort and city, and show no symptoms of fear, even though they brush close to your cheek.

There are persons who ask in the present day whether men are happiest in a state of freedom or of slavery. Those who consider plumpness and good vestment to be happiness, declare the black slave better off than the free negro. I here will ask the same question of dogs. Are they happier in a state of nature, as at Constantinople, with the streets their own,—or each cared for by a master? The sustained dog looks certainly the happier and sleeker of the two; and not merely physically, for he certainly gratifies a moral and even a high propensity, in being attached to a master, in being the object of kindness, and in giving the return of affection. The free dog of Constantinople knows not this. The humane population display to the dog infinite kindness, in leaving food for him, in never molesting, punishing, or destroying. The free dog is not grateful for this benevolence to him

in the mass. He is at most indifferent even to those whose faces are familiar to him; and he is at war with every one else. He is always in the way, robbing, snarling, howling, trooping—a plague to himself and to every one else. Whether dogs are happier or not in a state of freedom, I am decidedly against allowing them either the boon or the disadvantage. A free dog is a bore to himself and others.

The race too degenerates in freedom, which certainly marks a difference between his nature and man's. Uglier formed and more nasty-natured curs than the Constantinopolitan dogs are not to be found. You must not beat them, even if they annoy you—Turkish humanity forbids; but you may pelt them with even the largest stones,—an agreeable occupation for a well-dressed gentleman who by chance provokes a *dog-émeute*. I have had and seen severe contests with Molossi, who, if they are bent on attack, before you or your attendant are armed with the wonted missile, are apt to rush in, and put one in danger of their lives. There are very fierce dogs on the farms through which one passes on quitting carriage and carriage-way to Mycenæ. They are worthy of having belonged to Agamemnon himself. No amount of missiles,—

nothing short of a leaden shot could silence or discomfort them. In construction they are not large. A camel's or a buffalo's foot would apparently exterminate them ; and yet they are so lazy that you often see the huge split hoof coming down inevitably upon them, when, at the last chance for life, the lazy wretch escapes from impending fate with a leap and a howl.

Freedom from hydrophobia is an advantage of the canine race let loose. When at large, the disease never breaks out amongst them. So well is this understood at Lisbon, that the owners of dogs, who exercise right of mastery and extend protection and provision during the winter, turn the animals loose into the streets in summer, as the only safeguard against hydrophobia.

When this disease occurs, the treatment of it is savage. In Greece, the poor creature who is so unfortunate as to show symptoms of hydrophobia, is conducted to prison, and laid on a bench ; the guardian and gaoler then and there keep throwing buckets of water on the patient till he dies. Each immersion of water is, of course, a convulsion. A melancholy instance of the kind happened within my knowledge at Athens.

A physician of that city has discovered in the

stems of asparagus what he considers a certain specific against hydrophobia ; and asparagus is fortunately to be had at those seasons, when hydrophobia declares itself. The physician has had frequent occasion to employ his specific, and always with success. About the time I was in Athens, a poor man was bitten by a dog, and in a short time began to show signs of hydrophobia ; but aware of his state, he considered it, and placed himself under the care of the physician, under whose hands he was slowly recovering, without, however, having altogether got rid of some return of that nervous feeling which made him dread and rush away from water. He was so well, however, as to venture upon his usual avocations. On one of these times he betrayed symptoms of the malady, was instantly thrown down and hooted at, and was, of course, seized by the guard. In vain did the poor man represent to them that his accesses were few, and had almost disappeared ; that he would be well if allowed to return home and see his physician. The rude soldiers were inexorable, and deemed it their duty to put the patient through the original ceremony of torture used in such a case. He was brought, therefore, to the prison cell allotted for the purpose, laid on a bench, and buckets of cold

water flung upon him till convulsions were produced, of which he died. The worthy Chaplain of the British Embassy at Athens, Mr. Hill, is well acquainted with the circumstance, as well as the physician.

CHAPTER XI.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

CEPHALONIA and Ithaca, which present themselves opposite the Gulf of Corinth, as one issues from it, are forbidding islands. The outline of the former is not grand, though it is lofty and extensive; whilst the more abrupt and marked outline of Ithaca wants grandeur, because it wants size. Ulysses, though he lived and had his stronghold in the lesser island, and found it, no doubt, safest; was king of the Cephalonians also, and led them to war. They are still worthy of the many-intentioned Ulysses.

It is difficult to imagine seven islands, so utterly distinct in race, in ideas, in language, in interests, locality, and social organization, as those which it pleased fate to confer on Great Britain, with the task of governing them. Cerigo is a rock peopled by malefactors. Zante is a paradise, with a weak-

thy middle class, and a small semi-Italian noblesse. Cephalonia is more Greek than Greece itself, with large proprietors, and a hungry and disinherited peasantry. Santa Maura is a desert, reduced to kindred barbarism with the mainland, which it touches. Ithaca consists of barren cliffs, with an unwholesome shore. Paxos is a low island, which the waves have cut in two, and which civilization has endowed with a Martello tower. Corfu is a little Polyglot kingdom, cleaving the Adriatic, a watch-tower commanding Italy, and the only sea issue of Austria, as well as the coasts of Turkey and Greece.

To come to anchor off Zante by moonlight, to see all astir by the coming of the steamer, the bustle of vintage-time, and the natural wakefulness of Italians, is beautiful. It is no less lovely to mount the heights above the town, to see the sun rise behind the mountains of the Morea, or look westward down into the valleys of paradise which compose the island. The Zanteites would be the most contented people in the world, if the Cephalonians were not near to communicate their own sentiments of ineradicable malcontentism.

To describe the Cephalonians, one is not obliged to exhaust the Dictionary. The island is, in one word, a little Ireland ; its people are what Madden

calls the lower nation of the Irish. They have one of the finest islands on the bosom of the sea, rich; fertile, in a splendid position between Italy and Greece, opposite the mouth of the Gulf of Lepanto. Their harbour is one of the finest in the world; the hills which surround it, as a vast amphitheatre, are clothed with the most valuable products. The peasantry have some reason to complain; for the soil is in the hands of a few hard-hearted proprietors. These get a large price for the produce of the island, which being currants, is all exported, and they confer of their gains but a small pittance on the labouring class. Even if a peasant does possess a portion of ground, he finds it impossible to sell its produce, except through the great monopolizer, finding it equally difficult to cultivate or keep it without falling into debt; in short, the country is blessed with all the causes and effects of agrarian disturbance.

Then one immediately thinks that, although the peasantry may be somewhat oppressed and ill at ease, the proprietary class is flourishing. True, but proprietors are few; and the upper and educated class contains more needy adventurers and impoverished younger brothers than people well to do. The consequence is, disaffection amongst the

educated, quite as great as amongst the peasantry, —the one discontent feeding, and fanning, and seeking to make use of the other. What do the educated and uneasy want? They want what is difficult to have or to satisfy in any country. The lawyer wants business, the writer wants fame and money, the professor an easy chair. Every one wants place—a stump to speak from, a political career to run; but in few spots of the earth are such wants to be satisfied, and in few epochs of time—in London, perhaps, or in Paris,—and even there, creating nine hundred and ninety-nine disappointments for one success. Yet it is for this chance that the Cephalonians demand a union with Greece. The island would be more taxed, more oppressed, more misgoverned, the lower classes far less considered than at present. Officials would be rapacious, dishonest, and corrupt, along with being, as they are now, perhaps, arbitrary and rude. No matter, the Cephalonian is Greek, and wants to be Greek. He would rather conspire against King Otho than against Queen Victoria, merely because he would make more of it. And then, to feed this discontent, the Cephalonian has his clergy, and his press—a free press—bless the mark! There are a host of newspapers published

in Greek, and circulated not only throughout the island, but sent to whatever part of the Levant there is a Greek to read them. No Greek, indeed, pays for the reading of them; they have no subscribers, no public, save a gratuitous one. The Russians and the Heteria find the funds. No marvel that Cephalonia is an Ireland.

It is not satisfactory to be swept by steam along a coast so full of recollections. We pass the white rock, which marks the leap of Sappho, and there is Actium, the scene of the most inexplicable of battles. Historians exhaust their powers of description to represent the superiority of Antony over his rival; and then, all of a sudden, when the fight begins, Antony is inferior both by sea and land; why, no one takes the trouble to explain.

I must confess myself to have been disappointed in the boasted beauty of Corfu. It did not strike me as worthy of its reputation: the town is hideous, its very fortifications not picturesque, the shores of its ample harbour vulgar like those of Cephalonia, and unlike those of Zante. Drive to the interior of the island, and up the road that leads to the summit of its mountain, and then the view is beautiful. Or, from the terrace of the governor's residence view the clear mountain coast opposite, with the blue sea

below—that, too, is beautiful. But of Corfu itself, the less said the better.

I came to Corfu with many prejudices against Sir Henry Ward, but on conversing with his enemies, as well as his friends, was obliged to abandon them. No doubt the outburst in Cephalonia was summarily crushed. In one sense it was mercy as well as wisdom to do so. But too much licence was given to young officers, however difficult it may be to restrict the powers of such agents, whilst exciting and depending on their zeal. And many unnatural and cruel acts were committed. But it is difficult to deal with rebellion *à l'eau de rose*; and the administrative acts and conduct of Sir Henry Ward display, certainly, as great a desire to preserve constitutional government, and found as well as preserve the liberties of the Ionians, as was consistent with the duties of a functionary who was bound, in the first instance, to preserve the country to the crown of Great Britain.

There have been some good home governments in the world. There never yet has been a good colonial one; a remark which tells against the existence of colonies altogether,—a sweeping, unnatural, and absurd conclusion. The Venetians were as bad colonial governors as any others, and

perhaps were even more rapacious and unscrupulous. The Venetians were a civic noblesse, like the Roman: they perfectly understood municipal government, and the management of towns and town population; but a country or a rural district was to them nothing but a farm, from which the most rental was to be extracted. They were found to be severer masters in Crete and Cyprus, than Turk or Greek.

Nevertheless, some members of the patrician families were apt to settle in these colonies, and thus gave to them a more respectable and respected class of notables than they would otherwise have retained. The presence of these encouraged the Greeks to remain, and the junction created the patrician families that have survived. When they had Venice to repair to for information, influence, education, pleasure, this aristocracy maintained its superiority and position: but a patriciate without a capital to repair to, without a focus of intelligence and interest—a merely rustic and provincial patriciate, soon sinks to a level with the serfs they rule. If the same islands belonged to Russia or to France, the chief men of them would have been induced to visit St. Petersburg or Paris, would have been received into influential society, presented at court,

had interviews with and honours from the sovereign, and would have returned to their native shores, strongly attached to the ruling country. But of what use, any of our colonial notables visiting London? Who cares for him, unless he has in some strange way become a lion? Who instructs the Queen that she has a distinguished subject from Corfu, who might be made her devoted friend by being present at a fête, receiving a few words, a ribband, and a sword? We pride ourselves on being a first-rate colonizing country, and we do, certainly, know how to confer our wealth and population upon remote soils; but as to the art of retaining that wealth and population as part of ourselves, of that we are supremely ignorant. We create empires, but it is to get rid of them. We procreate political sons, but it is to expel them, with little short of contumely, from the paternal hearth.

What can a lord high commissioner do? He can give a few dinners, a few balls, and a few places, but not enough of trusts or prizes for the bare necessities of constitutional government: the consequence is, the malcontents must always exceed the contents. Besides, no constitutional government is possible in a country of which people and

parties are not agreed as to what dynasty they shall have, or what empire they shall belong to. A parliamentary opposition which commits treason, not merely treason organized in secret conspiracy, but avowed in public assemblies and prints, amongst its *modos operandi*, cannot hope to carry on a constitutional system for any long time. The French made the mistake, and perhaps some are making it still, of imagining that they could go on in that way: they found their mistake. So is it with the Ionian islands. Queen Victoria cannot govern constitutionally the people of Cephalonia, who make use of their constitutional liberties and freedom of speech, in order to transfer their island to King Otho, and their consciences to Czar Nicholas. Dynastic struggles and constitutional contests are two different things, not to be carried on in the same arena and by the same persons. It is indispensable to settle and terminate the one, by civil war, if necessary, or by any other mode of decision, before a country can proceed to the working or the enjoyment of the other.

After all, of what use to us is Corfu? To watch the Adriatic. But there is no naval power in the Adriatic, save the contemptible one of Austria, which we have every reason to cherish and respect without

jealousy. To be sure, we keep France and Russia out of Corfu by retaining it ourselves,—its sole advantage. The use of Corfu, to either of these, would be the facilities of having 30,000 men, a little army, in short, prepared for embarkation, and able to land on any spot before any other power could arrive. M. Thiers avowed it to the French people, that this was the only real advantage of Algiers. The Russians, too, or perhaps the French, might make the Ionian islands pay for these 30,000 men, which Cephalonia, and Zante, and Corfu, might do. But then, we should not speak of or pretend to constitutional governing of it. We have Malta, however, for all purposes of Mediterranean offence and defence; Malta is our road to Egypt and to India; Corfu is out of our road, and altogether out of the line of our military, commercial, and political operations.

One great object in this region should have been, it appears to me, to put forward the Greek race, to make friends of them and freemen, to give them a respectable empire under a form and a government of the West. There are two claimants for the heritage of the Eastern empire, the Greeks and the Slavonians; the latter are the most numerous, the best placed, the best supported: the very

Bulgarians and Roumeliotes are eight millions of men, ready to take, people, and govern Constantinople. The Greeks, with but one million, shut up in the Morea and the mountains north of it, without freedom, or lands, or population, or importance of any kind,—a race consigned to a *cul-de-sac*, physical and moral,—what can they do? But give them first of all a liberal and national government; give them Crete; give them Cephalonia; give them the islands that Turkey cannot use, and you thereby regenerate a nation, too great in reminiscences, in spirit, and in talent, to submit to be the mere serfs and instruments of Turkish ideas and Turkish civilization. Hitherto our friendship has indeed secured the life of Greece, but without securing its prosperity. We have given it a poor, a beggarly, and an almost impossible existence, which cannot satisfy either its moral or material wants. We have put it into the swathing clothes and leading-strings of an infant; and whilst it is already showing the energetic struggles of the impatient and the virile, we still treat it like a child, and administer either a sharp scold or a humiliating lullaby. We go about, every morning, wringing our hands, and lamenting that Russia and her Slavonians are going to swallow up Constantinople;

and Christianize the Turkish empire. We may partly prevent this by putting the Greek forward ; but we shrink and fear to do so, as if the conqueror of the globe knew not how to offer support to a friend or defiance to a foe.

It was a noble thought, whilst Greece was still under the Turkish yoke, to open at Corfu a university for that race. But of what use, as I said when speaking of Athens, is a university to a youthful generation which has no career ? The German universities are portals to life, through which the entire youth of the country passes. Of France the same may be said ; for although it is a Catholic country, and the priesthood is segregated from the university, still the intelligent and educated class of society demands and obtains a priesthood of its own, or a school of philosophers, which leave the priesthood little hold, save over the class that is as ignorant as themselves. But what career is there for a Greek ? There are few of them sufficiently rich as to form a class ; and were they ever so numerous, there is no investment of money in Greek estates or funds. Greek wealth must be made to fructify by an intelligent possessor ; and this requires a mercantile, not a university education. The Greek university, whether

at Athens or Corfu, must then be for a long time a very struggling and infant institution.

It is startling to one accustomed to English life, of which military men, uniforms, and ideas, form so very small a portion, to awaken in one of the colonies of our free and commercial country, and find all authority and dignity clothed in a military garb. One should say, we mistrusted civilian dignity altogether. Civilian governors are indeed sent out, for the very purpose of getting out of military routine, and avoiding the military spirit. Yet no sooner is the civilian governor instituted in his government, than he is surrounded by troops, his behests executed by aide-de-camps, and his very parliament, as the times are, taught to debate by sound of drum. A traveller, however, has no reason to complain of this. An officer is always a gentleman and a man of the world, to be had at a much less price than a civilian could be got to perform the functions put upon him, and to keep up his own character and that of his country. The budget of the Lord High Commissioner, for example, would be a much more serious and expensive affair, even for the carrying on the necessary functions of government, if he could not make use of aide-de-camps, at a few shillings a day, as

chamberlains and secretaries. Reformers are not always right in denouncing the military as a useless expense. In the colonies, and even in India, the military officer is oftener the instrument of economy than the means of expense.

Yachting, indispensable as the means of communication with the mainland, boar hunting in the opposite fastnesses of Albania, together with the social pleasure that a garrison loves and a colonial capital affords, form the pastimes of Corfu life, which is thus far more varied than that of Malta. The great families of either island furnish very little towards the pleasure of society, preferring to shut themselves up in their pride, their ignorance, and their wealth.

CHAPTER XII.

SMYRNA.

TWELVE hours will waft one across the Archipelago. If the sun sets as your vessel emerges from the Gulf of Salamis and Athens, and gilds in its decline the side of Zea, you will find it rising on the following morn behind Chios, on the hills of Kara Bournou, the first promontory of Asia Minor which strikes the view. Chios, or Scio, like Zea, is a mountain ridge, that rises above the wave. The island consists of the two declivities, which face east and west, that opposite the shores of Asia being the most beautiful and cultivated; adorned—no spot of earth was ever more so—with most lovely gardens, houses, villages, and, unfortunately, fortresses also. The strait, which extends beneath, has been the chosen battle-field between the navies of the lords of Europe and the lords of Asia.

Here the Romans overcame Antiochus; here the Venetians struggled against Turkey. It is not a hundred and fifty years since they were finally driven from Scio and Crete. Here, in 1770, that new semi-European, semi-Asiatic power, destined to take the place of Turkey in the affairs of both continents, appeared under English officers, to be sure, Gray and Elphinstone. Here Hassan, the second in command of the Turkish fleet, worthy to be first, anticipated the noble order of Nelson, that the sole order of battle should be for each captain to lay himself alongside a vessel of the enemy. The battle became a single combat between the two admirals' ships, which destroyed each other, or which indeed blew up together. The Capitan Pasha, not Hassan, fled appalled to the bay of Ichesmé, where his fleet was literally destroyed by fire-ships, a catastrophe which, a century later, that is, in our own times, befel another Turkish fleet, under another Capitan Pasha—this time no longer destroyed by the Russians but by the Greeks, resuscitated as combatants and heroes, and vindicating their right to be once more a nation.

About a hundred years previous to the loss of the Turkish fleet at Ichesmé, the great Vizir

Kipriuli, returning from the conquest of Candia, landed at Chio. He had spent three years of hard fighting, privation, and anxieties, at the siege, and as war is a holy exercise with the Mussulman, he had all this time refrained from wine. The conquering Vizier determined to give himself a holiday at Chio, after his three years' war, and before he returned to his duties at Constantinople. He accordingly spent three weeks in luxury and repose, devotedly enjoying its climate and its wines, and refusing to hear talk of business. The three weeks' enjoyment of wine became a habit which he never after was able to shake off: he habitually drank, was beaten at Raab by Montecuculi, and died of the effect of his excesses.

It is singular that some of the greatest men and the boldest acts of the Ottoman appeared and were achieved in their decline. Kipriuli took Candia, and Kara Mustapha laid siege to Vienna when the Turks were really in decadence, when their military organization had fallen into anarchy, when land and race had been wasted by constant rebellion, and when Christian soldiers and sailors became gradually but irrevocably superior to their Mussulman antagonists.

It might have the appearance of geographical

justice, but it is morally absurd to draw a line of demarcation amidst the islands of the archipelago—give half to Greece and half to Turkey. All the population of the islands is Greek, and nowhere more thoroughly Greek than in the islands on the coast of Asia Minor. These, in fact, are the fertile and productive islands, whereas those approaching the coast of Greece are barren rocks. The Greek insular population, of course, crowded to its fertile islands, and peopled Mitylene, Samos, and Chios, not such rocks as Andros, Scyros, or Zea. To take the former from Greece and bestow on it the latter, were, as Cobbet said, “to give it the horn and the hoof, and keep carcase and skin for Turkey.” The idea was, to leave Turkey still a marine power. But a marine is made of trade and sailors, whilst the Turks are not made for trade, and refuse to make use of Greeks and Christians as sailors. These islands, therefore, are of use to them merely as producing a certain tribute—they could pay double the tribute if left independent.

It is a very long steam or sail up the Bay of Smyrna, along its monotonous, and apparently unhealthy shore. But the strange villages, with each house standing by itself, the white minarets peeping from amongst them, bespoke the land before us

to be Asia. There is no such chasm, no such contrast between race and race, as there is between Europe and Asia. After all that the conquest, and the turmoil of human events have done to mingle and confound the two continents, or at least the contiguous portions of them, they remain profoundly distinct. The very mountains seemed of a different nature. Those above Smyrna, which I first beheld, were glowing red, deficient of vegetation, somewhat like the Alpuxarras of Granada, but unlike any other European mountains, or portions of earth, that I had ever beheld. Between the fiery surface of the mountain and the placid sea, extended a narrow belt of cultivated soil, overgrown with all that was luxuriant in foliage and in fruit, but with few habitations amongst them. But, however inanimate the country, the city and the bay were teeming and noisy with life. There were a hundred turbaned heads and bearded faces in about as many boats, plying, pulling, offering their services, and seeking to gain a few paras, but without that vivacious squabble which a number of Franks or Maltese would have created. Clad in what once had been bright coloured calico, or a cloth reduced to the same fineness of texture, with head-gear as old and tattered as their grey beards, these

scores of antediluvian Turks here first presented themselves to the traveller from Europe, as the specimens of the race,—strongly indicative of its longevity, but of its longevity in decline.

There are few greater pleasures than to extricate oneself from the caulked circumference of a ship, and step forth upon the quay of a Levantine city, generally on a level with the tideless waters. If it is for the first time we step amongst a crowd of Orientals, the scene and sensation are never to be forgotten. It was a fête day—Friday, I suppose. There was a café full of loungers, sipping and smoking within and without. The Turks wore their embroidered jackets, and if the turbans of the boatmen were replaced by the tasselled fez of the new generation, neither cleanliness nor colour lost by the change. The Franks were as numerous as the Turks, that is, of the well-dressed; and as the lower orders predominated in every uncouthness of costume, one might fancy they were specimens of every Asiatic race, in their brown and rusty rags. Three peculiarly fine fellows struck me from the fierceness of their attitude, and superabundance of their arms—their girdles were stuck all round with pistols and yataghans—and the vigilant way with which their eyes kept guard upon the rear of each

other. These amiable gentlemen, I was informed, made part of a gang of robbers and desperadoes, then encamped on the hills above the city. They had for the last fortnight robbed every one that ventured outside the city, had seized the Danish consul, and at that moment held him prisoner for ransom: the monks had been obliged to evacuate their convent, though within a stone's throw of the walls. Bernabat and its sister yillage, which contain the villas of the Smyrniotes, were deserted; the city was in fact in a state of siege, after the fashion of the East. And the authorities? Oh, the Pasha was the Sultan's brother-in-law, who had been dismissed from high office, and cast here into a kind of honourable exile. Of course, he was ill-humoured with the government and with the world, and cared not how crazily and disgracefully both went. Instead of marching against the robbers, he seemed to admire their impudence, and to enjoy the rueful faces of the Frank merchants when they came to complain. However, the seizure of the Danish consul had made some stir even in the police of the frontier, and it was rumoured that the troops were to be mustered on the morrow for a field-day against the brigands. No doubt, these bandits had come to examine into the truth of the rumour, and they

certainly performed their reconnaissance with perfect security and satisfaction.

At Smyrna, as at Athens, you hear this daring impunity of robbers, which prevailed in 1851 in both places, attributed to the same causes—the relaxation of the punishment of death, and the obstacles thrown in the way of summary execution. Formerly, the peasants and the people used to turn out against such marauders, seize, and deliver them to justice. The robbers caught, they used to hear no more of them. But now, Greek robber or Turkish robber, being either acquitted or let loose in a certain time from the galleys, returns to cut the throats of those instrumental in his capture. Before the Sultan abolished the penalty of death, say those who reason on the subject, he should have rendered secondary punishment of the criminal, as well as the protection of his possible victims, secure. There can be no doubt on the subject: the best principles of humanity and reform may be prematurely put into practice.

The king of Greece has less excuse for tolerating robber bands than the Sultan; for Asia Minor is open to the great deserts of the east and north, from whence barbarism rushes, like a torrent, to overwhelm and destroy what it can reach. It is

startling, indeed, to meet the Turcoman, solitary or in hordes, even in those parts of Asia Minor which border the Mediterranean. These immigrants take possession of a high region, the old population having shrunk to insignificance in the valleys. The pastor-tribes of the north still continue the southward movement of the great migration, though they are not in masses, or in a way to be heralded by history. This Asia Minor is, indeed, the great disgrace of the Turk, the chief accusation that raises itself against the Ottoman. It is a land capable of the greatest fertility and production, traversed by numbers of rivers—a blessing so rare in so southern a clime. It abounds in ports and minerals. It commands two seas, lies between north, and south, and west, and offers itself as the great channel of communication between the different parts of the globe. There is no country in the world with so many of the elements and capabilities of prosperity. Yet, for centuries it has been a desert, a land of oppressors and poverty, spoliation and torture, the very charnel-house of the human kind, counting ten millions of Turks, who can neither thrive nor live industrious themselves, nor allow others to do so. Talk of Turkey in Europe, and of the state of the Christian rayahs under the Turks,—they are ten times more

happy, and the country some hundred times more prosperous and rich, with the small element of a Christian population, even oppressed by the Turks, than can be found in the land which the Turks may be said to have all to themselves.

Asia Minor is like Greece, but Greece on a far larger scale; that is, a country with fertile regions and valleys, divided by mountain ranges, and therefore naturally distributing the population into separate tribes or provinces. The country has always been prosperous in proportion as it has been divided, and independence allowed to each locality—a remark that may be made of Spain. A uniform and centralized despotism must fail of its hold over such a country. And such was the case with the Ottomans. Immediately after their conquest, they divided the country into military fiefs, and created a feudal aristocracy, differing from the feudal and landed aristocracy of Europe merely in the one circumstance, that the lands, though hereditary amongst the whole class of *timars*, or feudalists, still did not descend from father to son. Every son, indeed, received a fief; but whether he received and enjoyed greater or less, a small farm or a large domain, depended on his prowess in war, and his personal value as a servant of the State. Such a

system made Asia Minor the nucleus and support of Turkish empire and Turkish grandeur. With the decay and mismanagement of the system, and with the disappearance of these feudal proprietors, the military strength and prosperity both disappeared. The Turkish chief and the Turkish peasantry, instead of attending the Sultan amid all his wars, raised the standard of independence and rebellion. The Porte and its vizier, instead of subduing them in the open field, and by the military superiority they possessed, had recourse to meanness and deceit, tricking each rebel chief by promises to negotiate, and in the midst of negotiation assassinating him. This, which became the regular policy of the Turks, took off the head of one daring rebel, to engender a score of others. The rebellion went on increasing, and the Pashas went on decapitating, until there was no longer Moslem wealth, force, or population. Rebellion was extinguished, but the race, the nation, and the spirit, were extinguished with it.

There are some of our European customs, and even comforts, to which the Mussulman can never, the Greek himself seldom, be reconciled. They have a horror of a ship cabin, and a still greater horror of a bed. To sleep in a bed which another has slept in, shocks his ideas both of cleanliness and

decency. Every traveller has his own carpet, his own covering, his own coverlid. He abhors an inn as much as a cabin, and desires not to make use of the roof of one, or the four walls of the other. A score of Mussulman passengers will thus make a crowded deck. And they make no use of either the vessel's accommodation or fare ; captain or steward make little of them. Then Turks and Arabs are great lovers of equality ; and, like the Americans, will neither understand nor respect the difference between first and second class. The dirtiest Turk has not the least compunction in seating himself in the cleanest and dearest place ; so that first-class passengers are to expect but small security against contact with dirt and vermin. Hence English and French steamers are likely to abandon the conduct of passenger traffic on these seas, which will be then left to Austrians and Turks,—a consummation that English travellers will have daily and hourly cause to regret.

From the Straits of Tenedos to those of the Dardanelles, there can be but one thought, one subject of speculation,—the famous plain, which was the scene of the fabulous war, so familiar to our youth. What most startled me was to find the plain of Troy so verdant, and thus so different from the

arid and sunburnt plains and hills further south, either on the coast of Greece or of Asia. But hereabouts, indeed, seems the line which separates the torrid from the temperate, the brown from the green, the vegetation that finds support from the humidity of the atmosphere, from that which can only resist the sun by having its roots in a marsh. Let no one to whom the intellectual food of the mind, with the active digestion of thought, are a necessity, think of settling, for any time, south of this great line of demarcation. Physical suffering may be borne, but mental prostration and syncope are intolerable.

There is, after all, little that is beautiful in the Dardanelles, or imposing in Ida. There is nothing picturesque in the low shores of Troy—favourable for drawing up galleys upon, but with no other peculiarity. The whole row of batteries on either side, low on the shore and evel with it, is as unpicturesque as the country they defend. The landing is so easy on the shore behind these batteries, that if not completed by some fort on the rising ground behind, they would fall instantly into the hands of an enterprising enemy. The Hellespont is full of Grecian recollections. Indeed, it was more connected with Greece than Thessaly or Macedon. Over this peninsula on the left reigned

Miltiades. And here, whilst the crews were still on shore, was attacked the Athenian fleet, in that famous battle which put an end for ever to the naval supremacy of Athens. Apart the reminiscence, steaming up the Dardanelles is little different from ascending the Thames, until the town of the Dardanelles itself is revealed, where the loveliness which marks the circumference of the Sea of Marmora begins. We had scarcely cast anchor opposite the Dardanelles, when a brisk gust of wind brought so thick a shower of locusts, that the deck was heaped, the sea covered with them. Snow flakes could not fall more dense. We were obliged to retreat below to escape them; and even below, the shower of these pale-green straggling insects pursued one.

A fearful row in the town of the Dardanelles. It filled the very boatmen with chatter. The Pasha had insulted a Consul. For what? For not having the front of his door swept clean. Only imagine, a Turkish Pasha turned Edile, scouring sewers and sweeping streets; a sanitary commissioner at work in the Dardanelles!

As Constantinople is avowedly the noblest site for a capital city, so also the shores of the Sea of Marmora offer the most lovely sites for

rural habitations that could be found in any part of the world. The Asiatic side is the most beautiful; the noble hills are covered with forests: and it is incredible, that within a short sail of the metropolis of a great empire, with nearly a million of inhabitants, this lovely region is abandoned to the beasts of prey.

It is difficult to imagine that so lovely and noble a lake as the Sea of Marmora could lead to a *dénoûment* worthy of it. But as we approach the termination of the sea, and contemplate the Bithynian Olympus, towering on the right, its summit covered with eternal snow, and then by degrees descry the minaret-crowned hills of Constantinople and Scutari, closing on each side the extreme passage of the waters, the exclamation is, that the imperial city is worthy of its ocean vestibule.

No painter has given with any similitude or success the colour of Constantinople. Imagine the very contrary of Turner, and you are much nearer to it. There is nothing vapoury, ærial, silvery, or confused in its *ensemble* or its outline. It is clear, positive, pronounced. It is red, white, and green; most of its houses hidden by foliage; not by that of the cypress, which is confined to the churchyards, but by very European-looking trees. From

the declivity of the ground, the transparency of the air, the bright reflection and bold outline of the waters, every object is startling—staring; the huge wooden palaces, or konaks, gaily striped and painted; the dark stone khans near them; the lordly mosque, with its vast cupolas and crowd of minarets; the Byzantine ruins, which here and there show through in the shape of massy tombs or burnt black columns:—these viewed in the mass, or as its prominent objects, Constantinople, unlike anything else, strikes us as the wonder of the world.

Make haste and enjoy to the utmost this impression, whilst you have it fresh and calm; for come again it never will. By the morrow you will have looked into the details, you will have examined those tottering and dilapidated rows of houses which skirt the water; you will have threaded the streets, scanned the edifices, and stumbled amongst the ruins. You will have been begrimed in a crowd, have gone astray in a cemetery, have been waylaid by dogs, have divined the true state of the great city of the East, as well as contemplated its first fascinating aspect. You will get up secondary accesses of enthusiasm and admiration, no doubt, but the first impression you will never recall.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE first feeling of the Frank, when he finds himself in the streets of Constantinople, or even of Pera, is one of humiliation. He has just quitted his abode on a vessel where he was treated with respect; and if he came by land, his firman and expenditure will have saved him from being jostled and insulted by those around him. But once in the streets of Constantinople, the Frank cannot be mistaken in perceiving that he is surrounded by a crowd of barbarians, filthy fanatics and ferocious ruffians, who regard him with ineffable yet undisguised contempt. The looks of the fellows sufficiently express this; but a very trifling accident, any collision with you or your dragoman, unless the latter be an official Kawas, will call upon your Christian head, and upon those of your relations, a volley of filthy vituperation, at which the blood

boils. The desire to have this rabble taught their true value and position in the scale of human existence, is the strongest feeling that animates a stranger on first visiting Constantinople. Custom may blunt and politics outweigh susceptibility, as well as the wishes it excites. But however reckless one may become of Turkish execration, and however inimical to the idea of having Russia lording it in the capital of the East, it would afford infinite pleasure to most people to learn that the rabble of Constantinople was kicked into the Bosphorus.

It is, however, not fair to form one's judgment and predilection from the character of a metropolitan rabble, gathered, like that of Constantinople, from three quarters of the globe, and long accustomed to alternate between unbridled licence and slavish submission. There is, perhaps, a Turkish middle class, given to industry, more enlightened, more tolerant, more civilized. And above them there is the Turkish gentleman, noted for his urbanity, his courage, his honour, and fidelity to his word, and for other high qualities. Unfortunately, on examination, no such division of classes will be found. There are some Turkish shopkeepers,—some vendors of pipes and sherbet, and dealers in attar. But a Turk is not made for an

industrial life. If he gets a counter at the Bazaar, it is to cover it with a cushion, and go to sleep thereon. And however he may understand the art of trading in caravans, the habits of which resemble his old nomad life, commerce is foreign to the Turk. Money-lending and gross usury are his only modes of turning fortune to account.

The greatest marvel, indeed, of the Eastern capital, is how its people live. In London, Paris, Vienna, the wealthy have the rent of their lands, the interest of their capital to spend. But the fraction of rent that Turkish land pays, is scarcely an appreciable quantity. There is speculation, no doubt, and high interest to be obtained for money advances. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the thing is a job, depending upon government favour for profit, and of course deriving that profit from the revenues of the state. In fine and in fact, there is but one source of income at Constantinople,—that is, government employ and pay, past or present. And Turkish youth have but one prospect,—government office. As this is given to people at Constantinople, and can only be given to those known to the dispensers of office, the rising generation that is to occupy place throughout the empire must, with their families, reside at Constan-

tinople, and pursue there the career of ambition. But hundreds of them live upon and expend their capital, calculating that it will last so many years, and that before those years are expired, the place will be acquired, as the means of replenishing the exhausted hoard.

It is needless to point out how, with regard to industrial property and economic science, this is the very extreme of barbarism, the very negation of society. And this is the case with a government and a race occupying the most select position of the entire universe for trade, for transit, for production, and for the creation of wealth of every kind. The coast of Asia Minor on the Black Sea teems with mineral riches. There are lingering manufactures in every city, so happily located, that they still survive, in despite of export duty, and insecurity, and taxation.

The first, the most important, and indispensable reform in Turkey is, that of the government and the people learning the true use of money. This, which forms the true difference between antiquity and modern time, between barbarism and civilization, is making its way into Turkey. We hear of banks and loans; of the Ulemas and the old Turk party combating them, and changing ministries in

order to avoid the profanation. And this instinct is just ; for the true use of money will do more to knock such corporations and laws as those of the Ulemas on the head, than any edict of Gulhané. For the use of money implies security ; it demands intelligence, as well as a certain degree of freedom, practical and real, even if not approved of in theory, or consigned in charters. The use of money begets a class, and that class begets ideas, and both form an ever advancing army, before which the ideas and the classes of barbarism, bigotry, and tyranny, beat a slow, perhaps, but an inevitable retreat.

The question is, are the Turks able to supply that class, which will wield and activate the money power? Or if unable of themselves, can they amalgamate with the Christian or the Jewish races, which have that gift? If the official and gentle order of Turks are ready and willing to effect this, have they the means of influencing or of awing the lower orders into the same tolerance or the same compromise? Is not the fanaticism of the poorer Turks too great to allow of its submission to even equality with the Christians, without the Christians evincing over them an irrefragable victory, and asserting the physical superiority

which they possess? And again, if the Turkish population were one and all reduced, and willing to admit equality with the *quondam* rayahs, have these forbearance enough not to be excited by the triumph into the demand of more than equality, and into a natural desire of reversing the relative position of the two races during the last century? The 'Turks, victors, are profusely intolerant; would not the Christians be even more so?

Very little experience will suffice to show the traveller the immense difficulties in the way of the most liberal Turkish minister to elevate the Christian to anything like even fair tolerance. Row up the Golden Horn to visit the old Christian quarter of the Fanar. You will find oppression and forced humiliation stamped upon every house. Even that of the Patriarch, so powerful and so much talked of, is a dingy, diminutive prison, built of stone, indeed, for security, but craving pardon, by its air and its architecture of meanness, for daring to use so costly a material. The little church,—the only church of the Christian within its walls,—is equally begrimed, equally humble. The very population walk with a bowed expression. And this feeling of self-degradation, of which the European cannot divest himself in any part of

Constantinople, becomes in the Fanar so painful, that one is obliged to rush out of it. In doing so, and emerging from the gates, you enter, unawares perhaps, the Turkish suburb of Eyoub, famous for the mosque in which all the descendants of Mahomet gird them with the sword. If you dare approach that mosque, you will be stoned. You must sneak through the bye-lanes around, and steal a furtive peep. Curiosity more indiscreet might cost you your life.

Here, at Eyoub, the eminent Moslems erect their own mausoleums, and those of their families. They are, in general, of Père-la-Chaise fashion, enclosed with trellis-work, and adorned with blue and gold inscriptions. The prettiest of these silk and velvet covered sepultures is that devoted to two little nephews of the Sultan, sons of his sister Ateyeh, wife of Halil Pacha. They were strangled soon after their birth, because they were males, breaking their mother's heart, who followed them to the grave. The Sultan promised and tried to save them. The Eunuch and Ulema power and prejudice were too strong for him, and the infants were executed. And yet this custom of strangling all the males of the royal descent makes no part of the country's religion, but is directly contrary to its precepts. In the

most glorious age of Turkish Mahometanism, the Sultan not only allowed his male relatives to live and walk abroad, but appointed his sons and uncles to command provinces and armies. It was only towards the period of the decline of both the Mahometan power and religion, that the fratricide and prince-immuring feeling prevailed.

The modern and merely political prejudice, that male collaterals should be sacrificed, is more closely adhered to and cherished by the Ulemas and Turkish bigots, than any precept that is to be found in the Koran itself. But the Mahometan is not the only religion, of which the traditional excrescences are often more prized than the laws which fell from the mouth of its founder.

Close to Eyoub,—to its all-holy mosque, and sacred mausolea,—there arises the symbol of quite another society and world. It is a factory, in which wool is carded, dyed, spun, and woven into fezzes or skull-caps for the Turkish service. It is a building such as one would see at Leeds or Manchester, situate at the end of the Golden Horn, between Eyoub and the Sweet Waters of Europe, which forms the daily promenade of the inmates of harems who are allowed to breathe the fresh air. One cannot imagine a more striking contrast to

the scene and spot ; either side of it redolent with Turkish life, or commemorative of Turkish death. English operatives chiefly are employed in this factory, which for their convenience keeps working on Friday, the Mahometan Sabbath, and stops work on Sunday, to suit the Christian workmen, although it is no day of rest with the Turks. This is really a great act of tolerance, by the side of the great sanctuary of intolerance,—Eyoub.

Pursue your way up to the extremity of the Golden Horn, to the promenade of Sweet Waters which closes it, and you might forget that you were near the capital of Islamism ; but mount not the hill on either side, for the view over the country will display to you a wide and desolate waste, such as is not to be seen near to any European capital ; whilst, if you wander Bosphorus-ward, you will fall upon one of those miserable villages, or suburbs, where what is considered the outcast population of Jews and Greeks live. At a distance, or seen from the Golden Horn, these clusters of wooden habitations form a colony, and each, picturesquely situated, adds to the many beauties which surround the harbour. But let not curiosity tempt you to penetrate them ; the concentrated filth and squalor of the population of our great cities does not approach them.

At the Sweet Waters is the promenade, when it is not Ramazan; if the mode in which Turkish women take the air can be called a promenade. They go out veiled in an araba, or springless vehicle, drawn generally by oxen, along roads which have been formed, probably, in the reign of Justinian, and on which the driver never seeks to avoid an obstruction; so that a cart-load of hidden beauty becomes all of a sudden unveiled to the curious and gaping Frank, if he has adroitness to post himself opposite some fearful rut or awful breach in the continuity of the road. After enduring a mile of this worse than corduroy road, the contents of the araba reaching the promenade, disgorge upon the grass, and imbibe the air and sweet-meats in their beloved quiescence.

There is one question relative to Turks which I could never satisfactorily answer. Do they kill time and get through its idle hours better than other people, or are they really crushed by the awful weight of their *ennui*? Some circumstances suggest the one conclusion, some the other. A Turk will sit in one position from morn till night, without any apparent occupation whatever or distraction, save his pipe. They will endure tediousness and monotony, and silence, sufficient to kill even the most somnolent European; and yet, for all this, you will

see the Turk take most serious and various precautions to combat *ennui*, and to cover the lapse of time. He must have his pipe, and his beads, his box of sweetmeats, and facilities for eating and drinking at all hours. And last of all these, and many more things than can be enumerated here, he is always provided with a last resource, in a little store of opium pills. These are taken but at the last extremity, when, in the long contest between the Turk and time, the latter is about to obtain the victory, and crush him with *ennui*. This the Turk escapes by means of his pill-box, and at the sacrifice of his health.

The most inconceivable thing is, that the Turk, feeling in his own case so keenly the pain of an unoccupied life, should condemn the female sex unrelentingly to be devoured by the foul fiend of *ennui* and weariness. In a crowded harem how few of the women can really have womanly affection, or womanly cares! What a fearful void must life be there, whether in luxury or straitened circumstances, without occupation, or gratification, or mind, or passion, or hope! It is evident, from the attitude which women are obliged to assume towards men, that there is little communication between them; but the hardest thing of all is,

perhaps, the condemnation of the sex to inferiority in another life. In the Turkish paradise women are completely unprovided for, men being destined to another class of companions altogether. Woman's future fate has been left by the prophet a problem not worth settling or defining; the consequence is, the Turkish paradise is closed to the female. Any religious disposition in her is at least discouraged. The sentence of nullity passed upon women in this life and in the next, is, perhaps, the severest code of prison discipline that has ever been invented in the most truculent climes. I cannot look upon woman's position in the East, her present enjoyments and future prospects, without recurring immediately to Auburn or to Pentonville; there, at least, there is hope amidst isolation and punishment: but the Mohammedan harem is a perfect hell!

The historic part of Constantinople is the walls. The ruined, re-built, and doubly ruined space before the old palace of the Cæsars is a mass of confusion and desolate waste, which defies either inquiry or contemplation. But the walls of Constantinople are, with the exception of some ivy and verdure, pretty much what they were after that Mahomet II. had forced his way into them,

400 years ago. These venerable walls did their duty ; and the wonder is not, that the Turks burst their way through them, but that with such dwindled power of defence on the part of the Greeks, they resisted so long the overwhelming might of Turkish effort. Mahomet II. brought an army of 250,000 men against Constantinople, well provided with artillery and means of siege. The Turkish fleet was at the same time of 400 sail. To oppose this tremendous force there were but 5,000 Greeks, and 2,000 or 3,000 auxiliaries, chiefly Genoese, and these had to man and defend the fortifications along the side of the port, as well as towards the land. With such a disparity of force, little honour is due to the Turks, for having burst into the city and massacred its inhabitants. The glory belongs rather to the last Emperor, who sternly refused to surrender, and perished in the breach. However the Greek Emperor lived, none ever perished more nobly.

What one might call the strongest part of the city is here, where the Turkish chiefs attacked and captured it. Above the Fanar, and where the walls touch the port, the ground rises so rapidly that the exterior road is almost too steep to ascend or descend on horseback. There the last emperor established his residence, and the remains of his palace still

surmount the walls. The broken ruin, visible from its position over the whole of Constantinople, is called the Palace of Belisarius. It was through an underground gate, the Cerca Porta, feebly guarded, that fifty Turks had forced their way into the city, and by this event weakened the defence at the adjoining gate. It is difficult to imagine more picturesque or noble ruins, than those walls and gates present. The lines of fortification were triple, wall rising within wall, and ditch sinking behind ditch.

Amidst these, time has replaced war in working ruin. The Turks have done little save closing up the gates of the depopulated quarters. Forest trees have sprung up from the fosses, out-topped the walls with their summits, disjoined them with their roots; and the materials of the building being brick, the walls, however tenacious the cement, have tumbled now on this side, now on that, until masonry and vegetation have formed a perfect chaos, through which nothing but a regiment of sappers and miners could make way. Viewed however from the exterior road, the symmetry of the triple line is pretty well preserved. And one can trace gates, towers, bridges, and roads, with sufficient precision to satisfy the most scrupulous antiquaries.

About midway the road quits the walls, and

wends to what appears a convent. The Turkish cemeteries disappear, so does the solitude of the path; for here are crowds, vehicles of all kinds, hurrying to and fro; and their tenants, alighting, either enter the supposed convent, or emerge from it to form a group, or to rest themselves under the shade of a tree, or by the side of a fountain to repose themselves. The women are not veiled; and there is a subdued and pensive expression in the fine countenances of the men, not unusual with the pious and self-satisfied Turk.

This is the Church of the Fountain, as it was anciently called, or of Baloukli, the chosen place of Greek resort. Here they much more willingly come to perform their devotion than in the dingy church allowed them in the Fanar. Here they have their cemetery and their hospital; here, though at the very gates of Constantinople, no Turk disturbs them. When you descend into the church, which is neater and brighter than most Greek churches, though like most of them, the floors and stairs, desks and balustrades, are one mass of dirty wax, you are invited to descend still further. And below the upper chapel you emerge into another, where the altar is occupied by a stone fountain full of clear water, in which some dark golden fish are

About midway the road puts the wells and

swimming, fried, as the legend tells, on one side, and certainly more streaked apparently on one side than on the other.

The Greek church is still in its middle age: with its clergy drawn from its humble population, it would be absurd to censure it for preserving faith and superstition suitable to its injured and oppressed state. At the same time it is not fanatical or cruel; and having been compelled to live so long with, and even under non-Christian creeds and powers, the Greek Christian is humble and humane. Its patriarchs do not pretend to infallibility, or to universal dominion, or to any traditional supremacy from the Apostles. They even admit many Patriarchs with equality between them, and the power of synods to combine and to make ecclesiastical authority the result of discussion and agreement among many, rather than dependent on the *ipse dixit* of one. Then the lower clergy mingle with the people by means of marriage, whilst it is merely their prelates that forswear worldly commerce, perhaps the best compromise for a church to make, between repudiation of the world, and identification with its interests and cares.

From Baloukli is no distant ride to the limits of the Sea of Marmora, and to the ruins of the Seven

Towers, which here terminate the walls; but the towers and battlements have fallen, and present a heap of crumbling brick work. Thus each of the three corners of Constantinople is occupied by ruins. The Seraglio eastwards,—the old imperial palace of Blachernes, on the Golden Horn, and the Seven Towers, on the Sea of Marmora,—all, whether monuments of Greek or Turkish power, crumbling together. At a most filthy village or suburb we abandoned our horses. Huge wooden buildings advanced into the water, and seemed to fulfil the office of slaughter-houses. With great satisfaction we got a caïque launched from within the range of the infection, and then rowed across the shallow waters, which bound the sea-side walls of the town. What a mass of research and thought do these old walls ask and suggest, with their blocked-up gates, bearing marks of the fortunes of every distinct century. Constantinople from this side is by no means so imposing. St. Sophia alone comes out more visible. But this part of the city side is more dilapidated and mean, so that it wears the aspect of the old Greek ruined city, while from the Golden Horn, the Mosques and Konaks, Khan and cupola, minaret and mausoleum, speak the Ottoman metropolis.

CHAPTER XIV.

WOMEN.

THE most serious and important peculiarity of the East, that which distinguishes and separates it from the West, more strongly and decidedly than even the difference of creed, is the laws and habits which regulate the treatment of women. There is not a single question of social, political, religious, or economic science, that it does not affect. And the utter subjugation of one sex to another is quite as inhuman, quite as brutalizing, quite as iniquitous, as self-destructive and pernicious, as the subjugation of men of one race and one country to another; such as was the consequence of the right to enslave the vanquished in ancient times, or the right in modern ones to enslave equally such of the black race and their descendants, as the white could kidnap.

The first consideration in the enslavement of

women is its effect upon themselves. Never supposed or permitted to enjoy independence or freedom of action, of course they are not fitted for it. Those high qualities of intellect and will, which they possess in common with men, are crushed or eradicated. The higher enjoyments of women are thus denied them, and they are left as helpless and inferior things, even in presence of their sons, whom in their forced ignorance and incapacity they are unable to guard or to counsel, to consider themselves, or to be considered by the other sex, as the mere objects of animal pleasure, and the instruments of animal production. After a brief participation in the privileges and pleasures of the wife, they are set aside, and cease to be the object of either affection or care. Nourished, indeed, they are bound to be; but, perhaps, they pass years without seeing the face of their lord and master. If such be the lot of the wife, what is that of the widow? Pushed off, like the sultanas of dead sultans, to such an hospital as the Old Serai, to sit in seclusion and oblivion, without hope, without friends, without consolation; for the national religion denies to females even the Bacchanalian immortality promised to the male.

The moral and intellectual degradation of the

male is the necessary consequence of the degradation of his natural partner. The seclusion and isolation of one sex, leads to the seclusion and isolation of the individuals of the other. The amenities and attractions of society are gone. In camp alone do men congregate; and when the Turks did so, they certainly developed and retained certain of the heroic virtues, stained by the baseness and cruelty into which military heroism so easily degenerates. Reared by an animal mother, the Turk grows up a young animal, and no more; with strong fighting propensities, and strong sensual ones, and a religion which, checking none of them, merely teaches that immortality was to be gained by that indulgence in lust and in blood, which is the strongest of human passions. Such an animal—(we can scarcely dignify him by the name of man)—had need of no intellectual development or cultivation, and he had none. Professor Von Hammer indeed tells us, in his History of Turkey, of the great variety of poets and literary men which illustrated the reign of each Sultan. But where are these works, where the ideas which must have burst forth from them, if they existed, and forced their way in translation to the world? For my part, I cannot but consider Mr.

Von Hammer's nomenclature of Turkish genius as but so much humbug, and but an audacious attempt to pawn upon Europe false proofs of the existence of a literature amidst a barbarian race, which has not even yet, in the nineteenth century, a language.

There is one advantage which despotism gives to the few that are its favourites, and that is, the habit and necessity of command. And as in the earlier ages of Turkey, those in contact with the Sultan and his high officers were chosen indiscriminately from all ranks, Christian as well as Mussulman, and in a great measure on account of their personal beauty and strength, the privilege and liberty of command being entrusted to the chosen of the race, to those superior in bodily appearance and in physical qualities;—this begot a nobleness of demeanour and a habit of command, which have become traditional, and which, much admired in Europe, has been the foundation of the greater part of our admiration for the Turks.

But to what was turned this external nobleness of measure except to the basest of uses, to a deep dissimulation, covering not statesmanship or great designs, but veiling the most relentless cruelty, the most sanguinary treachery? For centuries the Porte and its officers had but the one traditional

way of destroying its enemies, a way impossible of success except amongst a nation of fools and fatalists. To meet an enemy in the open field, defeat and mercilessly annihilate him, was the characteristic of the first Turks. The later chiefs of the race, Sultan or Pasha, have prided themselves far more in adroitly deceiving than in boldly conquering. Every fresh enemy, year after year, has been gulled by promises of reconciliation, of favour, of confidence, and of indemnity. And behind the smiling face the executioner is always seen to stalk, till treachery is sealed in the blood of its dupes. It is impossible to imagine a race so utterly devoid of moral and intellectual grandeur, and which, amidst power, and wealth, and splendour, have practised and perpetuated none other of those qualities even which command admiration, even such as are to be found in the brute. The majesty of the lion, his superb indifference to all in which his appetite is not concerned, his courage, and his craft, are those of the Turk. The qualities may be creditable to the lion; it is a perversion of taste and right to admire them in the man.

All these qualities, not merely of the animal, but of the animal of prey, have been allowed to die out of the Turkish character, it will be said. And no doubt

they have disappeared from the high Turk of Constantinople, of office or diplomacy. But even in them, have they been replaced by higher qualities, by higher motives of activity? The neutralization of the women, and, of course, of society, leaves the Turk still an animal. He has ceased to be the lion; he has become the sloth. It is not sufficient to be mild and humane in order to become intellectual and civilized. To have a wholesome principle of social activity is also necessary. Such is the young Turk, who returns to his native city after being educated in Europe, and spent years in the freedom and activity of French and English society. Do they continue this free and active liberty, and communicate them to their young friends? No; the young Turk has no friends, no society, no family tie wherein to continue the enjoyment of European society. And he, more reckless, more disgusted, sinks into the more determined sensualism than his fellow who had never emerged from the walls of a harem.

The Turks certainly manage their vile system of the enslavement of women with great decorum. There are less public symptoms of villany and corruption in Constantinople than in any Greek city. With respect to the slave market, which

every stranger visits, that is merely a place for hiring servants. It is the natives of Africa alone that are brought there to be disposed of, and they are seldom or never purchased save as menials. I saw a chain of these creatures landed. There were about sixty of them, each with a flat brass ring riveted on the leg above the ankle, which had served to connect them together and secure them during the journey. It would be difficult to find sixty human faces more forbidding, and yet without an expression of anger, regret, or discontent.

Lord Palmerston was very much abused and bemocked for having shown at one time an inclination to put an end to this slave trade. If I remember aright, it was Lord Ponsonby who, as ambassador at Constantinople, pooh-poohed the idea of interfering with the domestic arrangements of the Turks, who had a peculiar way of procuring wives, to the content of all parties included in the arrangement, the Circassian females not excepted. The trade in Circassian wives is one thing, however; that in female black slaves is another. Both trades should be put an end to; but the abolition of the latter would be one of the greatest boons that could be bestowed on the population of Constantinople on

the one side, and the poor girls of the African villages on the other.

If we look into our domestic ceremony, and into our mode of distributing and cementing the different classes of the population, we will perceive nothing more important than the immense quantity of female servants who, born of the poorer classes, are received into the houses of the rich; thus forming a provision for those naturally most destitute of the struggling man's progeny, and at the same time forming a strong and extensive link of sympathy and communication between the upper and lower classes of life. In Constantinople, a Turkish lady will never take a white servant-maid. She must be a black; and a slave trade from Nubia is got up to satisfy her.

The question that naturally arises here is, What becomes of the female progeny of the poor in Constantinople? To this one is sorry to have to reply, that the very poor in Constantinople have no progeny, because they can have no women. We know not exactly the number of females in the Turkish capital, which makes up a population of seven or eight hundred thousand; but the number, whatever it is, is very unfairly and unnaturally divided; for whilst the harem of the rich teems

with women, there are none in the lowest classes of the population, and but few even in the class above it. A wife is expensive in any country, but in Turkey more than anywhere else, inasmuch as a Turkish wife is not fit for or capable of labour of any kind. She could not sweep a room, she durst not go to market; she must have a slave to perform those menial offices. And there is besides the expense of decorating, covering, and immuring a wife—another necessity of Mohammedanism. No labouring man then, not even an artizan, can afford a wife. What is the consequence? Concubinage? But there are no women.

I will not pursue this subject into any more of its horrid developments, further than to observe that the lower orders of a Turkish city do not reproduce their kind. They die out on dunghills. And when a poor Turk does grow old or sicken unto death, how fearful is his fate! For him there is no hospital, for him there is no physician; no woman tends his couch, no son, no daughter pays to him the last melancholy duties. That mere animal life which in luxury is the inheritance of the rich, is in poverty and destitution the only law of the poor. They die like dogs, and even worse than dogs, uncared for and untended, having indeed but

one consolation, and that a great one—a firmer belief in immortality perhaps than men in general of any creed or race.

It is a great cause of the barbarism and turbulence of great capital cities, that the people, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, flock in from the most ignorant and barbarous part of the national territory. I will not pause to distinguish the effects of this upon London or upon Paris, however important they may be, and well worthy of examination. In Constantinople the effect is much more pernicious, for there it is kept up in people more bigoted, more barbaric and fluctuating than in any save the remotest cities. The Frank may enter any mosque at Adrianople; at Constantinople it would cost a Frank his life. When I was there a society of Americans went, under the authority of an imperial firman, to visit St. Sophia. It was in the Ramazan. Whatever was the cause of quarrel, (it was said that one of the party inadvertently spat on the pavement,) certain it is that the visitors were maltreated and beaten, which, after paying eight or ten pounds as the price of permission, was disagreeable and severe. The barbarism of the Constantinople mob, too, grows in the inverse proportion of the humanity of the upper

functionaries. We need not say that the strength of the old Turk and Ulema party depends in a great measure on the known character of the Constantinopolitan mob. To change and harmonize it, therefore, is one of the first necessities of reform. If the artizans had women—could marry—and thus make the population a fixed Constantinopolitan one in lieu of a strange and Asiatic one, the Sultan would need no longer to dread and shun a residence in Constantinople, and the capital would no longer be the great obstacle to moderation and reform.

The upper and the lower classes of this great capital are, in fact, rotten and worthless. And this worthlessness proceeds mainly from the circumstance of the one class having a hundred times more women than is consistent with morality, dignity, or happiness; and the other class being in a condition equally inconsistent with these things, from the fact of their having no women at all. In the middle class these terrible extremes are not to be found. The Turkish shopkeeper can afford one wife, and fortunately cannot afford two, unless the disaster should befall him of growing rich. He can afford a black slave, to act as cook and housemaid. He is on more friendly and social

terms with his brother shopkeepers, who slumber on the next cushion to him in the bazaar. When his son is of an age suitable for marriage, he does not purchase a Circassian for him, as the great man might do for his son. He goes the more economical way of asking his neighbour for his daughter. Hence, in the middle class there are intermarriages, there is relationship, connexion, and, to a certain point, even society. The Christian element is to be found in this middle class; for the Christian element in the East is neither more nor less than the equality and emancipation of woman. Unfortunately, the middle class in Constantinople is small, and would be of little account in an empire of so little industry, if the agricultural class of Turks in the provinces were not assimilated somewhat in their tendencies and habits to the middle class in cities.

And now let me explain how the abolition of the trade in black slaves from Nubia and other parts of Africa would tend to the civilisation of the capital. The effect would be, that when the upper and middle class of Turk found he could no longer purchase black women to do household work, and fill the place of servants, he would be obliged to supply their place from the daughters of the poor.

This would enable and encourage the poor to have daughters and have families, or to keep them when they have them. For one is shocked to think what does at present become of such female children as are born to the poor, or to those bordering on the poor. If white Turkish women were the necessary servants, they would be necessarily active and industrious; means would be taken, as with us, to avoid immorality, and society would be improved by the mingling of all classes, and by their sympathy with one another.

The principle that is at the bottom of female seclusion, and, indeed, of the worst prejudices and fanaticism of the East, is the doctrine of pollution or uncleanness. Thus the Mahometan cannot eat with the Christian, nor even the Hindoos either, on account of this exaggeration of what might have been originally a mere vanity of exclusive caste. The Mahometans consider that if a woman is looked upon she is soiled. And by this mere sensual and perfectly idle prejudice one-half the wide world is separated from the other half, and the weaker sex condemned to prison and servility. Nor are the Christians of the East exempt from the same prejudice. Thus, in many places, during the war, especially in Crete, the Greeks massacred

all the Turkish women, owing to ideas and precautions of this nature. We need not add, that all intermarriage between the two races is rendered impossible by this belief. And how political and social amalgamation and fraternity can grow up between races who believe that a touch from one to another is pollution, is difficult to imagine, much less to hope. One is pleased to find that there is no portion of ancient superstition which our Saviour took more pains to refute and to mock, than this same unsocial and hateful prejudice of uncleanness.

The better class of Turks in Constantinople would in very little time dispense with the yashmaks for their wives, and even admit a certain admixture of the sexes in society, if the lower orders could be brought to regard such an innovation without getting into the fury of insurrection. If, however, any disaster to Turkish arms, or to the fortune and prosperity of the country, happened soon after, it would infallibly be laid to the account of the ladies' casting aside their veils; and heaven knows how many victims the ignorant mob would sacrifice to such a supposition. It is singular that a mob of people, which almost knows not, in their own class and way of life, what woman is, should

be fiercely superstitious in the matter of their seclusion. There was a fire in 1851 at Constantinople, and this time it was not mere hovels, but the better class of houses that were burnt. It broke out near the water's edge, between the Fanar and the bridge. At the first sound of the cannon and cry of alarm, a couple of French vessels lying in the harbour manned their boats, the crews eagerly setting forth to aid in the extinction of the flames. They had not long reached the conflagration before a large konak was seen in flames, the numerous female tenants of its harem being seen hurrying to and fro in trepidation and disorder. The French sailors, consulting merely their humanity, rushed in a body to the rescue, scaled the stone inclosure, tore down the wooden walls, and prepared to carry off and rescue each a lady from the flames. A Turkish mob had been all the time looking on, and not exerting themselves in the least, either to stop the flames, or save the lives which they threatened to devour. No sooner, however, did these Turks perceive that Franks had the audacity to touch Turkish women, even for the sake of conveying them to a place of security, than the mob recovered activity, and in a rage flew at the French, whom they beat almost to death for their audacious hu-

manity, leaving the poor women to shriek and perish amidst the flames.

Still, in the very same capital where this took place, in the period of Ramazan, when it is no longer considered proper for Turkish ladies to go to the Sweet Waters of either Europe or Asia to promenade, these ladies will be seen in their arabas, driving in the little space before the Seraskier's palace, along a range of little shops or shop-boards, which, however mean as places of vending, are still, during the promenade, occupied by the *beau-monde* of Constantinople, come to ogle and criticise Turkish beauty with the same freedom and almost the same facilities that a row of opera-boxes could present. With patience in this position, one could see the face and more than the face of every lady promenading; the whole dress, attitude, and veil being inevitably every minute discomposed by a vehicle of no springs going over a pavement of old ruts. The eyebrows, made one by the stripe of some black compound across them, would spoil any amount of beauty.

The Greek and Armenian female once partook of almost the same degree of seclusion as the Turk. When Janissaries trod the streets, and insulted almost whom they pleased, it was unsafe

for Christian women to make use of the privilege of displaying their features. But Turkish rudeness and forwardness have been greatly abated. And indeed the use of steam has vastly tended to render the better classes cosmopolite. From Buyukdere and Therapia the steamer sets forth to Constantinople of a morning, taking in at each halting-place the Turkish officer, or the Greek merchant, repairing from his country retreat to his city occupation. They thus do at Constantinople precisely what is done in Paris or in London, save that the villas at the first are all upon the Bosphorus. Greek and Armenian ladies throng on these steamers, accompanying their male relatives to the capital,—not hiding their charms either, but setting their persons forth with all the *éclat* that brocade, embroidery, and jewellery can confer.

If the white slave-trade from Circassia were put a stop to, as well as the black slave-trade from Africa, the Turks would not only be obliged to take female servants from their own poorer classes, but would be obliged to choose their wife or wives amongst the daughters of their Turkish friends. It has been already stated, that families have become more permanent, and that offices and emoluments are handed down from father to son.

Were the proper care and interest of money better regulated, or even introduced, or a more peaceable, profitable, and hereditary tenure of land, a permanent Turkish aristocracy would be formed, instead of the ephemeral and ferocious aristocracy which the Sultans were in the habit of raising from the lower classes, and conveying to the bowstring after it had reached renown. Intermarriages between such families would interest the males in the condition of their female relatives, instead of confining their affections and provision to women whom they may buy. Were such the state of things, the Turks would soon compare the condition, and happiness, and permanence of families, under their own stupid and unfair system, with the state of the families of the Greek and Armenian free women. The evidence, not only of happiness but durability, would weigh with them; for they must see that the Turks, having cast aside their old mode of recruiting and forming high dignities and families, and not having adopted any newer mode, would literally perish off, and leave the field to the Christians, unless they adopted their social laws and habits in their domestic relations, as well as their military tactics in war.

CHAPTER XV.

PERA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SCUTARI.

SUPPOSE a large down, jutting into the sea, which not only washes it all round, but has made a deep and curved indenture into the very heart of it. Along the shore of this indenture or bay, the hill, being of mere earth, will wear away, and present sloping declivities down to the water, from the summit of the ridge on either side, the hill forming similar slopes to the sea outside. This is precisely Constantinople and Pera, each occupying its own side of the hill, which is divided by the Golden Horn. Crown the Constantinople side with habitations, most of them wooden, and interspersed with trees; place six or eight imposing mosques, with dome and minaret, amongst them;—it is Constantinople.

The opposite hill, less considerable, and washed by the Bosphorus, whilst Constantinople is on the

sea of Marmora, is occupied, the front of it by Galata, the summit of the ridge behind by Pera. Galata, once a Genoese and French quarter, bears still the marks of its fortifications in wall and tower. It is more busy, more peopled, more dirty, than Constantinople itself. Eye cannot imagine, nor pen describe, the condition of the thronged streets or of the dingy lanes, which still have an opening to the Golden Horn. A butcher's shop, with all its flies, is something difficult of oblivion. In the most sultry weather the streets are a puddle; and as whatever object is thrown into them lies there till a shower clears it away—the sanitary precautions of the Pasha of the Dardanelles not being yet felt in the capital—the sights and smells of Galata may be reckoned amongst its unequalled peculiarities.

Fond as the Turks are of repose and contemplation, there is not a bower, a spot, or a garden along this beautiful harbour, where one could sit and regard the passing scene. The houses which skirt the waters are of the same family as those which crowd the banks of the Thames at Wapping and Rotherhithe, except that they are more tumbled down and dilapidated. All the good houses are removed from the water, except

an insulated portion of the Seraglio, built by Mahmoud. To get into a caïque, and lie still or float about, is impossible, such is the crowd of other boats hurrying to and fro ; whilst on the wooden and boat bridges is not a spot where one could stop without being jostled or disturbed. Whatever repose there may be in the enclosed palaces and their gardens, there is none possible on the banks or basins of the Golden Horn. And if you want to enjoy quiet, and breathe the sea air, you must actually take the steamer, which plies from Constantinople, off to the Prince's islands, at the other side of the Sea of Marmora, when you escape the crowd, noise, heat, and filth of the capital.

One is too curious at first, however, to pause upon the Golden Horn, even if place and opportunity allowed. You rush or run across. The spot where the caïques land their freight is generally crowded in the extreme with the richly caparisoned horses of dignitaries awaiting them, it being habitual to ride up to the *Porte*, or public offices, which are on the top of the ridge. Of mornings, there is a kind of clothes market in the square ; jackets, cloaks, slippers, sacks for small clothes. Brown, the colour of the black sheep's wool, is the universal hue of the coarse garments,

which never knew another dye; so that your rude peasant Turk, as well as your officer, is clothed in brown, blue being that of fashion and gentility. The rising ground, from the landing-place of the Golden Horn to the top of the ridge, is occupied by what is called the Bazaar. This to us expresses the idea of a large, connected, covered building. It is in reality nothing but a knot of streets and lanes, arranged with shops on either side, covered at top with awnings too narrow for cattle or carriage to pass in general, but still formed like the streets, and not wanting its dingy rivulet. Ere you enter the Bazaar is the market of dried fruits, the true market of Constantinople, for the Turks seem to eat little else. Once in the Bazaar, one might lounge for days through its interminable range of diminutive shops, and fat lolling shopmen, laid out on counters, as carefully and as quietly as their wares. In these narrow lanes, you are jostled by women quite as frequently and as strenuously as by men; so that contact with these felicitous creatures is not such profanation as might be supposed.

The Bazaar is not merely a place for vending; it is a thoroughfare, through which it is most convenient to pass, either descending from, or ascending to, the

summit of the ridge which crowns the city, to the harbour. As the public offices called the Porte, the most frequented mosques, the Seraskier palace, the Konak of the Sheikh El Islam, and the richest residences, are on the height, of course the concourse is great. The Bazaar is covered from sun and storm, its shade and temperature agreeable. I don't know that its wares are very striking or original; it is impossible not to remark, that if all the Manchester goods were extracted, there would be but a poor catalogue left.

At a period of my stay when I was less bewildered by the strangeness and fascination of every oriental object, I asked competent persons as to the trade of Turkey, and all represented it as capable of the greatest extent with England. As usual, however, with our staple supply it was overdone; and there was such a glut of cotton goods of all kinds in Constantinople, that they were in many instances lower than home prices. This was chiefly in consequence of over-speculation on the part of Greek merchants. The direct trade from England to Trebisonde and Persia was stopped altogether, because the Persians could purchase cheaper in Constantinople than they could in Manchester. But, in fact, Constantinople is naturally a great dépôt and centre of trade, and

there is no community in the world so deeply interested in the independence of Constantinople, as Manchester itself.

But the Bazaar, its vendibles, and its edibles, have been fully described, and the newly arrived stranger is anxious to emerge from it to the summit of the hill, where was once the Hippodrome, the centre of commerce, ornament, insurrection, and pleasure, to the subjects of Constantine and his successors. Ere Constantine abandoned Rome, indeed, the great place of attraction and resort in that city had ceased to be the forum, and had become the circus. Constantine wanted not a forum: a huge palace, a huge church, and a huge hippodrome for all kinds of popular amusements—such were the requisites for the capital of the East. The church survives, the interior of St. Sophia is well preserved, and its cupola remains. The site of the palace, and a great deal of its structures, remain in what is called the Seraglio. Here, too, is what was once the Hippodrome, a side of it covered with the mosque of Sultan Achmet, with all its population of statues, gathered from the four ends of the world, scattered to them again. All that remain is a chariot-gate, a pillar, an obelisk, and a tiny brazen column in the shape of a twisted serpent,

whose preservation excites wonder, where so many monuments, more ponderous, and apparently more durable, have disappeared. The serpentine column belonged to Delphi, was taken from it by the Persians, and recaptured from them. There is no relic of the past so interwoven with great wars and events, and traceable up to the very extreme of fable and the infancy of religion.

It is well known, and told in every guide book, that it was not the Turks who destroyed the great monuments of the Greek empire, who desecrated the tombs of the Emperors, or overthrew the Christian altars. It was the Church of Rome and the Catholics of Venice—the Latins, as we call them—greater profaners, plunderers, destroyers, than ever Mohammedism produced. The Turks were not the worst enemies of the Greek empire, which they displaced : instead of being its subverters, they were its continuers. The Sultans not only went to reside at the palace of the Greek emperor, but they adopted their principles of government, their language, their pretensions, their arrogance, and their etiquette.

It is a mistake to consider Turkish despotism as merely Asiatic : examine the old Greek *régime* and the Turkish one, and in what does it differ, except

in the removal of priests and princesses from occupying the high seats of government, or the chief influence in public affairs? The Greek emperors were nearly as despotic, as cruel, as sanguinary to their relations, as ungrateful to their guards and servitors, as luxurious and effeminate, as much at the mercy of their families, or of mercenary mobs. Save that the one was a decrepit despotism, the other, a vigorous and young one, there does not seem any marked distinction between the two governments. The old Greek despotism was a leech, that drew the life-blood of wealth from every province. The Turkish yoke was at least a release from fiscality. The vastness of the empire rendered exaction less necessary, and the greater part of military expenses was provided for out of the rent, that is, by the tenure of the land. This rendered the empire for the time glorious and predominant. The Turkish empire was, indeed, that of one race imposed upon another, and one creed dominating and degrading another. But it is to be feared that all great achievements of grandeur in nations have been the result of the superposition of one race over another.

The Greek empire, being despotic, supported by a noblesse of functionaries and a hierarchy of priests, was incapable of providing for or leading to any

satisfactory development or result. But for the replacing of Christianity by Mohammedism, there is small reason to regret its having perished ; and as the Russian autocracy is but a repetition of it, the establishment of the Romanoffs at Constantinople would be merely reconstructing the Lower Empire. The course of events always runs counter to such new resuscitation of old things ; and although no two consummations seem more promising or more menacing in our times, than the revival of the Papacy of the middle ages at Rome, and the Greek empire of the middle ages at Constantinople, I think we may feel pretty well assured that neither of these great events or great aims will take place or be fulfilled. The future, we may be sure, will always bring something new,—the past cannot be resuscitated.

Constantinople resembles a city full of life, but besieged by armies and encampments of dead. No matter on what side you seek to emerge from it, unless you run up the Bosphorus, you are compelled to traverse miles of little tumuli, and little upright tombstones, each with a turban carved on the top. Every Mussulman that has ever died during the four hundred years which have elapsed since the capture of the city, has had a plot of ground for his last

resting-place, and has kept it with a tenacity and a perseverance which nothing else has in Turkey. If all the rest of the world respected burial-places as much as the Turks, there would be no room for the living, the dead would stone or chase them into the sea. Ride around the walls, take the high road to Adrianople, or cross to Pera in order to remount the Bosphorus by land,—it is all the same; the eternal cypress and the memorial-stone. The great hill, or series of hills, that face Constantinople, were evidently one huge cemetery. The Christians were allowed to dwell—as the dogs are—amongst the tombs; and encroaching by little and little, furtively and carefully, they have succeeded in building one long street on the top of the ridge, between what is called the small cemetery and the large one. This long street is Pera; and if in search of fresh air you take your lodging at either end of it, your view necessarily is over a vast churchyard. It is green to the view, and ancient, the tombs crumbling to general indistinctness, and the decapitated headstones rolled in unsightly heaps, like discomfited nine-pins. Still it is a cemetery; the black birds of prey that hover continually above, and the dogs which keep a continuous howl below, claim it emphatically for their

own. The Turks have made their promenade through it, so you have nightly music to cheer you there, with *cafés* and their manifold refreshments to court you. Constantinopolite grief resembles an Irish wake,—the bagpipe and the orgy are attendants on the coffin, and the screech of pleasure is heard to alternate with the howl for the dead.

The most thoroughly Turk part of Constantinople, Scutari, if I may so call it, is that in which the dead more peculiarly reign. Its cemetery is of unmeasurable magnitude, and as the great street leads to it, it is thronged with biers and funeral processions, and towards the summit, with funereal stonecutters, and others who live on the trade of furnishing honours to the defunct. For meeting the Turks, dead or living, be you pensive or contemplative, there is no place, at least in these regions, like Scutari,—it is so thoroughly unimproved by any modern invention, undisturbed by any modern costume. The landing-place, which resembles a set of hen-coops floating on the water,—the wooden dirty *café*, which rests upon them and juts out into the water, the dirty little square, the dirty little fountain, and the dirty little mosque,—the figures, and the head-gear, and the mantles of bright colour, such as you have seen in pictures,

and never believed in before. Every one that has anything to do, or anything to get, or even to beg, hies over to Constantinople; there is a cumbersome barge that plies for the smallest piece of coin; and what a collection that barge does display when it is well packed! But the regular Turkish loungeur, the beggar too hideous to ask or hope for alms in Europe, and whose only resource consequently is Asia, the confirmed idiot, the extreme of misery, fanaticism, and ugliness, hies to Scutari, and evidently feels more at home on Asiatic ground.

At Scutari, too, you light upon that indispensable figure of every Eastern scene—the camel, an animal seldom or ever met with on the west side of the Bosphorus. The ship of the desert will come from the furthest parts of Asia and of Africa, and bring its burden to the shores of the Sea of Marmora; but it goes no further. And you will meet files and herds of them on the outskirts of Scutari, their drivers encamped amongst them, keeping as far apart from civilisation as they can, the recumbent beasts looking forth from under their sleepy lids to the shores of that fabled and forbidden land of Europe, which they never tread. The street or hill of Scutari is steep. You may be drawn up by buffaloes or by oxen, in vehicles which for rudeness

suit these ruminating animals ; and when you emerge from the street, and amidst the gnarled and ragged cypresses of the cemetery—far more old and distorted than ever you saw trees before—you may hire a steed, which, however lean, will still gallop like fury along the dusty road, forming, with the snail-paced cart in which you mounted, one of those transitions from one extreme to the other which seems the law of the country.

The great cemetery is full of episodes for those who come to linger and examine them ; from the deposition of the dead that is just brought by eight stout porters, and left in the shallow grave with indecent speed, to the numerous group of visitors who pay their devoirs to the recently defunct in so many various ways. In one thing alone do the mourners resemble each other,—they are women. There were no long beards bewailing the premature fate of a friend or a relative. The male sex was as strange to the mourning duties of the cemetery, as the same sex in France are to the ceremonies of religion. The duties of mourning in the one country, as of devotion in the other, seemed delegated exclusively to the females. Yet some made no lugubrious feasting of it, and seemed merely to transfer their household occupation to the grave

of the lost. But others, in frantic or in feigned grief, were lying on the ground, and pouring their complaints or vows into that aperture which is kept open from the surface to the ear of the inhumed body. Singular it is that the Turks, who are so delicately spiritual in the worship of the Divine Being, that they are shocked at a tiny image, and think even a picture profanation, should still have ideas so corporeal of the condition of the dead! They believe that the angels of good and evil visit the very tomb of the deceased, interrogate him there as to his acts, and examine his book—the volume in which they believe every act and thought of an individual to be inscribed. Their paradise, too, is an extremely corporeal one. And their respect for leaving human remains untouched, has covered miles of ground with cemeteries, and rendered the medical and chirurgical profession an impossibility with them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERAPIA.

WHAT most surprises a foreigner in London is, to find that which *primes* and eclipses everything else in other lands, claims there a much diminished share of existence and attention. In some great cities the court is everything ; in others, the general and his staff ; in others, the high priest and his clergy ; in others, the principal and professors ; in others, the monied grandees. In Constantinople, diplomacy reigns : the same corps of dignitaries in London pass unperceived in the crowd. In Constantinople, the Sultan, and the Seraglio, and the Sublime Porte, used to be all in all ; diplomatists were a kind of privileged mendicants, who were alternately brought to the Sultan's presence, and clothed by him in robes of sable, by turns sent to prison, and contumaciously treated. But as the spirit and power of the Turks have declined, that

of the foreign representatives has augmented ; so that the Sultan is not a priest-ridden, an army-enslaved, or a lady-fascinated person ; he is a prince crushed and eclipsed by diplomacy.

Of course, as diplomatists rose in importance, there necessarily also arose competition betwixt them. One mode in which they vied, and a very expensive one, was in equipage and magnificence of suite. And in the days of Mahmoud, the miserable roads around Constantinople saw gilded coaches of four, six, and eight horses, proceeding to an imperial reception. Abdul Medjid has put an end to all this ; he never has a state reception, and, in fact, holds no court. He is happy and ready at all times to receive M. de Titoff or Lord Redcliffe, who may come *en bourgeois*, or as they please. When it is proposed to present a foreigner to the Sultan, that potentate is ingenious enough to invent some mode for the interview taking place without state or preparation. His Highness abhors ceremony : and as he always inhabits one of his palaces actually on the brink of the Bosphorus, a handsome barge is all that is now required for court equipage.

Another mode of diplomatists vying consists in the magnificence of their palaces. That of Russia

is most conspicuous, and is seen from the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The just finished palace of the British envoy is behind the hill of Pera, and only seen when one is far up the harbour. A magnificent site had been chosen and procured for it; but the anti-Britons discovered that it would overlook the imperial winter palace and its gardens; so that there arose chicanery about the ground, and the palace was exiled to the back of the hill. The edifice has a magnificent reception-room, capable of containing four times more than all the persons in Constantinople entitled to honour it with their company. This saloon resembles the drawing-room of a London club-house,—is long, utterly useless, and unfrequented; while it, of course, occupies the best aspect, the most comfortable position, and the largest space. Of all people on the earth, architects are the most preposterous; they are Ulemas in obstinacy, and at times in ignorance.

Up the Bosphorus, at their country or rather their summer residences, the representatives of European powers have chosen positions as distinct as their policy. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are located at Buyukdere, screened by the hills behind them from the breezes of the Black Sea, and turning their backs upon the winds and the remini-

scences of the north. After going through a kind of narrow strait at the entrance from the Black Sea, the Bosphorus spreads out to the right, and forms a vast and beautiful bay. Buyukdere is the northern shore of this bay. At the point of the southern shore is the English palace of Therapia, and the French one at some small distance further down. The part of Therapia on which the English palace is built, exactly faces the mouth of ingress of the Bosphorus, so that the fresh current from the Black Sea, with the cool breeze which this current brings or creates, break both of them on the residence, as on a protruding rock, and fill rooms and gardens with a freshness scarcely to be found in any other spot.

The beauty of Therapia is its combination of all that is delightful in a northern and a southern climate. Riding through the great forest of Belgrade, as it is called, that stretches behind it and around the Bay of Buyukdere, one might imagine himself in the forest of Montmorency, to which it bears a close resemblance in its undulation, its verdure, and its chestnut-groves; a group of Turkish peasants with their rude carts, or a dead horse devoured by beasts of prey, in the middle of one's path, now and then recal the country and the

clime. The extremity of the Bay of Buyukdere is continued by a valley, which is at first a large plain, exceedingly verdant and beautiful even in the midst of the heats. From the centre of it rises the venerable plane-tree, or rather groups of plane-trees, (the huge stem is composed of several trunks,) under the cluster of which Godfrey of Bouillon is said to have pitched his tent, previous to his crossing the Bosphorus. It certainly does look centuries old; not so old, however, as the plane-tree of Vostitza, in the Gulf of Corinth, which tradition declares to have been standing in the time of our Saviour.

Notwithstanding the beauty of Therapia, the transparency of sea and air, with the verdure of earth, an Englishman finds the climate exhausting, though, perhaps, the *mal du pays*, the regret of home, has something to do with it. And so, the most valuable of public servants, the ambassador, who has acquired by address, and endurance, and zeal, an influence and an experience which nothing can replace, desires to be translated to another post and other functions. It is impossible, indeed, that a gentleman with a family of daughters, for example, could be satisfied with a prolonged sojourn in Turkey; the position of the female sex

there renders a woman's position in Turkey painful and solitary.

No one, indeed, could have accepted the *desagrégemens* of such a position in that best spirit for undergoing them,—the determination to spare no effort at remedying and supplying the antidote to them,—than Lady Stratford. Lord Stratford never set about aiding in the great political reform of Turkey with more zeal than his lady has done, in introducing the germ of amelioration amongst the harems of the Turks. Her panacea is indeed a simple one—education. But there is nothing more difficult to cram down a Turk's throat, or still more difficult, to get him to allow its being crammed into the ears of his wife or daughter. It takes months to persuade a Turk of any thing; least of all, can he be got to comprehend what is meant by female education, for he invariably construes the word education as meaning mere accomplishments. The idea of a woman's employing or cultivating her own mind, is evidently far too transcendental and concrete for a Turk.

An amusing and mortifying exemplification of this occurred in a great and rich Turk's family. The female head of the harem, the *hanoum*, was,

apparently, a most intelligent person, one who had actually raised her mind to the future prospect of women mingling in society. From this, to the feeling of the necessity of preparing women to play an independent, self-respecting, and self-preserving part, and the sense of how indispensable a certain education even to this,—was a chain of ideas and consequences not difficult to string together; and so, after a year or eighteen months' hard labour, in the way of exhortation, it was agreed by the high authorities, that a governess was to be introduced into the harem. A governess! It was no easy matter to get one that was fit, nor yet facile to get one that would consent. The task of finding such a person was, however, undertaken, and most happily accomplished. But lo! when the governess was forthcoming, her place was already filled. The Pasha and the Hanoum had, in the meantime, heard of a most wonderful *institutrice*, a French lady, skilled in all accomplishments, possessed of every language and every virtue. On inquiry it was discovered that the lady in question had been on the boards of the French stage, not only as actress but as *ballerine*. What inducement had prevailed upon her to exchange so captivating a profession for a journey to Constantinople, did not appear.

But installed she was as institutrice and teacher of all physical accomplishments and moral virtues to the rising generation of the Harem.

For one failure such as this, a number of most successful instances could be adduced. The greatest difficulty lies in the circumstance, that the persons at the head of Turkish life,—for society it cannot be called,—are not an independent aristocracy, who may set an example with courage. The *sommités*, amongst the Turks, are all men in office; and these durst not offend either the corporation of the Ulemas, nor the mob of Constantinople, which would say that they were betraying the confidence of the Sultan, as well as the guardian habits and prejudices of the country, and of the Prophet, to the infidel. None are more conscious of the necessity of introducing reform into the Harem, than the members of the Divan; but they are the last who durst attempt it.

Lady Stratford has exerted herself to procure, what is the first thing indispensable, not only for the provision of education for the Harem, but for the families of English in the Levant, and that is, a good female school in Constantinople. The difficulties in the way are very great; such as the great expense of living, the enormous amount of

house rent, the poor chances of success which have to induce an accomplished female to undertake the duties of superintendent to such an establishment. The great object is to procure a place of education for the Turkish and the Greek girl, and to couple instruction there, with that knowledge of oriental language, which would supply the more unprovided girl with the facilities of acting governesses over the Turks. The lovers and wealthy patrons of joint Christianity and education are apt to stretch their views far enough. They could not employ their funds better than in supporting an establishment of such vital importance as this.

Will time be left for reform, and liberty left for amelioration? If the lowest form of European civilisation, in the shape of Russian conquest, be superimposed upon the degree of Asiatic civilisation yet to be found in Constantinople, what hope can there be from such an amalgamation?

It is a forlorn hope that England occupies here upon the Bosphorus. The garden of the Palace of Therapia stretches from the brink of the water to the summit of the hill. There is nothing finer than the view from its upper terrace of greensward, looking out to the mouth of the Bosphorus, the Bay of Buyukdere on one side, the Giant's hill and

tomb upon the other. This terrace is the look-out of a forlorn hope. From hence will one day be descried the Russian fleet, which no amount of batteries or guns can resist, except they be those of Western Europe cordially united. As long as these are united the Russian fleet will not come. But we all know that Russia has but to bide her time, in order to find a moment when the powers of the West, with their very hostile caprices and jarring interests, may, or must, be disunited. The closing of the Bosphorus against the Russians is, then, not to be done on the Bosphorus, but in the capitals of Europe.

What can be done in Constantinople has been done by Lord Stratford. His efforts in improving the administration and policy of Turkey have ever been directed towards raising the Christian to the Turkish level, without at the same time throwing down the Turks. A country cannot exist without an upper or dominant class, and the Turks alone can fill this position for some time to come. There are three distinct classes of Christians in Turkey,—the Greek, the Slavonian, and the Armenian. Of these, the Armenian has no antipathy whatever to the Turks, no antagonism. There is one mode of dealing with the two others, giving them liberty, and parity of

influence, which will make them look to their own pacific regeneration, as the best foundation for future empire, instead of seeking it in religious hatred, and sanguinary civil war.

As I have said elsewhere in this volume, a rude people can only be regenerated by the awakening of the military virtues ; for barbarism cannot subside into peaceful habits with any chance of independence. It requires civilization, with social and political progress, in order to render a nation not in arms self-respecting and respected. The Turks have none of those. They held high ground, and deemed themselves worthy of it, by reason of a superiority that once could not be disputed. Now, not only has the superiority gone, but, in the mind of the educated Turk, the sense of it has gone too : and this leaves the more intelligent portion of the nation a lifeless corpse, over which powers, more strenuous and more alive, march to inevitable combat. To put the Turk upon his legs, and restore him to strength and the confidence of the soldier, is the first requisite ; but none of the European councillors in whom the Sultan confides is likely or able to offer useful suggestions towards such an end ; on the contrary, their zealous support dispenses with exertion on the part of the Turk : and

nothing, we may be certain, will ever rouse them except a war, prolonged for some campaigns, during which efficient aid will be given at first by the west of Europe, to enable the Turks to act successfully on the defensive, without the auxiliaries taking the task of defence too completely on themselves.

What little chance there is of Europe's aiding the Turks in this way, we all know ; for, although it would undoubtedly be the wisest, a long war being that which would the most completely exhaust Russia, and resuscitate and regenerate Turkey, still the first cannon will scarcely be fired, ere terrified diplomacy will seek to put a stop to Russian conquest, already presumed, with all the alacrity they possess. Indeed, whatever politician would gravely propose a long war of many campaigns, as the only means of safety and regeneration for Turkey, (Montecuculi proposed it long since for Austria,) would be considered somewhat in the light of a raving idiot ; but, however aware of this, I cannot but adhere to and repeat my opinion, that a nation's sense of dignity and self-respect depends on its powers of resistance, and those depend on its military spirit and organization. Without awaking and strengthening these, all attempts at peaceful

reform or civil progress in the east of Europe at present are idle. A soldier or a prophet, or both, such as was Mahomet, can alone regenerate an eastern nation.

A war and a resuscitation of military genius, is thus the first requisite for Turkey. Lord Stratford is all that a civilian could be. His Lordship is in thought, act, and bearing, a politician of the old school—bold, resolute, entertaining strong decided opinions, and expressing them. I am aware that the perfection of statesmanship at the present day is to have no opinion at all, and never to express even that opinion. These are days in which political atheism is the only state religion, and political timidity the only state wisdom; when the highest character aimed at is that of being a *safe* man; and when the great aim of a minister's conduct is to make England still appear a formidable and resolute power, whilst convinced that the country wants alike the courage, or the resources, or the taste for war. Though as anxious to avoid war as any man, Lord Stratford is not of the school to believe England incapable of acting up to her professions, and not abandoning her interests; and it is this conviction which enables him to inspire the Turks with confidence, and Russia with fear.

The manœuvres and the language of the great despotic and military powers with respect to British diplomatists and statesmen are curious. Of course, they show their dislike and aversion most to those Englishmen whose spirit and decision they dread. They invariably, therefore, spare neither pains nor opportunity to represent these spirited Englishmen as the personal enemies of the Emperor, or of the Czar ; and if the court or the country would be but kind enough to remove or recall these men of spirit, and let placid and considerate men take their place, then amity and cordiality would infallibly arise between the Court of St. James's, and the Court of Vienna or St. Petersburg. Naturally anxious for amity, for alliance, and for peace, that cabinet-making power which resides partly in her Majesty, partly in parliament, or in high political circles and influence, sometimes resolves to gratify the Autocratic courts. The spirited and obnoxious minister is replaced by another less vigilant, less jealous, and more slow. The sacrifice, however, is soon found not to have made the least difference or the least impression on the courts of the Autocrats, which, however delivered from what they consider a vigilant antagonist, abate in nought of their hostile schemes and insolent re-

criminations ; growing, indeed, more warm in their demands, more ambitious in their designs, and venturing to even the brink of war, where before they were wont to indulge in no more than impertinence.

CHAPTER XVII.

TURKISH POLITICS.

THERE are questions and contingencies for which it were advisable that all the world was prepared. At the present day, public opinion makes three-fourths of every great resolve taken by constitutional powers ; and if in countries such as France and England, there exists or arises a great question upon which the public are without information, and, consequently, without opinion, that question will be left, in all probability, to either the passionate or the nonchalant to decide, as may suit their politics or position. It behoves, therefore, not merely an English or French government, but every Englishman and Frenchman, to bethink them, and come to some opinion on such questions as—What is to be done with Turkey in Europe? what with Turkey in Asia? and what with Constantinople? if the Turks prove unable to resist their

great military neighbours, or avoid provoking them, or to establish a system of government, military and civil, capable of commanding the respect of such neighbours.

Western Europe cannot long keep its fleets hurrying to the Dardanelles, and from the Dardanelles, as it may please a few Turks assembled in Divan to supplicate or to require. These may hold the opinion that the Turks may regenerate themselves, may maintain their military power; and their political supremacy might be preserved, allowing their hitherto oppressed subjects to become developed, and to acquire capabilities and power. The Turks, however, may fail, may prove perverse. If liberal Europe will neither aid them effectually, nor yet allow them to fight, nor yet exercise their vigilance wisely and adroitly to make a fit use of the Turks, as well as to support them, the experiment must, of course, fail. And what then?

It seems worth even a war, to prevent the lord of St. Petersburg, of Poland, and of Siberia, from becoming also master of Constantinople. The simple law of self-preservation prescribes such precaution to every state in Europe, above all, to a state which commands the ocean and possesses

India. France which claims, and must maintain at least, equality with all other Mediterranean powers, is no less bound to prevent Russian aggrandisement. In the conferences at Tilsit and Erfurt, when Napoleon consented to give Wallachia and Moldavia to Russia, and even Bulgaria and Servia, provided France was allowed to embrace the entire littoral of the Adriatic under its sway, adding the coasts of Albania and Greece to those of Dalmatia,—even Napoleon would not cede Constantinople and its two straits to Russia. No European power will ever cede it to another.

The simplest suggestion, and that which is fairest to the Turks, whilst admitting their discomfiture, is that of choosing the old line of demarcation between Europe and Asia, expelling the two millions of Mahometans still encamped in Europe, but allowing them the undisputed possession of Asia Minor, where the old residence of Othman, Broussa, or of the Roman emperors, Nicomedia, or of modern commerce, Smyrna, might well content them as a capital.

If this were the arrangement, Constantinople ought to be struck with the prohibition of being a capital city. This would be tantamount to its dispersion and depopulation, as its existence from first

to last has depended on the wealth which flows to and from a central government, and the multitudes which it feeds and which serve it. This degradation of Constantinople, would be indispensable in order to render the Bosphorus a line of demarcation, instead of a bridge of junction, between the two parts of the world. For Constantinople, a capital, must include Scutari amongst its suburbs, and both sides of the Bosphorus must belong to one people.

But Constantinople no longer a capital, there is not only the great link destroyed which holds together such large portions of Europe and of Asia, but even that which held together the countries from the Danube and the Dniester to the Gulf of Corinth. Ancient Greece terminated at Thermopylæ, as modern Greece naturally does; and other nations and races occupy the plains, not merely of Thrace, but Thessaly. Who would bring the powerful tribes of Albania under one sway with the Roumans of Bulgaria and Romelia, unless a colossal power, that should bestride the Bosphorus?

Constantinople resembles Vienna in this, that it is a traditional centre of empire over wide and divers races. Vienna alone constitutes the Austrian empire. For centuries, it and its lords have been accustomed to dominate over Slavon and Tcheck,

Croatian and Magyar, Styrian and Tyrolese, Lombard and Venete, Suabian and even Fleming. And, strange to say, this disjointed empire has found its force and its tenacity of life, in this disjunction and want of fraternity amongst its races. Whilst greatly centralized governments and closely united empires have perished by one blow which struck at their heart, as was the case with Prussia after the battle of Jena, and France after that of Waterloo, Austria has never been destroyed by one, or even by two defeats. Three successively unsuccessful wars against Napoleon did not annihilate Austria, as they would have done any other country. Cutting one head of the Austrian hydra did not kill the other. When Bohemia was conquered in a great battle, Hungary scarcely felt the shock; and the loss of Lombardy has never affected Austria Proper. Consequently, a federal and disjointed empire has its advantages: the small and apparently mysterious link which holds them together, is more durable than a perfect centralization would be. We have a proof of it not only in modern Vienna, but in Constantinople, which as a centre, not of nations or of races, but of traditional command, maintained a real sway for a vast period of time,—a sway which, often diminished and disputed, still achieved won-

derful reconquests and recoveries, and which indeed, in the reigns of the last Greek emperors, survived for a very long time even the provinces and the territories which composed it. The Ottomans were masters of Asia Minor and of Adrianople, of Bithynia and of Thrace, and even of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus, long before their hundreds of thousands of soldiers could break in upon and crush the few cohorts that defended the majesty of the Greek empire.

Constantinople is thus a great key of empire, and the power which holds it, if such a power as barbarous races can obey, cannot but hold great sway far east as well as west of it, over tribes long accustomed to look to that spot for authority, for aid, and for command. If, therefore, it be advisable or necessary to found a constitution or great empire such as that of the East, under the successors of Constantine, the city which that power founded and gave his name to, must be the capital of the resuscitated empire, and the centre of power. The only reason for preserving a large empire that commanding position, is, that none but a great empire, or sovereign, could maintain their power independent of Russia. The Turks alone, however, can do that. Neither the Slavonian nor

Hellenic Greeks could do it, for they would neither of them command the obedience or adhesion of the other, nor could both of them, even if united, maintain their supremacy over the Mussulman population of Asia Minor. There is, therefore, no great state or empire that can be maintained at Constantinople, capable of resisting Russia, save the Turk. But even the Turks are not able to resist, with the weak hold they have of Europe,—removed as they are from their true resources, and rendered subservient by sea and land. The Turks would be stronger, confined to Asia Minor, than they can be with such a rickety stand as they maintain in Europe. A concentration and regeneration of Mohammedanism might successfully withstand the progress of Russia south of the Caucasus, and of the two seas, whilst Europe might undertake to prohibit Russia from advancing beyond the Danube. This would be best done by the formation of several principalities,—of Bulgaria, of Roumelia, of Macedon, of Albania, the capital of Roumelia being Adrianople, and Constantinople being a free port, with the Bosphorus and Dardanelles neutralized, together with a strip of territory on either side of the Straits, and of the intervening sea. This is the plan that has been followed almost naturally

in the settlement of the great passages across the Isthmus of Panama; the canal from sea to sea, executed at joint cost, is guaranteed free to all powers, and sufficient territory on either side of it is acquired and neutralized to secure passengers and traders from hostile power or native races. The opening of the Black Sea may not be so important as that of the Pacific; but the great interests of the balance of power, and the necessity of guarding against the establishment of any overwhelming empire in Europe, coincide with the great duty of keeping open communication and trade: the neutralization of the Straits, and of Constantinople, becomes an object of European necessity. The New World itself might join in this accord, and this arrangement, in the occupation and the guarantee.

But no one could hesitate in pointing to the true and final remedy for all the ills which beset and distract the south-eastern corner of Europe. That remedy is undoubtedly the establishment of an independent Slavonic power; with the facility of self-development at first, and afterwards of rallying to it the scattered but numerous elements of the race. All the attempts hitherto made to constitute independent Slavonic provinces on the frontiers of Russia and of Austria have, of course,

failed in a great degree. Russian intrigue and violence are too strong and irresistible. Still, those who look forward to some happy solution of the difficulty are cheered by the knowledge, that a strong, independent, liberal, and national party exists both in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, which may be assured of support from more independent states of kindred races southward of them. Such states as Bulgaria and Roumelia, for example, upheld by the patronage of the powers of the West, and by free trade and communication with them, would soon form a nucleus of independent Slavonian nationality, against which all the cunning bigotry of Russian Tartardom might not prevail.

Let us reflect that we owe these Slavonians a helping hand, not only to liberate them, but to constitute them. All the other races of Europe which have attained to a social and political organization, and through that to be a nation, have done so by throwing off the yoke of whatever race dominated and was superincumbent on them. France, Germany, Spain, became nations, feudally constituted, by long efforts to fling off the invasion of barbarism by arms. Poland and Hungary made themselves free and noble, independent and constitutional, by resisting Turks and

Tartars, and defeating them. But the great powers of Europe, instead of fostering and protecting the efforts of the different Slavonic races to constitute themselves a nation, have destroyed those who had succeeded in the effort. Poland was annihilated and divided in the last century. Hungary, for daring to uphold her ancient rights, has been crushed in our own day. Whilst we know, and whilst every one must allow, that the only safety, the only chance of freedom and development for the north-east of Europe, or for the south-east, lay in the establishment and preservation of an independent Slavonic country, we have allowed every country of Slavonians to be destroyed successively, and every effort of Slavonians to be crushed. And now, when the deed of blood and violence has been almost irrevocably perpetrated, we are looking round in vain for some remnant of a free and independent race, to save the east of Europe from the despotism of the Czar, and his great military and universally enslaving power.

Had there been any great and liberal country, such as England or the United States, which could have come forward in 1848 and 1849, and said to Russia, We will not allow you to crush the righteous efforts of the Hungarians to defend their old

national and constitutional independence : had Hungary by such support been enabled to maintain her ground,—which she could have done single-handed against Austria, forcing in the end Austria into fair terms of accommodation, sovereignty remaining on the Austrian side, and constitutional independence on that of Hungary :—had this been achieved, not only would England and France have now reason to bless the day when they interfered, and congratulate themselves upon their courage ; but Austria herself would be thankful for the great bulwark which thus would have been erected and maintained, not only for checking the encroachments of Russia, but for rallying the Slavonian race, which are hourly escaping from the failing grasp of Turkey, and which then might have rallied to an independent power, instead of servilely stooping to have the double eagle of Russia stamped and branded on their backs.

Not only have we assisted and applauded at all the efforts to crush the independent races of the east of Europe, and prevent them from maintaining their rights, but we deny the races which still remain those military prospects which can alone give independence and virility. What Russia seems to dread above all things is, that the Turkish Slavon

or Rouman should free themselves. She sacrificed Ipsylanti rather than see Wallachia and Moldavia owe their freedom to their own military exertions. And when this province rose in 1848, not against Turkey, but against the tyranny of their own hospodars, Russia marched to crush them. Even now, if the Bulgarians were to rush to arms, and deny the right of Russia to appropriate or Turkey to spoliage them, we should, no doubt, deprecate aught that bore the semblance of war. We forget that rude people never become civilized in peace, and that it is by the development of the great military virtues of courage, sacrifice, and self-confidence, that races become noble, that they scout slavery, and learn to establish freedom. The best of things that could happen would be the defeat of the Turks in Europe by the Christian population, unaided by Russia, and obedient solely to their own impulses. By directing them, and by interfering as arbiters between them and the Turks, so weak in Europe and so strong in Asia, the powers of the West might arrive at that compromise and that arrangement, which could alone rid Europe of Mahomedanism, without engaging in a crusade of Europeans against Mahomedans in Asia, and enable a Slavonia to arise in south-eastern Europe, inde-

pendent of the great military empire, and unbrutalized with the pernicious ideas and traditions of universal conquest.

There is with this, however, one idea that should never be lost sight of—one necessity, that must be recognised and prepared for. And this is, that Russia never will consent to the regeneration or independence of the races occupying Turkey in Europe, until the Russians are vanquished in war. There may reign at St. Petersburg czars of more or less prudence or forbearance, and ministers more or less anxious to keep on terms with Europe. But there is a sentiment, and an inspiration, and a determination in the Russians, as a nation, which are stronger than any courtesy or backwardness of their emperor and statesmen. And these impel the Russians to the south-east of Europe, which contains the prize of empire, or to Constantinople, which seems to them what promises to be the first and paramount position in the universe. The Russians, we may feel confident, will never abandon this idea till it is well and effectually licked out of them.

This conquest of the old soil of Greece and Turkey, implies not only an extension of empire from the White Sea to the Mediterranean, and a

predominance over the whole extent of Asia, but it implies and carries with it also a dictatorship over Europe, and the ascendancy of the brute portion of the globe over its advanced portion, hitherto intellectual and free. To shake off the yoke, to avoid that ascendancy and tyranny, there is, I regret to say, no reliance to be placed on pacific ideas or philosophic hopes. The freedom of the East and of the world, from Russia, must, I am confident, be fought for; be gained by the gun and the bayonet, by the leviathans of war, by the heroism which a great nation can inspire into its sons, and can demand of them; by the effusion of blood, the sacrifice of peaceful interests and prospects, progress and wealth.

It is not without regret, and it was not without reflection and thought, that I run counter to the Christian philosophy and philanthropic aims of numbers of wealthy and high-minded men, who set peace in the front rank of human regenerators, and who at once and for ever desire that all other considerations should be sacrificed to it. But, however I may share in the humane and noble hopes of the friends of peace, my judgment tells me that the fulfilment of such desires must be postponed until the natural limits of nations be

more justly fixed, and until the more dominant and despotic of them have come to lay aside that armour of iron in which they have encased themselves, and which they seek to impose upon others. To preach peace to France, England, and Germany, whilst Russia and Austria are armed to the teeth, and show every determination to make use of the superiority of their arms to dictate to those who are less prepared, organized, or armed for war,—this seems to be to sacrifice the great cause of power and of international adjustment, which we must one day arrive at, but which we can only attain by meeting the military genius and masses of the east of Europe with a force and determination co-equal with them.

To preach peace to Europe, whilst the German nations have been but the other day deprived by rude soldiery even of those moderately free institutions which they had preserved from the Middle Ages;—to preach peace to Europe, whilst this tyranny is imposed upon it by the genius and organization and might of war;—to preach peace to Europe, whilst the whole of the Slavonic race has been deprived of its birthright, its nationalities, its chances and possibilities of independence and development;—to preach peace to Europe,

when the most interesting portion of it, that most formidable as a military position, and most valuable as a commercial one, is menaced with invasion and conquest by a power altogether military, and whose genius and principles, both of administration and of justice, and of policy and of trade, are of the most barbarous and retrograde kind, which all civilization repudiates ;—to preach peace at such a time, is not Christianity, it is mockery ; it is not advancing the human species, or securing its happiness ; but, on the contrary, betraying its best interests, and forswearing its most noble virtues.

The theoretical worship of peace at all price, however, does not much influence the counsels of either the sovereign or the nation. The deprecation of war, as a risk and an expense, prevails there ; and I am far from denying or throwing even a sarcasm on the wisdom of this prudence. But, I fear, that in any council or discussion on the subject, we may lay it down as an axiom, that the great question of the East can never be solved, nor the great ambition of Russia resisted, without war—serious, actual, and flagrant war. I am far from saying that the present is the best, or the imperative moment. The central countries of Europe may be in after-times in a better condition

for resistance, and England and France may again be as united as they are at present. It is idle for one of the uninformed to prejudge a question of which all the elements of information can only be known to cabinets. All I would express is a firm belief, that in circumstances and differences which merely employ diplomacy, and which give rise merely to military and naval demonstrations,—in quarrels such as these, Russia will always come off best, and that for many reasons; let one suffice, which is, that Russia can always know the length to which the forbearance of constitutional countries can go, and the limit within which she may advance without producing war. Russia will always advance to that limit, at the least; and she will thus bear away the honours of victory, without the risk of combat.

We may depend upon it, that in order to check Russia, the powers of Europe interested in the independence of the Levant, must come to the alternative of war, or at all events be prepared, morally and physically, for it. Nothing but defeats by land and sea will ever keep the Russians out of Constantinople.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAR.

THERE is no question more often asked by the student, than that of—how the Turks obtained and preserved so long their superiority in arms over the nations of Europe, as chivalrous and as brave as they, with none of that individual freedom and independence which enhance worth and valour. The principal cause, no doubt, of European inferiority in war, was its superiority in civilization. The Turks did but continue their barbarous thirst of conquest, and sacrificed all freedom and civil progress to organise their military empire on the ruins of that which they had conquered. Europeans, on the contrary, were each and all more anxious to secure individual rights, culture, and development, than to surrender their peace, their energies, and their resources, to a leader who was to employ them for the subjugation of their neighbours.

Europe split itself into a thousand fragments, cultivating but the art of defensive war. The Turks kept together, flung away both personal and hereditary rights, and placed themselves at the command of the warlike representative of the Prophet. It is needless to say how powerfully their religion came in aid of such a spirit, making every warrior a missionary, and death in the field a happy martyrdom. The Crusaders got up a short-lived counter-enthusiasm of the same kind, which survived in the crusading army, perhaps, but which soon died amidst the population, which ought to have recruited and replaced them.

To behold a review, or collection of Turkish troops, and consider that these are the successors of the Spahis and Janissaries, of the troops of Solyman and Kipriuli, is difficult. "*Ce ne sont pas des troupes,*" said Marmont, when brought to a review at Constantinople, "*ce sont des hommes.*" In reading over the accounts of the Turkish army, its mode of war, and its organization in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, it is impossible not to remark how identical the military manners and tactics of the Turks of those days were with those employed by Napoleon in our own time. They raised the largest number of troops possible, never divided them, but took to the open country

with their forces kept together ; never entrenching their camp, but trusting to their celerity, and to the superiority of their masses, to overwhelm the enemy. The Turks were then not only always superior to their foes in number, but in artillery. Not only were their guns the best,—the best mounted and the best served,—but, what we might not be inclined to suppose, their commissariat was far the best in the world. Their modes of keeping up supplies of provisions, ammunition, modes of transport, and all that an army requires, were quite as superior to the means employed in the German and Polish armies, as in all the other essentials and appurtenances of war.

These great advantages of the Turkish army Montecuculi attributes to the then one great peculiarity of the nation, viz. that it possessed a permanent and a standing army. All other powers did but make levies, send their armies composed of them into the field, and disband them in order to save expense, at the first truce or peace. The Germans had never then what might be called a soldier, whilst the expense of fresh and frequent levying was much greater, according to Montecuculi's theory, than would have been the cost of permanently maintaining a German imperial army.

The Turks had other rules, which Napoleon was

far from discovering. One was, never to undertake more than one war at a time, and to direct all energies to this. Thus it was that Solyman entered Hungary in 1516 with 300,000 men. Thus, in 1529, he attacked Vienna with 150,000. Louis, King of Hungary, fought at Mohacz with 25,000 men, against Solyman with upwards of 300,000. Giving the Turks such superiority over them, they could not but be victorious. And they had, moreover, the advantage of unity of command, with what Montecuculi calls "the two poles of the political world"—unbounded magnitude of recompense, with the most fearful extremes of punishment. These, with religious zeal, always enlisted in the service of war, rendered the Turk the most excited, the most fierce, the most indomitable soldier of his time.

It was similar religious zeal alone that rendered the Christian an overmatch for the Mahometan. Witness the first feats of the Crusaders, the defence of Malta and of Rhodes. On the Danube the Germans never became the equals or superiors of the Turks, until after the Thirty Years' war. In that long succession of contests, the German, as a soldier and a religionist, acquired a vigour, an enthusiasm, a confidence and a skill, with which

the Turks could no longer compete. Hence the middle of the seventeenth century is the date of their decline. Though commanded by one of their ablest viziers, and conducting themselves with most signal valour, the Turks were still defeated at Raab by Montecuculi, and before Vienna by Sobieski. The battle of Raab was the turning-point, the great occasion on which Turkish superiority ceased, and the Christian began. Montecuculi, who had studied the Turkish art of war, and in studying had learned to baffle it, has left an account of his victory, which he declares to have often alternated during the progress of the day, and which might not have declared against the Ottomans, had they not had to cross the river to the attack, and thus allowed their able antagonist time to concentrate on the right spots for the defence.

But to enumerate all the causes of the military superiority of the Turks would demand great space, and would require entering into their religious and social system. The mere fact of their making use of no Christian levies at present, whilst at the time we speak of they took regularly every tenth child of the Christian population to make up a Mussulman and a soldier, shows how powerful were their means of recruitment, and how effective their enlist-

ment. With these advantages they have lost one, which to them was of the greatest importance. This was their connexion with and command of the barbarous tribes of the Steppes. Here, in fact, was the mother earth of the Turks, from which they gained recruitment of physical strength. The Turkish dominions then comprised the Crimea, extended across the Dniester, the Bug, and Dnieper, and placed them in contact, west and north of the Black Sea, with the Mahometan tribes of Tartars, who formed the greatest support of their armies, and gave them military superiority on the Danube. And if the Turks had maintained this connexion, they would have kept their position on the confines of Europe and of Asia, and it would have been impossible to expel them from the former. But since Russia has the Crimea, and has cut Turkey off from all connexion with the north, except by vessels navigating the Black Sea and the Caspian, that true element of barbaric vigour which came from the north is wanting to the Turk, whilst it is turned with superior vigour into the military vein of Russia.

It may seem preposterous to many, especially to the believers in universal and immediate peace, that we should thus feel such interest in the military power

of the Turks, and such regret at its destruction. But the fact is, that the possession of Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, of Thrace, and Asia Minor, is the most powerful position in the world,—that most favourable for empire. To give it to Russia, is to enslave Europe for two hundred years, and necessitate an effort on its part for deliverance, likely to cost more blood, fear, and treasure, than any vigilance, any effort, any jealousy, and even any armaments, that can be made to prevent the installation of Russia there. Of all the races which fill the mighty empire and centre of empires, which has a foot in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, the Turks are the only ones which can as yet defend the empire against Russia, and can, by using its ascendancy liberally as well as bravely, not only resist the foreign foe, but prepare various and jarring races to form self-subsistent and independent nations. The Turks cannot perform this part without the resurrection of their military virtues. Without this, they can not only not fight and be respected by Russians and by Austrians, but they cannot command the respect and obedience of Slavon and of Moslem.

The first and chief thing wanting in Turkey, and requisite everywhere, is authority. It would be easy

to show that if the Turks have not an army, it is because they want authority. Authority is not easily created and acquired, as may be supposed. It may be created by religious feeling, by military renown, by respect for old races and institutions,—in other words, by antiquity. There is no other principle of authority than these, however soon any of them may be strengthened or strained by superadding tyranny and intimidation. But without the religious, the military, or the traditional basis, the employment of mere power as a means of authority is dangerous and ephemeral. The lovers and professors of peace and freedom in our advanced island are prepared to decry, but wrong to neglect, that great popular weakness which prostrates a nation in almost worship before military success. It is a sentiment that philosophic politicians cannot understand, but which it is impossible to observe and to think without admitting. The immense difficulty, the great want, the panacea that all clutch at for safety in these great national maladies, whenever a people has lost every principle of authority, is, as the French say, *faire du pouvoir*,—to get anything to hang power upon, or build it up with. If people are no longer capable of religious enthusiasm; if they have been disgusted with

antiquity and tradition, and have learned to despise hereditary claims and governing families, and have kept no respect for standing institutions, there is really but one principle of authority left for them to recur to, and that is the military principle. It may be a very irrational, a very brute principle, but so is anarchy a very brute state, and brutal quiet is better than brutish disorder. There is another principle of authority, no doubt the noblest, truest, best. Yet I have not mentioned it. Why? Because it requires reasoning animals to invent, to respect, to appreciate it. The principle is one by which the people delegate their own inherent and irrefragable authority to the wisest and fittest, to exercise it according to certain rules and laws, also the result of fairness and wisdom. This, no doubt, is the grand principle of authority; that which the English race has found, and allowed to blend with that respect for antiquity and tradition, which, in hallowing and uniting with a principle so noble, forms the grandest and most perfect governing combination that the human mind can arrive at. But where are the men capable, or the races fit for this? The French have shown themselves incapable, and have but the other day been obliged to recur to the military principle. The Germans made

quite as lamentable a failure. The Russians have never known any save the military principle. How can the Turks dispense with it? The religious principle also utterly fails of political wisdom: there have been some striking examples and experiments. The military and religious principle mingled led to better results. The revival of the military principle is, then, what is most to be desired in Turkey. The race is incapable of any better one. And if, shaking off the cruelty and savage thirst of destruction so natural to a barbarous race, and unfortunately sanctioned by Mahometans long after the race had been capable of civilisation,—deprived of this and of intolerance,—the military spirit, which wants not the generosity of chivalry amongst the Arabs, may re-arise amongst the Turks, and render them capable of yet preserving a place amongst modern races and nations.

The plans for reforming Turkey and its administration are many, and wise, and full. Reschid Pasha is a genius for drawing up such schemes. There is merely wanting the authority to execute them. Authority in Turkey was strained by the daily cutting off of heads for the most trifling of offences, so that even decapitation lost its effect as a punishment. It was abandoned; and now there

is no punishment, nor fear of it. Then the other plan that Montecuculi spoke of,—unbounded recompense,—that other great impulse is gone. Formerly the whole youth of the nation served the Turkish government as spahis or as volunteers. The Christian youth served also, after having been previously made Mussulmen. Any quick boy or brave soldier the Grand Vizier or the Sultan might take, and raise in no very great lapse of time to a pachalik. This takes place no more. The Christian youth are left at home; and the eye of neither Sultan nor Vizier distinguishes a brave man or a worthy one in any of the lower ranks of life. Pachas and dignitaries are now able to promote their sons, and do provide for them with all the care of a European father. Reschid Pasha's son is member of the Council. Now, all this nepotism or filiation is just and right. I have no fault to find with those who practise it. But it destroys, nevertheless, the old Turkish habit of cutting off old men, sinking old families, and always discerning, ennobling, and enriching the new. The upper ranks of Turkish grandeeship in the service of the State (and there was no upper rank not in its service) were regularly decimated annually by the executioner. It might be very cruel; but it was a most universal and

efficient machinery for drawing up young and new talent. The worst of aristocracies is a functionary aristocracy. An hereditary functionary aristocracy is the worst of all.

Why is the present Turkish army not an army? Because the officers are not respected by the men, nor any general by the officers. There is no hierarchy, no distinction, save that of uniform; no authority, in fact. There are several ways, said Marmont, of making soldiers respect their officers: all imply real superiority. In some countries the officers are of a superior and wealthier, better educated and more respected race. The soldier looks up to his officer in the camp as he did to the squire when a peasant in the field. In other countries the officers are bred in public schools, and obtain an education which fits them to command. The ignorant soldier respects the instructed juvenile. But the officer most respected by the soldier is he who has seen service, who has grown grey in war, and has gained by experience the right to command. The Turk, said Marmont, has put together an army on none of these principles. There is no reason why one man should be an officer and the other a soldier. Consequently, there is neither discipline nor respect.

In addition to this, there is no hope of promotion, and no spirit of gentility. The conscript is what soldiers raised by conscription always are, until they imbibe the spirit of a braver army by joining it—a peasant with a musket on his shoulder, but looking back to the plough. Thus the officers, the moment they rise above the lowest grade, take a wife, a privilege strictly denied to the Janissaries, or to the old troops of the Pasha. And a wife is a matter of much cost, and secresy, and paraphernalia, in Turkey; thus the officer is starved, and leisure claimed by household cares. As his wife cannot be in camp or in barrack, he is never there.

I never have been more astonished than in visits to Turkish camps or Turkish men-of-war. As the recruits are mostly from the Asiatic provinces, one figures to himself the wild sons of the East, with the ferocity of their native hordes about them. But, on the contrary, your Turkish soldier is in general a small, mild-looking, plump, good-natured fellow. He is well-fed, and not rigidly looked after. He feeds well, and has plenty of pocket money,—a dollar a month, and his food and necessaries. And his rations are so abundant, that you are very apt to see hungry dervishes feeding on

the pewter dish which the grand heroes of the tent have dined upon. Mingling with military groups, in company with those who understood the language, I always found the Turkish regular soldier a *bon enfant*.

The Turkish sailor is still less of the nautical spirit than the soldier, whom he resembles in every respect. He has never been to sea, never encountered a storm, never sauntered along the quays of a foreign port. The discipline that he seems most habituated to, is that of falling down on his knees at the command of the Imam, who is an officer on board, dressed in precisely the same brown uniform as the lieutenants. I could scarcely believe that he was a priest, till I heard him give out the prayer. Nothing can be more magnificent than the Turkish vessels, within and without nothing better appointed; but the crews are young, and seem without any of those nautical habits and looks which with us are necessary to the service. I asked an English admiral who commanded one of these fine vessels, as to the proficiency of the men. He said they were brave, and would fight—skilled, and could manœuvre; they wanted not strength, but their real want was that of physical and moral endurance. Thus, if they encountered a storm at sea, they would

work very well through it, provided it were a short one ; but should it chance to last some days, the Turkish sailor is incapable of bearing up against the physical exhaustion and moral depression, and he would fling his arms down by his side, and sink rather than make the prolonged effort necessary for safety. The old school of service is abolished in the navy, as in the army. When Tahir was Capitan Pasha, he had the crew of his own vessel, the Mahmoudieh, in such order, that they went through every manœuvre with such readiness and precision as to astonish foreign visitors. Some one asked Tahir how it was done. He replied, that there was not a sailor on board who had not received 500 blows of the stick. He had flogged his whole crew of 1200 men several times over. Tahir would have fared badly had he brought his ship into action.

When Montecuculi bethought him what was the secret, what was the only way, of placing Austria in military spirit and proficiency on a level with Turkey, he decided that the only mode was to wage a long war. A war of one or two years was nothing. This was the kind of war that the Turks liked, for by it they communicated no advantages to a foe. But a war of many years cannot fail to

equalise the combatants on both sides, in military skill, hardihood, and in the organization of resources. It turned out as Montecuculi desired and prophesied: the Austrians became a match for the Turks in the seventeenth century; as afterwards, in a few campaigns, Napoleon taught the Austrians and Russians to fight. They were his disciples at Austerlitz,—his equals at Leipzig.

What the Turks want, therefore, to develop their military spirit and resources, as well as a useful principle of authority, is war—a long war, well sustained and well directed. This is a melancholy and a mortifying thing, to say that war, and above all a long war, is necessary. But it does not appear that Turkey can be saved from the grasp of a strongly organized military and ambitious power, like Russia, without a war. Russia will never humble, never sink, never abate her pretensions, till it is worsted in the field. And the longer the time that elapses before that end is attained, the more hostile and expensive of life and treasure it will be to attain it. I am sincerely attached to peace, and I believe that it will universally and finally prevail; but as long as there is a great empire seeking territorial extension, as long as the frontiers of the great European powers are not de-

finitively marked out, and physical barriers placed to their ambition, so long will armies be indispensable, and wars an alternative which, with all their horrors, are preferable to the military subjugation of Europe, and the extermination of its independence and its liberties.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SULTAN AND HIS MINISTERS.

How to see the Sultan? Row across the Bosphorus to the village of the Beglerbergs, where his Highness's summer palace is situated. There he is to be seen going in procession to the mosque to perform his devotions. It is a beautiful row across the Bosphorus, through the lazy Leviathans of the Turkish fleet. But to land near the Sultan's palace is no easy matter, owing to the rapidity of the current. Our caique was swept along under its walls,—a high breach of etiquette, which, however, no one seemed to care for or resent; so that I had leisure to look through the lath house or houses of the Sultan, pervious evidently to every breath of heaven, which at that season was welcomed as a luxury. Forms in flowing robes were to be seen flitting through the palace of reeds. For all the purposes of concealment, however, the reeds or the

baths were as efficient as the four-foot walls of the feudal fortalice. I took my station on a heap of stones to see the Sultan pass, and was rudely assailed by some Kavasses in brown suits, for no other reason but that they would show their authority. The Kavasses, however, were in turn assailed by the Dragomen of the several foreigners, and with such high-sounding assertions of the rank and means of their several masters, that the Kavasses shrunk back into their natural insignificance, and left us masters of our heap of stones. The procession soon came forward, with cavalry and a military band; then three members of the Sultan's cabinet on horseback—in uniform, fat, portly civilians every one of them; Reschid Pasha himself was of the number, who looked as misplaced upon a military saddle, with a huge sabre dangling by his side, as M. Thiers would, or my Lord Aberdeen, similarly accoutred. Then came a led horse of his Highness, and then his Highness himself, covered with a long purple cloak, very loosely and negligently flowing, but fastened round the neck with a clasp of diamonds. All the pictures of the young Sultan represent him with an oblong face. It was now a round one, pockmarked apparently, with a thin beard scattered over it, neither in contour

nor expression noble. Although it could not have been two minutes since he mounted his horse, he seemed overcome by some strong soporific, sinking and rising on the super-elastic body of his charger, though that charger preserved a solemn walk. In a moment he seemed to awake, and his eye to glisten at the sight of the few strangers come to behold him. We stared in return, which was wrong: it is expected that persons should turn away from the imperial gaze, and express their sense of the honour by pressing the hand to the heart, the way in which his Highness himself salutes. But we stared, like ignorant Franks that we were. And the fat Pashas and their sleepy Sultan descended into the dirtiest and meanest little mosque that one could have the honour of beholding.

The reigning Sultan, Abdul Medjid, is no bad type of the Turk in general, of his state of existence, and habits, and power, and nature. He is evidently a man of intelligence and spirit, at least capable of both being and seeming so. But for the greater part of the hours of his days and life, the Sultan is sunk in an inanimate and dreamy stupor, the result probably of some soporific in which he indulges. With the power of the world

in his hand, the enjoyment of all its pleasures at his disposal, with whatever gratification the display of pride or the use of benevolence could give him, the Sultan prefers a kind of vegetable existence—for it is not even animal, so complete seems his torpor, so inanimate his repose. Those who have penetrated to him, and conversed with him, bear witness to his intelligence and even to his spirit, but still more to the really humane and liberal views which he takes of all things. But even when thus awakened, he is fully sensible of his impotence, quite aware that his intelligence, kept to its height and even active in its efforts, would be of no avail against the fanaticism, the lazy and corrupt habits, the fatuity and ignorance of his race.

The East in general prompts both the native and the sojourner to adopt one of the habits of savage life, which is, to divide time between strained and excited activity, and a profound repose. In temperate climes, men adopt a medium, in which there can be activity without frenzy, occupation without excitement, and with moderate intervals of repose. A Turk is either half or whole asleep, or else he is mounted on a fiery horse, hurling the djereed, and galloping at full speed. He thus seems made for either war or the harem. His nature may be rendered more

gentle and humane, but it loses much of its manly qualities, by being confined to the one extreme—that of repose. If there is a country in which it is indispensable for the rulers and the masters, not only to issue orders, but to see that they are executed, it is Turkey, the whole organization of which consists of the dependence of every instrument on the sovereign will. If this does not render itself omnipotent by energy, by the alacrity or the awe which it excites, the whole machinery of the nation comes to a stand-still. Such, unfortunately, is the case. Turkey is a huge, elaborate, highly ornamented, and powerful clock, of which the pendulum has ceased to move.

And yet it can by no means be said that Turkey has perished for want of a spirited and active Sultan. Mahmoud was one and the other, a prince of physical strength and moral courage, active, warlike, not in any way behind his age. And yet Mahmoud left the empire more weakened and shattered than did the most somnolent and lazy of his predecessors. The reign of Mahmoud was, however, almost necessarily employed in destroying and sweeping away those old military institutions, which encumbered and weighed down the strength of the country. Such were the Janissaries; and the

misfortune was, that both Egypt and Russia assailed him when at least military reform was in a transient state, and when the old army was dissolved, without the new being organized.

One is not surprised, however, to find the Turks without much real power, or without the elements of it; but one *is* surprised to find how much their bruted magnificence dwindles upon close examination. There has never, indeed, been a great race, wielding such extensive rule, might, and affluence as the Turks, which will leave after it so little in the way of lasting monument. The splendour of the Ottoman lies in dress and moveables, in cloak and turban, pelisse and robes. Never were such consumers of silks and velvets, gilding and brocades. I asked the price of a saddle-cloth in the bazaar, and was asked some two thousand pounds sterling for it. And you will see boys, the sons of pashas, riding on such things. Judge what must be the cost of imperial trappings.

Turks cannot indulge in the expensive luxuries of hospitality: the Sultan gives no balls nor banquets. Could their religion and habits have allowed the Turks an European use and display of luxury, no fortune would have sufficed them. The processions are the only things in which splendour

is employed, and I must own they disappointed me. I saw several times the Sultan going in state on great occasions, especially at the end of Ramazan. The most imposing part is that performed by water, especially if it take place at night; the port and the city seem made to give splendour to illumination. But a procession by daylight, with all its gilded trappings, is but a puerile affair; even the slaughter of sheep cannot give solemnity to it; the very uniform and skull-cap give it somewhat the semblance of caricature.

This low opinion of Turkish magnificence is greatly augmented by a visit to the Seraglio, or to that heap of ruins which occupies the seaward angle of the city. Here has been the residence of powerful Sultans for four hundred years; and here, when they conquered the city, stood a palace of unexampled splendour and grandeur for the time. Yet, all now to be seen is a supremely shabby succession of dilapidated buildings, empty rooms, and weed-grown gardens, occupying the loveliest site in the world, guarded most jealously by a number of troops, who with spade and mattock might at least reduce the rankness of vegetable disorder, but whose idle and peremptory refusal of all entrance, except to an imperial firman, that costs eight or

ten pounds, is most ludicrously contrasted with the utter emptiness and worthlessness of the sacred precincts which they guard. The only objects in the entire Seraglio that can pretend to be guardians are the kitchen-chimnies, or the domes which serve as such, and which certainly present the appearance of a formidable battery ; but as to rooms, halls, and galleries, you would say they had been all made to contain children, and to please children, so diminutive is their height, and so tinsel their ornaments.

But however beggarly a Turk's palace, he is sure to have a splendid kiosk. The only buildings at all new or comfortable within the Seraglio precincts are precisely one or two kiosks—splendid summer-houses, with everything trim for a few yards around them. But pursue your scrutiny no further, for perhaps a few steps off, instead of shady walks and peaceful groves, you might stumble over the guns which Sebastiani caused to be brought there nearly half a century ago, to protect Constantinople from an English fleet. The carriages have long since rotted, but the guns are there.

We must not forget, however, that the gardens and palaces of other princes are made for reception and show, whereas those of a Sultan are rigidly preserved for his own exclusive enjoyment. He

had therefore no need of more than suited exactly his proud indolence or comfort. All of the palace that a stranger or that visitors saw, was the gate, its exterior court-yards, and a few reception rooms adjoining, one of which served for what is called a Divan.

The Seraglio was more the prison of the Sultan than a desired abode. Its outer courts were guarded by Janissaries, who, at first a wild, a strange, and a warlike corps, had of late degenerated into a sedentary militia, marrying (contrary to their original institution), and forming one body with the people of Constantinople, whom they agitate or insurge at their pleasure. An *émeute* once declared in Constantinople, the Sultan had no escape from the Seraglio, which once burst open, he had no resource but to surrender his Vizier's head or his own.

The Janissaries, however, are now no more. The Sultan has no imperial guard, nothing but troops of the line to keep watch over him; and these regiments are relieved in rotation. There is no irregular corps in Constantinople, or indeed permanently employed; and from being once all military, Turkey has assumed the aspect of almost as unmilitary an empire as England itself. The

palace now inhabited by the Sultan rises from the edge of the Bosphorus. A simple caïque may moor at its steps. There is no "Sublime Porte," no spikes for bodies, or receptacles for heads. Even the windows of the Harem look upon the waters; and its gardens rise up the declivities, open to the eye of all the world. East of the Sultan's palace lies a barrack at hand, and the fleet is anchored between the imperial palace and Constantinople; so that never was a sovereign more secure from any commotion in his capital.

The residence of the Sultan out of the capital has rendered a great many usages antiquated. The old prohibition for any one to ride round or under the walls of the Royal palace, became impossible to enforce, when that palace, no longer in a corner of the city, stands by the high-way of both land and sea. A sentinel once stopped the English ambassador riding by the Beglierbeg, and obliged him to descend. He sent word to the Sultan of the indignity, and the Sultan instantly ordered reparation at the moment; and forbade that any horseman should in future be obliged to descend because he was merely passing the walls of the palace.

Despotic government is a monstrosity, unless

matters are so arranged that average spirit, talent, and experience, are secured in the sovereign. The old Turks took every precaution: the succession to the throne was secured to the eldest of the race,—a rule, however, easily set aside by the will of the Sultan, or of the troops. Princes headed armies and governed provinces; and, accustomed to lead, a soldier prince soon contrived to wield the imperial scymetar. Since the days of Solyman, however, the duty of governing and commanding, descended from the Sultan to the Vizier. The monarchs fell into the lap of luxury; but they were not the less severe or the less heartless for others; and under them the Grand Viziers held their office under the one indisputable condition,—success. Grandeur, wealth, and power were the reward, if they succeeded; the bow-string, if they failed. This gave them energy and power to make the best use of the materials under their hands. But so peremptory a law confined their aims to their own personal triumph and immediate victory. None looked forward to form and prepare the materials of victory and strength for his successors, as well as to wield them for himself. Hence the neglect of the future by even the greatest Vizier; hence the conferring of place and of feudal hold-

ings, and of the national fortresses, for money, not for merit. Despotism is in fact short-sighted; it is obliged to fix its own eyes, and compels its servitors to fix their eyes, solely on the present. It is only institutions that can prepare for the future, and these despotism cannot found; it merely concentrates, and avoids all that is in the nature of institution. And, indeed, the rule of every despotic state is deperition; of every free state, progress.

If the Turks are to be regenerated, one of the first or necessary portions of their system which requires change and amendment is the Seraglio system. I have spoken how the middle and lower classes of Turks are to be redeemed, by altering their mode of dealing with the sex. The Sultan himself must adopt, or be brought to adopt, similar principles of justice and humanity. Let the white-slave trade be put a stop to, as well as the black; let the males of high families have but the females of high and known parents to take to wife; and wifedom will become of itself more restored and respected.

The Sultan is at present pretty well guaranteed against treason or rebellion. It is fear of these that causes the massacre of brothers, and uncles, and male relations; whilst those preserved for the

sake of an heir being forthcoming, were and are kept immured and effeminate, inexperienced and uneducated. The necessity for any such folly has well nigh disappeared; and this part of the Harem system ought to disappear even sooner than the other. If the present race of Sultanas and of Sultan mothers were set aside, there is nothing to prevent the palace and the harem of the Sultan adopting the best habits of European civilisation, calculated to render princes, like other men, far more powerful and more happy, than the fanatical and cruel traditions of Eastern despotism or Arab conquest.

Despotism, with a superstitious and religious reverence for the despot, is, however, the only possible principle of government where the mass of the people is in the lowest degree of ignorance, and of course of brutality and privations. The Czar and the Sultan are obeyed and worshipped pretty much on the same conditions, and with the same feelings, and by the same necessity. And wherever there is an ignorant mob, it is but too natural that there should be a despot. But the very circumstance gives the power to reform, if he has the courage and activity, the experience and the instruments to effect them.

Reschid Pasha is, however, not the man to go any further than he has done. He is timid, has made his fortune, is suspected by the Ulemas, and borne down by enemies. He has built a splendid palace on the Bosphorus, and such a kiosk as no Eastern tale ever realized. A Turk soon reaches the time when the goods of life are to be enjoyed, not risked. In the olden time, no Turk in office, especially a vizier, was allowed to give himself up to repose or to security; the scymetar hung over him like a thread—and, even if he committed neither crime nor fault, he was sure of inciting some great influence to consign him to the bowstring. Hence the great Grand Viziers never grew old; Sokolli, and Sinan, and old Kipriuli, were green and keen at eighty. I regret the bowstring no more than I do the cat-and-nine-tails; but both had their virtues as a permanent spring of activity and vigour—a spring the want of which ought to be supplied, and which has not been supplied, in Turkey.

It is the fortunate diminution of the power of the rabble of the metropolis, by the destruction of the Janissaries, and the removal of the Imperial residence from Constantinople, that has rendered possible even the reform that has taken place. Further reforms of the mob of the capital are requisite, in

order to admit the great and necessary reform in higher grades. The peculiarity of Constantinople, as I have before explained, is that its poor are not recognised as its own population; this is supplied from the provinces—from the wildest provinces of Asia. Nothing so perpetuates fanaticism as this. Thus the governor, in dread of the popular masses of the capital, grants them all sorts of immunities: thus the boatmen of Constantinople, one of the finest set of men in the world, are exempt from the naval or military conscription. The Lamals, or porters, have other privileges,—so have the water-carriers. All the mosques and medresses, with the distribution of food, keep alive and in the capital a host of destitute persons, whose destitution had far better be relieved by elimination; nothing more easy than to thin Constantinople of its *classes dangereuses*. That these can be kept down, even in their most fanatical turbulence, and even at Damascus, by the military, has been lately proved.

In conversing on one occasion with an intelligent man of the Reschid and reforming party, the remark was made,—how much better it would be if the Sultan were to show more energy, if he were more severe; and that if he would have given his order

in council for the cutting off of a few heads of malefactors, the country and its administration would be much the better for it. A response was an adjuration, for heaven's sake, not to talk of decapitation. A young lady of our western clime and school could not be more horrified at the idea of capital punishments, than the worthy Moham-medan.

No one, it was said, could venture to talk of, much less recommend, capital punishment to the Sultan. And why not? It is a received maxim, that men possessed of despotic power must have great excitement. When one source of this is dried up or fades away, any other is grasped at with avidity. Those Sultans who spend their early years in voluptuousness are very apt to take, in the declining years of manhood, to the effusion of blood, as a pleasure, as a pastime, and as excitement. Abdul Medjid is approaching that age, and we do not know if his maturity may not be marked with severity at least, if not with ferocity. And therefore no one will have the question of capital punishment broached before him. This theory, I must own, appeared to me original and strange; but as it was founded on the tradition and experience of Turkish functionaries, I could

not question it. I was only inspired with increased contempt for the animal propensities and necessities of despotism.

It is but just to add, that if the severity of Sultans has been taken away as an impulse to functionaries to do their duty, these same functionaries have acquired a much more healthy impulse or motive to well-doing, in the security afforded to life and property by new laws and new habits ; which security of life and property would in a certain time create what has not yet existed,—an hereditary aristocracy, not merely Turkish, but Christian. For the Armenians and Fanariots, who serve as bankers and as diplomatists, might by degrees assume the posts of finance minister or officers of state.

What is wanting, however, are the instruments of reform, men possessed not only of the genius of administration, but endowed with that faculty which is indispensable in the East, of commanding their fellow-men. Reschid Pasha leaves followers, no doubt, capable of succeeding to him. But Aly was an egregious failure. The old Turk party, the school of Khosrew and of Tahir, had also left few disciples ; whilst the Sultan's brothers-in-law, who hold a kind of middle place between the two, are

more remarkable for their rapacity, and a subservience of political to personal views, than to give hopes of their being the saviours or reformers of the empire.

It is, however, a very difficult thing for a civilian to acquire a reputation in a despotic empire. This is especially the case at present, when reform and improvement are not to be invented by the genius of the statesman, but are there ready made, and have to be imitated from abroad. The very necessity of imitation takes away any character of originality or genius from the statesman who introduces them, and exposes him to the reproach of barbarism, ever ready to scout whatever is taken from other nations. Reschid Pasha has the character of being the introducer of foreign principles of administration; and the envy and weakness thus occasioned tend as much to undermine him as his own supineness.

A military man with a military reputation could alone make head against bigotry and stupidity in Turkey. He alone, I may repeat, can *faire du pouvoir*. But how is a military man to acquire a reputation without a war? What might not Ibrahim Pasha have done, had the European powers permitted Egypt to take the lead? The conqueror

of Komal and of Constantinople might have succeeded. It must be some one who takes the same path, that will ever acquire the authority requisite to perform the great task.

Still civilians are not wanting of great high-mindedness; men who have divested themselves of the old native principles of corruption, and who are prepared to carry out the principles of honour and of honesty, I can give proof. Ahmet Effendi was no wealthy man—he held but some small appointments. He was appointed Imperial Commissioner, to proceed and settle the affairs of Moldavia and Wallachia. Fuad Effendi had been there on the same errand some years previous, the which Fuad had afterwards been on a mission to St. Petersburg. The rule is, that whenever a native Commissioner visits the principalities on such an extraordinary mission, they present him at parting with a sum of money, equal to about fifteen thousand pounds sterling. Never Commissioner had refused such rightful, however onerous, dues. Ahmed, however, declared that the Sultan's pay and service were sufficient for him, and he totally refused to accept the customary fifteen thousand pounds. Ahmed accordingly returned to his small lodgings near to Roumelih Hissar, whilst Fuad

built himself a most splendid palace on the other side of the Bosphorus. A new fable might be made out of the contrast; but I content myself with the naked truths. Ahmed is at present Ambassador of the Sublime Porte at the Court of Persia.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CHURCH.

No dispensation of Providence so much excites our fear and surprise, as that which sent forth a flood to overwhelm and drown the Christianity of the East, to submerge its church, enslave its races, stifle its learning, strangle its traditions, interrupt its controversies, and leave in its place a religion of the simplest kind, such as not ill befits a race of men in the infancy of intellect, of men who neither reason nor question, and who merely demand some excitants and some soporifics to alternately lull and activate the mind.

It is impossible to deny that Mahomedanism accomplishes much that was vainly recommended originally to Jews and Christians in the Old and in the New Testament. It has effectually abolished idolatry, which certainly cannot be said of the Greek Church, in every one of which the beggarly portrait of the Father, of the Son, and even of the

Holy Ghost, bespeak the minds of the worshippers to be degraded far below the level of the Mussulman. It has established equality and fraternity, which are derogated from merely in behalf of those clad for the time with public authority. Mahomedanism has abolished caste as well as idolatry,—the two worst plagues of the East. With such claims to respect, it has others to abhorrence. There is, first, its cruelty, its bloodthirstiness, its extension of its fanaticism and its belief by the sword and by terror. Its other peculiarity, which we execrate, is the degradation of woman to an inferior and to a kind of animal state, man being dragged down with her in all those passions and affections, which otherwise form the most ennobling part of man's nature. Both proceed from the principle of not considering either man or woman on a par as intellectual beings, in not considering them amenable to reason or persuasion, and taking despotism to be the only legitimate and intelligent source of power over either a kingdom or a family. Perhaps, after all, this will be found to be the nature of the men of this quarter of the globe,—of the African and the Asiatic. We can only hope not.

We must, however, admit, that the Turk has been Europeanized enough by his residence west

of the Bosphorus, to be no longer open to one of these principal objections. The Turk is no longer sanguinary. He no longer seeks to propagate his religion by the sword. He no longer snatches the young of the Christian, and enrolls him amongst the circumcised Janissaries. The passive resistance of the Christian populace has overcome Turkish fanaticism, which is prepared to dispense with every use or display of violence, not absolutely required for the maintenance of government. The degradation of women by polygamy and concubinage is not so far exploded as its kindred vice of ferocity towards men, but it is also on the decline. And could the habits, laws, and machinery of European relations between the sexes be substituted, the Turks are well nigh ready for the change.

One of the strongest peculiarities of the Mahomedan religion is its being so practical and irrefragable a contradiction of what certain Christian churches and schools declare to be indispensable to religion. Thus, it is said that show, that visible objects of attraction in churches, as well as the sacro-sanctity of the priestly character, and the infallibility of one unique head of the Church, are necessary to maintain religious feelings, and render them powerful, especially over an ignorant

people. The Mussulman disproves all this. However erroneous his creed, no one can deny the sustained fervour of religious sentiment. Yet a mosque is never anything but naked walls with lamps. There is not a symbol to aid the imagination : the sense is never appealed to. There is as little ceremony as symbol. So much so, that the Imam is, in truth, nothing but a reader. Mahomet intended that there should be no priests, and that the faithful should do without them. I by no means say that this is good, or that it is worthy of being transferred to Christianity. I merely say, that the highest degree of religious enthusiasm, and the most complex sort of faith, may be kept up without visual symbol or sacerdotal authority. Our old churches declare, that the habits of confession and absolution are necessary to give the priest full power over the conduct of his flock. The piety of a Mussulman population is kept up without any such spiritual power or personal interference.

It is amusing to remark in different countries the result of struggles between professions, just as it is amusing in life to observe the struggle for pre-eminence amongst individuals. The oldest struggle is that, no doubt, betwixt the soldier and the

priest, the arm wielding brute force, and the intellect armed with spiritual authority and wisdom. The histories and laws of India and Egypt attest the varying fortune of the conflict. In Greece and Rome, the warrior first shook off the authority of the priest, and the citizen that of the warrior, by confounding the two, or indeed the three callings. In modern times a new profession has been invented,—the legist,—whose rivalry with the priesthood, in England and France, might present an instructive volume.

I mention this, because the most extraordinary thing perhaps in Turkey is the mode in which the legist, or lawyer, has got upon the shoulders of the priest, made the latter bear his weight, and, by degrees, deprived him of all power, dignity, wealth, or eminence. Lawyers are a cunning and ambitious class. In England they have fastened on the squire and the aristocrat, and have converted no inconsiderable portion of their superfluities into a wherewithal to provide the fortune and swell the eminence of the lawyer. But a Turkish legist has gone a step higher, and in that country he has indeed reached the *acmé* of what a class can accomplish in that great human science of the *exploitation de l'homme pour l'homme*.

Mahomet had naturally a low opinion of a priest-

hood. He was himself illiterate, and had made a religion not ill-suited to his tribe and race. The disjunction of the priest and the warrior struck him as the cause of the disorder of the native professing Christians. He reunited them in the person of the Caliph. And whenever a class were set apart to take care of mosques, to read the Koran, and give out the prayers, no superiority or eminence was allowed to them. In time, however, there nevertheless arose a learned class, not indeed priests, but interpreters of the Koran, men whose education and life were devoted to the study of what was to be the sole code of Mussulmen. They were doctors of the law, in fact, and came to create a sense of what was right and just, which they pretended to found upon the words of the Prophet, but which evidently was a new law of equity. So great waxed their authority, that even the Sultans, despotic as they were, and some of them of great genius for command, still felt it necessary to own in part their authority by the previous demand of a fetwa for every important act from the chiefs of the learned corporation. Every institution, personage, and class, seem to have declined or perished in Turkey, except this same College of Ulemas.

The general opinion is, that these Ulemas are

priests, and the Shelk El Islam a kind of Pope or Patriarch. It is no such thing. The Ulemas are doctors,—doctors of laws,—and the Sheik El Islam is a lord chancellor. They have a university, and a system of education of their own, a hierarchy, a gradation of rank. What we consider Church property is, in fact, law property. The Ulemas practise no priestly functions. Out of the proceeds of the Vakoufs, Imams are paid to read prayers, Muezzins to call the faithful to their devotions, and so on. But the Clergy Proper never get more than what is strictly necessary for their wants. In Turkey, the clergy are the servitors, and the lawyers their masters, who pocket all the money, wear all the dignity, wield all the power. Here is an anomaly for Westminster Hall to study, in the face of Westminster Abbey. It is a state of things, and subordination of classes, like to which neither Christianity nor Paganism, classic or oriental, ever invented aught.

It is a great impediment in the way of reform in Turkey, this founding of all law upon the Koran, this entrusting of its guardianship to a wealthy corporation, who have the pretension to be saints as well as doctors, and who of course maintain that the potency of Islamism, and of the empire, depend

upon the due observance of the doctrines, the traditions, and the interpretations which they maintain. But it at the same time facilitates, nay, points out the way, for the great reforms both of law and property in Turkey. A priesthood like that of Rome, closely selected and organized from high to low, each class of it linked with a corresponding class in the population, it seems almost impossible to overthrow, at least in a country where people are neither taught nor allowed to think; but the Ulemas, in so far as they are legists, and are distinct from the Imams or priests, have less hold over the population. And indeed the population is so indifferent to them, that it is a marvel that some reforming Sultan has not abolished the corps of Ulemas, established another judiciary body, and transferred the enormous property of the Vakoufs to the State.

That such a revolution is possible, and at hand, no one can doubt. The very Edict of Gulhané points to it, by the establishment of new courts, and of a new school of judges. But if it prove not impossible to shake off the incubus of the Mahometan doctors, will the priestly portion of the corporation, the Imams, so easily succumb to innovation, and especially to spoliation? There is no

necessity for depriving the Imams or priests of their portion of Church property. Quite the contrary ; there is ample margin for augmenting it, and making them be far more largely remunerated, so that the actual working Turkish clergy would be the better for it. But, indeed, there never was a religion which maintained such rare and inspired devotion amongst its followers, with so little reverence for the priest and its office, and with so little need of his instruction. The Mahometan worshipper suffices for himself, and the peculiar nature of his religion renders it unnecessary that he should recur to any one for consolation, absolution, or advice.

Christianity sets a man generally at war with himself : his pleasure and indulgence lead one way, his law and duty the other,—there is a continual struggle between the two. Even moral perfection is a combat and a sacrifice ; and the moral nature succumbing to the sensual, leading to penitence and remorse, the struggle to regain the right path, the failure in the effort, the despair, the internal combat, form all the passions and alternations of that struggle, which the true doctrine of Christianity kindles and ferments.

The Mahometan, on the contrary, has a religion which flatters, instead of contradicting, almost every

pleasurable propensity. Instead of putting a man at war with himself, it reconciles him to his pleasures. Instead of awaking conscience, it lulls it to repose. It requires a world of small, and trivial, and easily performed ceremonies, which, instead of being a pain, are agreeable pastime, and these pastimes are counted for virtues. The simplest sanitary precautions are set down as acts by which Providence is propitiated ; and all that is animal in man is gratified and flattered by, in the indulgence of, the animal propensities. With all this, it flatters a man's pride, and gives him, at very little cost, a sense of superiority. No wonder that so cheap a religion—that is, a religion that gives so much pleasure and indulgence at the cost of so little sacrifice—should be exceedingly popular.

All this is effected without the intervention of clergy, or with very little of their assistance. The upper class, indeed, that live by the Koran, are, as we have seen, not present at all, and claim precedence and wealth more as the interpreters of the law, than as ministers of any worship. The want of this means of influence and *prestige* in the Turkish clergy, which have been neglected by no other religion, are compensated somewhat at Constantinople by the great beauty and wealth of the mosques, and

their splendour, of which the Turks take a national, as much as religious pride. The mosque is the great resort of the Mussulman. He reposes on its couches, washes at its fountains, and seats or prostrates himself on the carpet within the temple itself: like the Italian, he has a greater love for the edifice than even for its ministers.

But for all that, the ceremonies of the mosque, and the reading and reciting of the Koran, do not content the popular Mahometan. He looks for something more stirring, more fanatic, more kindly, more popular. And that enthusiastic devotion, which the Ulemas disdain, and the Imam cannot condescend to, is sought and enjoyed in the more popular places of religious resort,—the chapels, or *tékes* of the dervishes.

The dervish order is not strictly and originally of Mahomet. Mahomedanism tolerated and adopted them, as they recognised and made a watchword of the Prophet. But they are ulterior to the Hegira, and come further east than Mecca; the Hindoo fakir is the forecast of the Turkish dervish. Both appeal to that respect for the ascetic, the self-punishing, and for those capable of throwing themselves into religious frenzy, manifested by extravagant acts,—which is a popular Oriental dogma,

far older than either Christianity or Mahomedanism. It is too absurd to be directly sanctioned by either ; but such has been the force of its popularity, that it has forced its way into both religions, at least into certain sects of the one, and into all persuasions of the other. It is still too popular to be put down or dispensed with. A dervish has often been able to raise the people in the capital against Sultan or Vizier ; and dervishes are still able to stir up a mob against any that offend them, and that on the slightest pretence. Hence the reverence borne them ; hence the care of the government in establishing and building convents for them, in which they have reduced to daily and regular practice their contortions and ecstasies, which were invented, like other mountebank tricks, for arresting ignorant passengers and idlers on the highway.

I, of course, went to see the Dancing Dervishes on one side of the Bosphorus, and the Howling Dervishes on the other. Both struck me, I must own, as a very zealously and sincerely played piece of acting. But acting it was, I am convinced. Here are those men and dervishes paid, clothed, kept, and nobly housed, on the condition of going daily through a series of distortions, imitating those into which men are thrown by religious zeal in its

most barbarous, senseless, and physical state. There is a demand for these exhibitions, created by the continued influx into Constantinople of the wildest Asiatic savages. The government has founded the establishments, and they are kept up just like theatres, to amuse the groundlings. Foreigners, for want of any other theatrical exhibition, of course frequent them, and bring their half-dozen *curieux* of a day to form an audience. It is a vulgar, popular trick of trade, which Mahometanism has found it prudent to adopt, just as Christian churches adopted divers of the absurdities of Paganism.

It is certainly the most solemn and decorously got up humbug that can be imagined; and if one could suppose that it was established by some ironical philanthropist, who sought to give a vivid proof of the folly of pretending to attain goodness by asceticism, and wisdom by setting the brain twisting and wool-gathering, the thing would be perfect. Here is a temple, really beautiful. Nothing more decorous was ever devoted to religious contemplation or repose. And when you first behold the inhabitants of this sacred abode, you might suppose them lost in religious contemplation. But what religious ideas could have occupied their

minds, when they are seen to start from repose into neither more nor less than a dance, or waltz solo performed to a chant, in which by degrees the performer loses all cognisance of what is around him, or of what he himself is performing; and then claims from you the credit of having reached a perfect state of ecstasy, because he has become inebriated by imitating the evolutions of a wheel?

It is evident, however, that the Dancing Dervishes make their display in a much more civilized quarter than their Howling brethren. The enthusiasm of the performance is more subdued and decorously regulated. They by no means twirl till they are exhausted, nor roar till they foam. They are, on the contrary, as much at home in the twirl as Cerito or Elsler, and can put a sudden stop to their contortions with the same precision and grace. The Turning or Dancing Dervishes are, in fact, approaching that point at which the absurd evaporates and disappears, and with it the institution and the officiators.

The Howling Dervishes give a much truer representation of popular fanaticism. The Téké, or temple, instead of being close upon the European or Constantinople quarter, stands on the rise of the great hill of Scutari, not only on the high road to

Asia, but in its spirit and essence. It has by no means the pretension of its rival, either in its costume, or its comforts, or its beauty. The Turning Dervish looks more of the respectable old gentleman, with costume just as one sees even at home: their countenances express that they live by decorous humbug. The Howling Dervishes are far more savage. There is no clockwork in their pendulum motion, with which they begin. The frenzied impulse is far better simulated. The exertion of their own voice, too, is much more powerful to excite enthusiasm, than even twirling. And when they advance, crying Allah! one has a good idea of what a charge of Spahis must have been, when they rushed to the charge, reiterating the name of the Prophet. The spectators, too, of this Asiatic representation, seemed much more in earnest than the visitors of the temple at Pera. They come to hear something more than the rude music, and to work their frenzy to a much more congenial heat. They come to see infants walked upon; boys crushed, and pierced with sharp instruments, that copiously draw blood for no reason on earth, but that these acts resembled those of insanity, —and insanity is holy.

The Sultan goes from time to time to visit these

temples, and be a witness of their ceremonies. It is done in part to keep up his popularity, and much in the same way as a great lord dines with the humble citizens and electors of his borough, and hob-nobs with them for an evening. A Sultan's visit, too, brings after it a customary gratuity. I asked why his Highness went to say his prayers in the villanous, paltry old mosque of the village of the Beglierbeys, instead of proceeding to the beautiful mosque recently built, and in which worship was performed. It was explained to me, that the Sultan's visit brought certain emoluments to the officiating priest, which it was right and charitable to give at this moment to the clergy of the old mosque, not to that of the new. I could not but observe, that I thought the Vakoufs an endowment sufficient for the clergy, especially of an old established mosque upon the Bosphorus. My interlocutor shrugged his shoulders, and observed, in corroboration of much that I have said, that the Imams were poor, and derived little from that landed property, said to belong to the Church.

I was in nothing more disappointed than in the splendour and beauty of the mosques. Nothing can be more poor than 'Turkish genius in the arts.

An original mosque is a square building, with a tower at one corner, to call people to come to it. At Constantinople the Turks learned to imitate the Greeks, to erect cupolas. If we are to judge from the Giralda at Seville, the Arabs of Spain were inclined to imitate the Latin forms, had not the sword of the Spanish Christians given the Mahometan other things to care for than architecture.

The beauty of a mosque lies generally in the courts which surround it, the fountains requisite for ablution, and retreats for repose. The mosque itself ought to be a low, dark tabernacle, where man prostrates himself in a mental prayer, from whence he never looks up. The vast height and lofty cupolas, which imitation of the Greek induced the Sultan to provide for the followers of Mahomet, are indeed completely thrown away upon them; and the great object seems to be to thrust out the light, and obstruct the view aloft, by hanging hosts of things, chiefly lamps and ostriches' eggs, from the roofs, so as not even to allow persons to circulate without stooping—as if the crouching and quadruped attitude was alone considered the fit one for devotion.

For these reasons it is utterly impossible to con-

vert St. Sophia's into a fit mosque—it is so lofty inside. The sides that enclose the choir, and that are raised in varied beauty of colonnade and marble, for the spectator or worshipper to look at and to admire, are quite opposed to Mahometan devotion. Worship with the Mahometan seems absorption. Mind seems to have nothing to do with it, and no effort seems demanded of it. The lips go, and the beads are told off, and answering words pass over the lips with the same mechanical motion, but there is nothing intellectual going on. I have watched the Mussulman at prayers, and seen them go on with the mummerly and beads much longer than was requisite—they had fallen asleep at the last, and continued it mechanically, to the manifest annoyance of their attendants, who wanted to go to supper. A dark cell would be a fitter temple for such devotion than the finest work of the architect's hand.

St. Sophia's is nothing without; its floor is far below the surface, and what peeps above of its dome, is so buttressed and bolstered in, that it attracts no attention even from sea. All that remains, indeed, of Byzantine architecture shows it to have excelled more in internal decoration than in external grandeur. The monuments which

survive on the Hippodrome would be regarded as diminutive for erection in any modern city. This would suit the Arabs, had they the good fortune to come, instead of the Turks, to Constantinople. That beautiful baby-house, the Alhambra, bespeaks what they would have done in architecture. But the Turkish idea was always outvying, outshining; and accordingly there are not only the mosques of Mahomet and Achmet, but the more splendid one of Solyman, which is grand. If one were to take from the inside of it those parts which are most admired and talked of, viz. certain variegated and coloured marble columns purloined from antiquity, rare and grand in themselves, but which have no business in a majestic, spacious, and colourless edifice, the Sulemanieh would be perfect. But the crowding of coloured marble and twisted columns in a small space, is one thing; and the great designs, ends, and art of architecture, are another.

Turkish innovation and improvements upon the Byzantine architecture have, however, led to beautiful combinations. The many-cupolaed roof, and slender minarets, are undeniably splendid and original. The old Sultans who built those beautiful places of worship in their capital, accompanied their

foundation by that of schools, libraries, and hospitals—generous and true charity mingled with their piety. There is room for reproof and lamentation at the destruction of these essential parts of religious foundation. But the Christian, even the English Christian, has no right to complain of Mahometan dilapidation, and embezzlement of funds destined to charity and education. Avarice, injustice, and neglect, in these social and national respects, were never carried to a more injurious pitch than by our own National Church, and indigenous Clergy.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BAGNIO.

WHAT is most trim in Turkish establishments at Constantinople, is the fleet, the navy, all the naval offices, and officers. Of course, they imitate English habits, dress, and discipline in these services, in which the English excel; and, to our eye, certainly it sets the Turk off to advantage;—whilst the Arsenal, and the functionaries who wander up and down it, the boats and boats' crews, which leave and which approach it, have all a taut and decorous aspect. There rises in the midst of the arsenal itself a striking contrast, and that is, the old *Bagnio*, a prison for the condemned galley-slaves. Eastern misery is bad enough, but eastern misery, in chains and in a Turkish prison, have a surpassing effect upon the imagination.

The Bagnio is a large building, isolated, and surrounded by walls. The first object that strikes you on entering the court, or first enclosure, is a café,

which seems anything but a lugubrious appendage to a prison. And this café has the usual Turkish solace of brass narghilés for those able or allowed to purchase the enjoyment. And yet, however indulgence it may seem and be, there is no object so repulsive as their filthy café, reserved after all, perhaps, for the officers of the prison. Opposite, under a shed, were ranged those of the prisoners who were too infirm, or too ill momentarily to go forth and work in the Arsenal; the strangeness and sickliness of aspect making a deep impression on the stranger's eyes, which had never before beheld misery and squalor combined to that pitch.

The building itself, which serves as a prison or as a night receptacle for the convicts, consists, in masonry, of merely its four strong walls. But in the inside is erected a kind of framework of wood, disposed in stories; herein are rows of wooden benches. On each of these benches sleeps a *chari*, that is, some thirty or forty men fettered together. As the French galley-slaves are fastened together to perform the journey to Brest or Toulon, here they remain fettered permanently—as they do, indeed, in Rome and elsewhere—working in chain-gangs. There is no light throughout the building, save what penetrates at the door and through the

interstices of the roof. And, as some of the sun's rays penetrated through them, and shot a tiny ray of light athwart the gloom, I never beheld such motes as those in that sunbeam, showing the atmosphere to be as thick with dust, as it was charged with gloom. Surrounded by high walls, and situated at the foot of the hill on which Peristands, the cemetery extending between them, the Bagnio is so situated as to enjoy no current of fresh air. Indeed, the thickness and obscurity of the atmosphere of this prison without an aperture is something indescribable: the gleam of the lantern, which the gaoler carried at midday to illumine our steps, rendered this more manifest.

There were a few sick wretches lying here and there, in their rags and chains, whilst others, to whom was entrusted the task of sweeping and cleansing, (what a task!) circulated also, chained in couples. I never saw a finer pair in form, or more villanous in feature, than two brothers, who were engaged in this occupation. Their scowl at the stranger spoke fanaticism and crime almost as strongly as if their uplifted hands were engaged in fulfilment of their thoughts.

Within the Bagnio and all its darkness, the jailor produced certain keys, and proceeded to open

a door. It appeared to lead into another compartment of the prison. But the roof was lofty, and there was a scanty stream of light from above, by which, as one gradually came to discern the surrounding walls and objects, it appeared that this was a chapel. There was the Greek screen, with the usual portraits of each personage of the Trinity. It was a Greek church within the Bagnio, built, if I understand aright, some time ago, at Russian expense, and affording the consolations of their religion to such of the inmates of this dark abode as are Christians. There was no mosque similarly situated. Indeed, Mahomedanism puts no faith in prayer, repentance, or religious ceremonies, practised *in extremis*. Although they consider a belief in Mahomet's story necessary to the entrance of their paradise, they are far from thinking that it includes every thing. They think that the whole of a man's life, with its merits and its demerits, is taken into the great account of it, and that a man's disposition at the final act of that life, so easily foreseen, cannot make much difference. They have no compunction, therefore, from religious considerations, to dealing sudden death. Indeed, in Turkey, the prison is generally not the way to the punishment of death. There are no condemned cells,—no preparation,—

no gibbet. Justice is speedy. And if there is no doubt of the extreme of guilt, punishment follows quickly, at least if it is to come in an extreme shape. The inmates of the Bagnio are merely those condemned to hard labour. And considering the barbarous and uncivilized races and places they come from, even the darkness and dirt of this prison form to them, probably, no very considerable punishment. The jailor and guardian struck me as not very truculent persons : and the work performed by the prisoners in the Arsenal is certainly neither very severe nor exhausting. The horror and severity were concentrated in the prison itself, and its aspect.

I do not know whether to consider it an injustice or a favour,—there are no female wards in Turkish prisons ; and females seldom or never are brought before Turkish courts of justice. Immured, they can scarcely do wrong, except in the way of domestic vengeance. Any such acts, as well as any supposed breach of the marriage vow, were until very lately punished by paternal or marital authority, which is still, no doubt, secretly wielded. But recent instances have occurred, in which the courts of justice have been called to interfere and pronounce judgment. This, indeed, forms one of the diffi-

culties in the way of introducing the regular forms of criminal justice. It would destroy the secrecy, as well as the absolute power, of the lord of the harem. In this, however difficult, it is to be hoped that the reformers of the Turkish criminal law will persevere.

I was not able to penetrate into any other prison than the old Bagnio of the Turkish galley-slaves. This is generally looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of severity and horror. And most travellers have exhausted every epithet of the revolting and the terrible upon it; and certainly, it is dark, dirty, and disgusting. I doubt, however, with due consideration to the habits of the people, the Turkish galley-slave being at all worse off, or worse treated, than his fellows of Italy or Spain.

CHAPTER XXII.

BROUSSA.

LOOKING forth from Constantinople, there is no pleasant view towards Europe, unless one mounts Pera hill, and gets the view on its other side, towards the Bosphorus. But the Bosphorus is little seen from Constantinople, except perhaps from the Seraglio Point. The country descried from the walls is drear. It is a cemetery or a waste. The shores of the Sea of Marmora, if the eye follows it from the Seven Towers, is flat and uninteresting. No mountain ridge, no distant object, no forest, no town, no pretty, however exceptional retreat, tempts one to a gallop outside the city on the European side. That the picturesque should be wanting, one has no reason to complain. But that all signs of civilization, all appearance of even population, should have disappeared from around a great city, the centre of

an empire's wealth, is mortifying, and desolating, and strange.

But it should first of all be considered, that of all the wasted and miserable spots of this empire, the high roads, with the territory and possessions adjoining them, are the most miserable. High roads are the paths of armies, of chiefs and authorities, of travellers with weapons and firmans, of Tartars with whips. Every village or cottage upon a high road, or within view or reach of it, was marked out for spoliation and extortion. It would, from its very position, have to furnish horses, provisions, shelter—everything, in fact, that travellers can require, or are able to use and carry away. No wonder that a high road under such circumstances is a desert. And, in fact, the traveller rides from Constantinople to Nissa with desolation beneath his feet, destitution and famine in all on which his eye rests; whilst in more retired spots, and in paths not traversed by the herds of insolent and hungry soldiers and officials, communities might be found not ground to the earth, not unprovided with its products; and Greeks and Turks living together, if not in amity, at least in no state of civil war.

Perhaps the Turks would have remedied this

desolation of high roads and suburbs adjoining, if the Bosphorus did not render them independent of more inland villages of retreat, and did not completely satisfy them by its extent, its beauty, its sanity, and facility of communication. No one, in fact, would think of building a villa, or having a summer residence, except on the Bosphorus. To the charm of the thought I should have added its security. There are military posts, as well as police stations, all along it; and robberies are rare, notwithstanding the great temptation, and the wild and needy population which flock to the metropolis.

However, the Bosphorus is but little seen from Constantinople; whereas from any of its heights, and indeed from any of the windows of the houses of Pera, may be seen afar off the Bithynian Olympus, like a fine range of Alps, towering up, and covered by its sempiternal snows. At the foot of this noble mountain, and northward of it,—that is, nearest to him who looks from Constantinople,—lies Broussa, the ancient capital of Bithynia, the retreat of Hannibal, and the cradle of the Ottoman empire. Broussa is as remarkable for its position as Constantinople itself. If the latter is refreshed by the winds and waves from the Bosphorus and the Sea

of Marmora, Broussa enjoys equal coolness from its position at the foot of Mount Olympus, traversed by the cool and beautiful streams which descend from its heights. A steamer plies on stated days from the Golden Horn up to the end of the Gulf of Moudania. Disembarking here at Ghemlik, the traveller has but eight or ten hours' ride to Broussa. This ride is for the most part through one of those rich and easily watered plains or valleys, which are true oases in the midst, not of deserts, but of barren mountains. The view of Broussa itself, its castle, and its cupolaed mosques and baths, rising up the side of Olympus, which towers above it with the successive ranges of Alpine beauty, form one of the noblest prospects of the East, and is, indeed, the worthy rival of the Bosphorus itself.

It was in this valley, or rather in the region which surrounds Olympus, that arose, about 500 years ago, a warlike tribe. The tendency of Asia Minor, or of the population which inhabit it, has always been to fall into separate provinces or kingdoms. The physical configuration, ranges of mountains, self-sufficing and enclosed valleys, produce them, which was before observed as common to Greece. At that time the fortresses and great

fortified cities of this corner of Asia, were still held in the name of the Eastern emperor, but more by barbarous and mercenary people in his pay, than any really Greek force. But whilst the Cross and the Empire thus held such cities as Broussa and Nicomedia, the Turks were masters of the mountain, on which they lived without having forsaken any of those pastoral habits brought with them from the vicinity of the Caspian.

These habits were such, that the father of Osman, and Osman himself, were in the habit of entrusting their valuables to keep, to the commander of Biledjik, or some other Greek fortress, in order that their property might be in surety, whilst the Turk led his people and his flocks to the mountains for summer. Such friendship and mutual trust soon gave way to rivalry and war; and the sturdy shepherds captured, one by one, the fortresses and cities around them, which the Emperor of Constantinople, after the capture and sacking of that city by the Sultan, was unable to pay or to keep up. The Seljoucid Caliphs were at the same time in decadence, so that the Turkish captain and chief of the region of Olympus grew in consideration and in power, giving land and fortresses to his followers on condition of military service, precisely as the conquering

Normans did, and thus founding a new military empire, on the creed of Mahomet apparently, but really upon feudal institutions by no means Mahometan or Saracenic. So wonderful is the permanence of habits even here, on the mere threshold of the East, that you will meet, to this day, the Turcoman pastor on the Olympus, not long emigrant from the aboriginal regions of the natives, and still redolent of its barbarism.

The Turkish pastors and warriors of the fourteenth century had, however, the instinct of empire. Although yet but Emirs (none styled himself Sultan till Bajazet), it was Osman and Orchan, and the first Turkish princes at Broussa, who founded most of their peculiar institutions. The feudal distribution of the soil has been noticed; but it was soon seen how incomplete this was in a country which had a much larger Greek and Christian population than Mussulman. Orchan remedied this by the establishment of the Janissaries. These, too, dated from Broussa. The institution was simply that of taking a certain proportion of the male children of the Christian population, and rearing them as Mahomedans and soldiers. Thus, separated from all ties of parentage and birth, and embarked in a career of conquest, for which they were educated

and disciplined, the Janissaries were, one may say, the first standing army living by actual pay, not land.

The early Turks, that is, the soldiers of Osman, Orchan, Bajazet, and Mahomed the First and Second, had no idea of any incompatibility in their living with Christians, and ruling over them. The fanaticism of the Arab, which compelled captive races to embrace Mahomedanism under the alternative of massacre, was not shared by the Turks, who were cruel, like all pastoral tribes, in war, but not so ruthless to the Greek towns they conquered as the Latin Crusaders, for example, had been. The Turks certainly held it as a principle to compose their armies only of those who acknowledged the prophet; but they were otherwise not intolerant. The evident design of Mahomet the Second, after the capture of Constantinople, was to leave it a Greek, instead of making it a Mussulman city. He collected Greek native families from all parts of the Archipelago, to replace the Greek families destroyed by the siege. And the Christian patriarch Gennadius was such a favourite with the Sultan, that Mahomed the Second is suspected, on no slight grounds, to have been a Christian. The fanatic exclusiveness and pride of the Turks, consi-

dering the Christians as an inferior and degraded race, was born of Ottoman pride after it had been some time seated on the throne of Constantinople, and after it had full experience of the hatred and contempt borne to Mahometans by Christians. It has been the fashion to consider the despotism of the Turk, as well as his other vices, as the fruit of his creed, and as the direct consequence of the institution of Mahomet. But, in truth, some of the worst features of the Turkish regimen may be traced to the Greek ones which they superseded, and which, in arrogant pretension, and cruelty, and contempt of the rest of the human species ; in deceit, in immorality, and corruption ; in the treatment of their ministers and generals, and even of their women,—were not vastly different from, or widely superior to the Turk, who redeemed many of these vices of adoption by the military virtues, which the Turks had brought from the Caspian, and cherished and developed in this region of Mount Olympus.

When I visited Broussa and Constantinople in 1851, such questions as whether the old Turkish ascendancy and force, or the still older majesty of the Greek empire should survive, seemed in no danger of being pressed to a solution. The Emperor of Russia, about to celebrate the twenty-fifth anni-

versary of his reign at Moscow, seemed supremely satisfied with having trodden down the last vestige of even constitutional liberty in Europe, and affected to be too much absorbed in the worship of absolute power, to think of aggrandizement. He had benignly received and munificently treated the last Turkish envoy, Fuad; and the Turks, including Reschid himself, saw so few dangers a-head, that they could scarcely be got to lend their minds and energies to the furtherance of their own reforms. The political world of Constantinople enjoyed the most profound slumber. And no one could have dreamed that M. de Lavalette, the French ambassador, of all men in the world, would in his restlessness have upset the party of reform, flung the country into a financial as well as political crisis, and, by the winning of some beggarly advantages at Jerusalem, have aroused the ire and ambition of Nicholas, and precipitated the solution of that great Eastern question which seemed likely to remain a problem for the grandchildren of the existing generation. Since that period one small event has led to a greater and a greater one. A chance stone, flung by a political schoolboy, raised a bubble and a ripple, the ripple swelled into a wave, and the wave has blown into a tempest.

Russia has 200,000 men upon the Danube. It is not possible that she will march them back without a signal advantage. This will not be yielded without a struggle ; and unless France and England are prepared to despatch an army, as well as a fleet, to the Black Sea, the Russian Eagle will again dictate peace from Adrianople, if it does not make a dash at Constantinople itself. The fate of war will of course exercise its influence on the final decision. If signal success occurs to Russian arms, she may prefer an independent sovereignty at Constantinople in the person of the second son of the Czar, with verbose guarantees that the Russian and Greek empires shall never be one. Austria will, no doubt, be satisfied with Bosnia, or either Servia itself, or a semi-protectorate over it. To England and France will be left the choice of war or of indemnity.

As a preliminary to such a state of affairs as this, is supposed the success of the Russians in the campaign, everything in fact depending upon the attitude which the Turkish armies assume, and the resistance they make. If amongst their generals be merely found a Hussein, to sell the chief fortresses committed to his care ; or a Mahmoud Reschid, to rashly engage, and idly lose a decisive battle, then

what can Western Europe do, but leave the Turks to their fate, and make the best provision that can be made for a new system of balance of power in the Levant?

Whether the Turks show themselves heroes or prove craven, the same result, as far as Europe is concerned, is to be sought either through them or without them, and that is, the resurrection or establishment of a Slavonian empire. The great fear for the present is, that Russia, having placed the Cross conspicuously on its banner, and marched ostensibly for the liberation of the Christian and of the ancient classic territories, will infallibly rally behind her the entire Christian population, Slavon and Greek; and that the powers of the West would thus be doomed in their resistance to be fighting the battle of the Infidel against the Christian, and of Saracenic despotism against those bondsmen, who were striving to shake off the fetters rivetted upon them for five hundred years. How adroitly Russia has smothered and postponed all her illiberal and unpopular grievances against the Porte, in order to put forward that alone which secures the adhesion of the Christian population, is needless to point out.

Such adroit policy, accompanied by military measures as well concerted, may, it is to be feared,

render Russia, especially if sure of Austrian adherence, completely inexpugnable in her hold of Turkey in Europe. For to keep the Russians solely out of Constantinople, whilst abandoning all the European provinces to them, would be merely renewing for the Turks the last days of the Greek empire. It were then to be seen, whether the Turks could ever resuscitate as a mighty nation even in Asia Minor, or whether they would be capable of defending it from the certain encroachments of Russia, which, after the conquest of the Mahometan in Europe, would advance inevitably to their subjugation in Asia, and to the extension of the Russian empire over the whole of the East.

The only ground on which a permanent stand could be made against them would be in Asia Minor. Here, at least, the public advance of Russian encroachments might be checked, either by the support and the regeneration of Mahometanism under the Turks, or by a partition of suzerainty, if not of sovereignty, between the powers of the West. In such a partition France should have a large and glorious share; first, because being totally without colonies, and overflowing with wealth, spirit, and resources at home, France could pour forth colonies and armies into a neighbouring

and Mediterranean country, whilst we, more profitably and naturally, direct all English overflow of the kind to countries beyond the great ocean. Let France undertake the defence, regeneration, and repeopling, and future independence of Asia Minor, leaving Syria and Egypt, which do not want active defence, armies, or colonization, to the protectorate of England. In this, the large portion of glory, profit, and territory, would be left to France, with an immense extension of military, naval, and commercial power. But by our acquiescing in this large gift, we permanently secure the amity and alliance of France, and open to her eager and ambitious spirit a sphere of action, that must render her a far more pacific and friendly neighbour on the shores of the ocean. Of course France would of herself abandon Algiers for so brilliant and superior a dependency. As to England, she would remain by this arrangement the undisturbed and undisputed mistress of the East, and of the passages thereto; whilst a bridle would be imposed upon Russia, until such time as the Slavonic race should free themselves from her grasp, and give rise to new contingencies and new combinations in politics.

The great obstacle, not only to this mode of establishing a balance of power in the Levant, but

also to any joint or efficient action against Russia, is that dread of France and its alliance which lurks in the bosom of so many statesmen and influential men. If such unfortunate mistrust should lead us to alienate France, at the same time that we remain semi-hostile to Russia, the result will be, first, our utter helplessness as an isolated power; and, secondly, the inevitable alliance of France and Russia at our expense, as well as at the expense of the liberties of Europe, and the balance of the world.

The national and popular tendencies of England there are no mistaking at present; they go to amity with France—with France as a people, and a nation—without showing regard, disgust, or predilection for her dynasties or governments. France, like ourselves, is too much occupied, and has too much to accomplish in her internal concerns and management, for her ever again to pretend to universal empire. Russia is the only power which meditates that, and which is enabled to meditate it by the ignorance and backwardness of her population, ready to follow blindly a selfish and despotic ruler. The duty of liberal Europe is to resist Russian ascendancy, that menaces East and West,—the development of commerce in the one, of

freedom of idea and of independence in the other. If the powers of the west of Europe do not, within the next ten years, strike a decisive blow to arrest Russian ascendancy and encroachment, they will be attacked at home, and have to defend in the Channel what they had not resolution to combat in the Bosphorus.

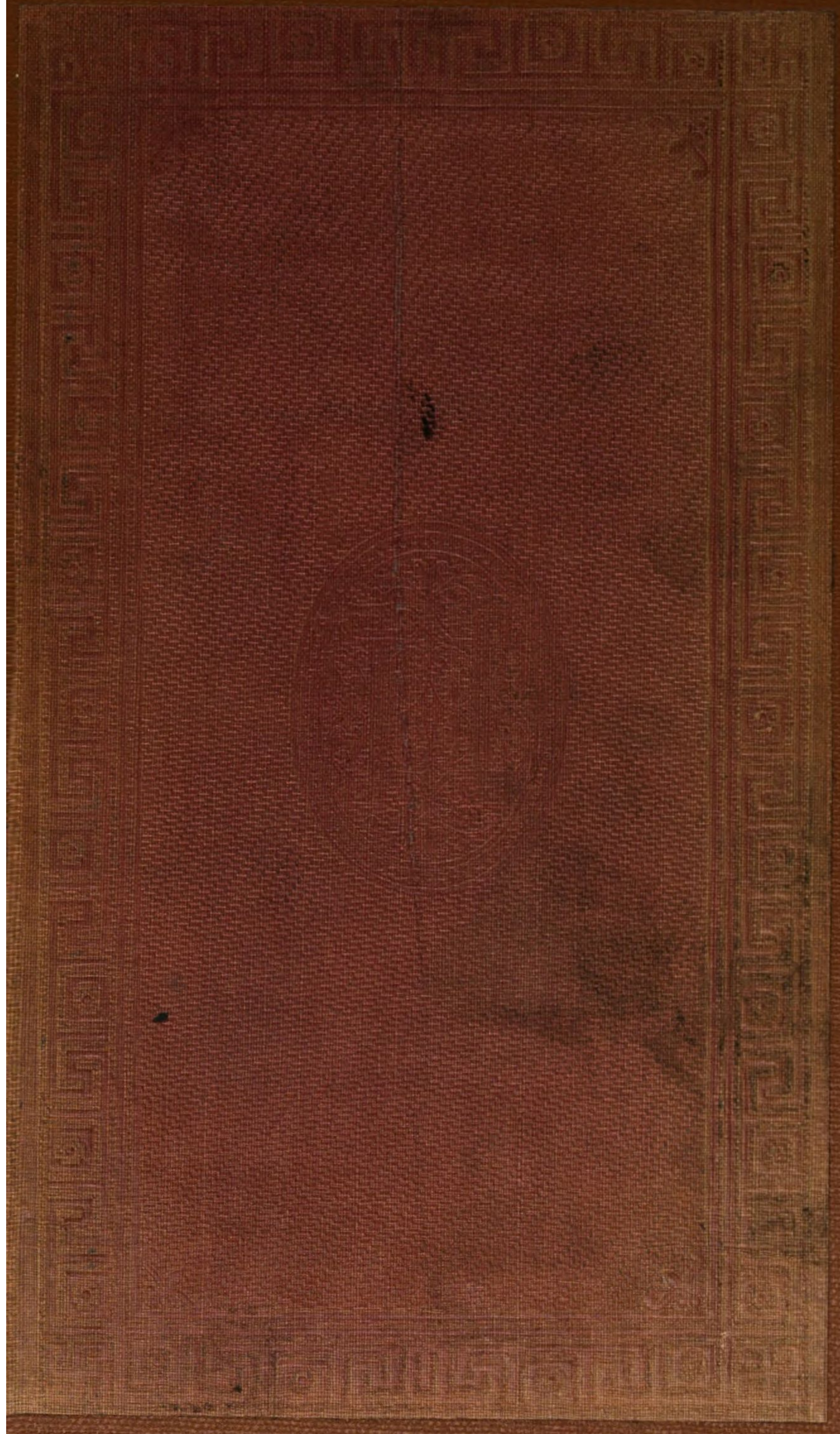
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